JUNE.

WICKET-KEEPERS OF TO-DAY

By P. F. WARNER

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P. F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIII. No. 75. JUNE, 1905.

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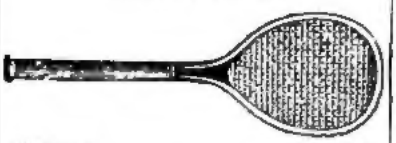

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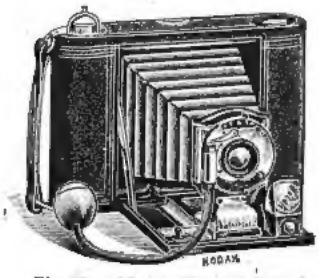

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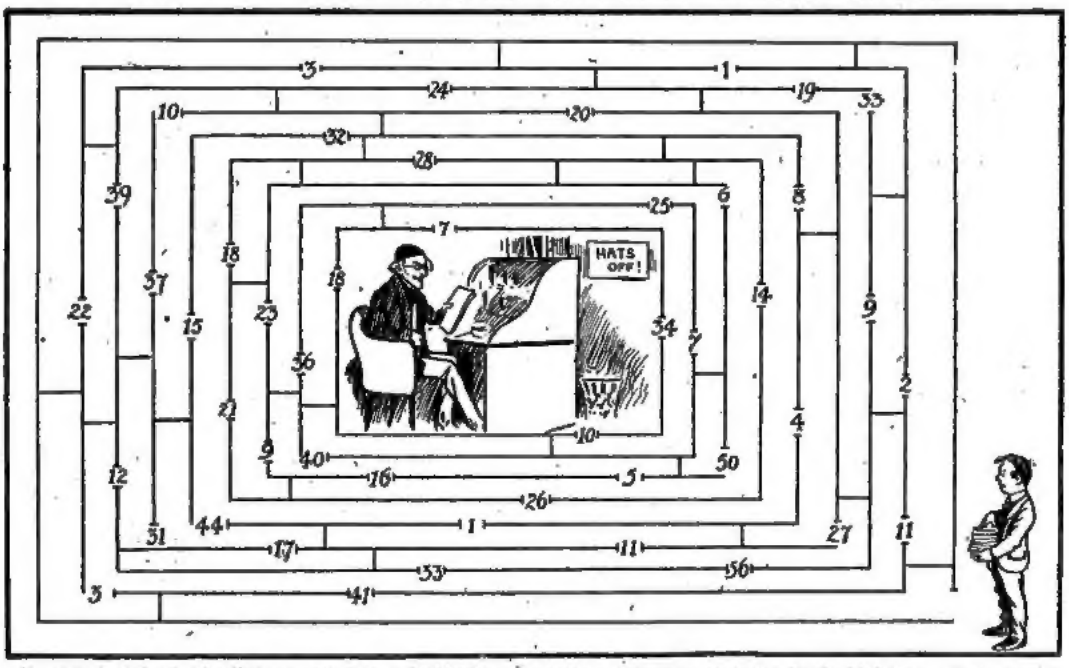

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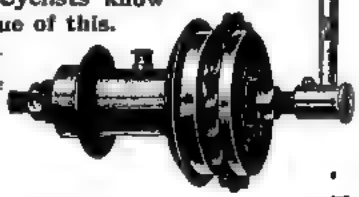

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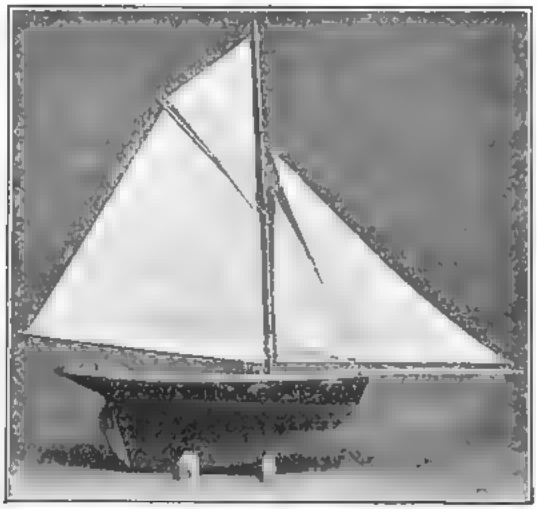

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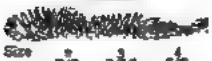

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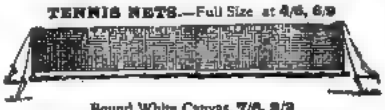

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A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor. Editor, The Old Fag

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(*Vide* letter 3rd September, 1904.)

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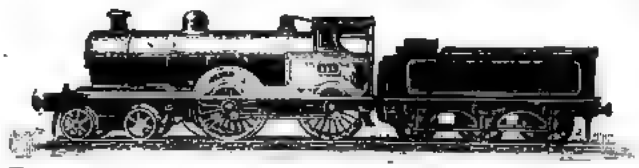

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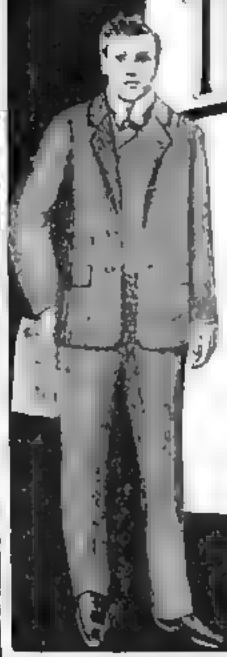

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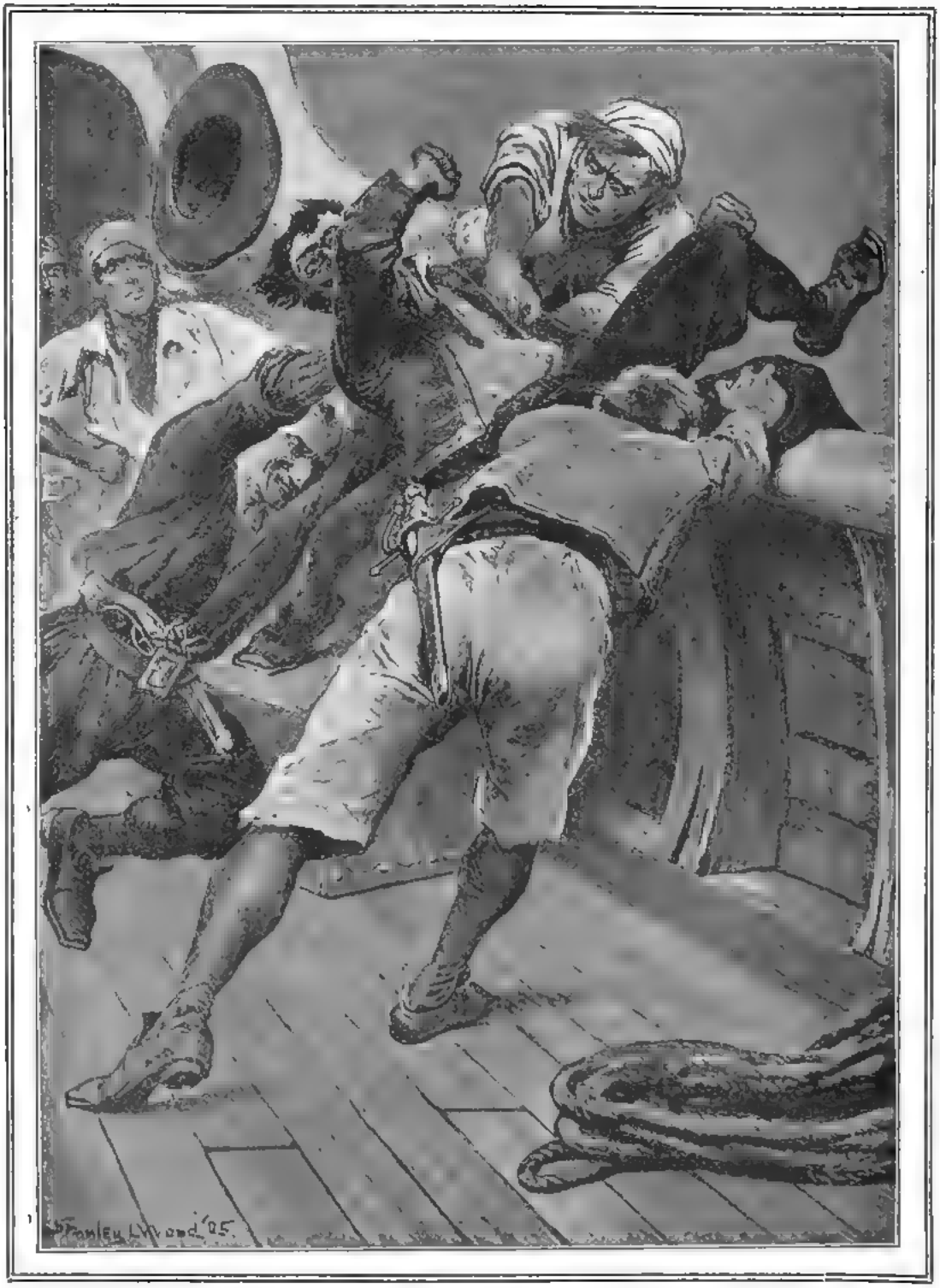
WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS A BOY.

[Told by Himself.]

Mr. TWAIN: "Mark, my son, I want you to weed out this flower-bed right now."

MARK (*after a lengthy contemplation of the task*): "Guess, father, it would be shorter to flower out the weed-bed."



WE PUSHED HIM BY MAIN FORCE OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE.

Drawn by Stanley L. Wood.

[*See page 204.*

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. JUNE, 1905 No. 75.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, and fall into the hands of Lepasteur, a heartless villain who makes them his slaves and by his ill-treatment renders their lives hardly worth living. One day Lepasteur, being unable to force Baywood to write home for ransom, fells him to the ground and leaves him there apparently dead. But Baywood has only been stunned, and at night, having been joined by Skeffington, makes his escape. Lepasteur and others follow on their track with a bloodhound. Baywood and his friend have travelled some distance, and are feeling confident that they have baffled their pursuers, when they encounter a company of Spanish soldiers, whose captain is at first inclined to hang them out of hand, but ultimately postpones his decision on this point until after he has breakfasted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TABLES ARE TURNED ON LEPASTEUR.

AT last the officer finished his meal with a mighty draught of wine. We were glad to observe that his breakfast had improved his humour, for he passed the flagon to us and invited us to drink.

"Now to business," said he. "Inform me of your names and quality."

The Captain gave our names and station in life, adding some considerable embellishment in order to add to our dignity. As to himself, he was quite right in saying that he was of noble birth, for in Spain his family would have been called noble and would have had a string of names and titles long enough to stretch from London to York, though in England they were but plain country gentlefolk; but when he came to reciting the achievements and dignity of my family he made me gape. The Spanish officer in his turn made us acquainted with his name, which was a very long and noble one. I am grieved to say that I remember of it only that it began with Don Balthazar, which was but the preface, as it were, to a long catalogue of noble designations.

"Well," said the officer, "if all you have said be true, ye are very noble gentlemen, and I salute you. Now ere I decide on hanging you or sparing you, expound unto me what plan you possess for rooting out these rascally Frenchmen."

"How many lances have you, sir?" said the Captain.

"Twenty-three, all well mounted and armed."

"A brave company, and their commander the bravest of them," said the Captain. Here I must own that the Captain was using a figure of speech; for the soldiers' clothes were in rags, their carabines, swords and lances were old and rusted, and as for their nags, the best of them looked like the refuse of some bull-ring in Spain, rejected as unworthy even of being ripped up by a bull's horns, and Don Balthazar himself was not much better harnessed. "Yet," the Captain went on, "four-and-twenty men make but a scanty army to assault these buccaneers. They are devils, fearing neither God nor man, and it is not one nest, but twenty, that must be assaulted. Sir, courage is writ plain in your noble face, yet prudence is a virtue in a soldier as well as in another; and I would ask you to consider whether your force be sufficient to undertake any serious operation against the Frenchmen."

"It is quite true," said Don Balthazar, "that I am a stranger to fear, yet a prudent general such as I" (he was truly but an antient, or ensign) "will not run his force into danger

without counting the risk. To assault thousands of men with my poor twenty would be childish. But is there not some small hamlet or village that we could attack with safety to ourselves and good hope of plunder?"

"I know of none, sir, so small as to be carried by twenty men. Now my plan is—— But first, sir, how came you to this place? by land or sea?"

"By sea, from St. Domingo. Our ship is lying in a roadstead not ten leagues hence."

"Good," said the Captain. "Now, sir, my plan is to attack the place where my friend and I were held prisoners. There are many Englishmen like us held in slavery there who would gladly join with you were your force once at hand. We can guide you thither and show you the best ambushes and approaches to the village, and that place once gained it would be a great step towards the driving out of all the buccaneers. But your force is too small, for they can muster full one hundred and fifty musquets. I advise, therefore, that you should return to St. Domingo for reinforcements. Take us with you as hostages if it pleases you, and you and ourselves will lay the case so strongly before the governor that, unless he is the most stony-hearted of men and the most short-sighted, he will give you such a force as may even make you master of the whole of this part of the island."

"It sounds well," said Don Balthazar, "yet I like it not. Suppose the governor of St. Domingo should take it into his head (which is none of the strongest) to call my return thither desertion of my post, how do I fare in that case?"

"At the worst he can but send you back to your duty."

"Well," said Don Balthazar, "I must consider of it. For to-day we will stay here where we are, while I apply myself to thought. In the meantime your lives are safe so long as ye attempt not to escape."

The rest of the day we lolled under the shade of the trees. Our own meat and drink were exhausted, and we must needs share with the soldiers, who, to be just, were compassionate of our needs and very ready to nourish us out of their own penury. As for Don Balthazar, he seemed to have plenty to eat and drink, but he kept it to himself and did not share with his men, still less with us wanderers. At nightfall we lay down and slept. In that climate there is no need of tent or blanket, and but for the moschetoes and other venomous insects one may lie under the canopy of heaven as snug as among goose-feathers. It was little the Captain or I cared for the attacks of insects, and after our two nights' toil we slept soundly.

It must have been near morning when I was awakened by the Captain's voice in my ear, whispering softly,

"Jack, listen!"

I listened, and could hear nought for a while save the murmurs which all night long haunt forests. Then I heard the well-known sound of baying of hounds coming down the still air.

"I'll be bound that those rascally Frenchmen have hit our trail," said the Captain. "Well, it is all in our favour just now. We must break Don Balthazar's slumbers."

The Captain crept cautiously towards the sentinel, and at some peril of being shot by him in the darkness acquainted him with what we had heard. The soldier's ears were not so well trained as ours, yet as the sounds drew nearer he too heard them presently, and went and aroused Don Balthazar, telling him that it was we who had first given the alarm. Don Balthazar was a man of some skill in petty ambushes and surprises, and he got his party under arms in silence and darkness, posting them in such a manner that any person advancing in the direction from whence came the sounds must needs fall into their midst. So well did the Don lay his plan and draw forth his men that in very few minutes four men were lying on their backs on the ground, having been captured well-nigh without a shot fired, and at the ear of each was a pistol in the hand of a soldier, while the bloodhound was seized, being muzzled, and tied to a tree. The four men were carefully bound and gagged, in order to prevent them from giving any alarm, and the whole party, excepting a sentinel, rolled over to finish their sleep, a duty for which a Spaniard is at all times ready.

No sooner was it daylight than the Captain and I went to look upon the prisoners. To our great pleasure the first was our tyrant Lepasteur, the second the villainous Sebastian, the third an *engagé* named Jacques who had endeared himself to Lepasteur not less by his wickedness and brutality than by his skill in hunting, and the fourth was our friend Jeffrey Horton.

"Why, Jeffrey," said I, "what means this?"

"That is rather a question for me to put and for you to answer," said Jeffrey. "It seems to me that I am in somewhat of a mess."

"Well, but how come you to be out with these men, Jeffrey?"

"Why, it is a long story, but this is the

pith of it. First of all you know that by this time I ought of right to be a free buccaneer."

"Yes."

"But it seemeth that this wretch Lepasteur, when he sold me to his nephew, cheated him as he cheats everybody. He told him that I had still two years of my time to run instead of a bare six months."

"Yes, I can well believe that of Lepasteur," said the Captain. "Well, his evil deeds are nearly ended, that is one comfort."

"This I did not know until a day or two ago," went on Jeffrey. "I think it was the day before yesterday, though indeed my brain is not over clear. I went forthwith to visit Lepasteur, intending to upbraid him; for the nephew designed to keep me in his service until the time at which Lepasteur had told him my servitude would end. I found Lepasteur, Sebastian and Jacques very busy making ready to track you two gentlemen, who, they told me, had marooned.

"No sooner did I hear this than it came to my mind that Barnabas Skeffington, John Baywood and Jeffrey Horton ought to be a match for any three Frenchmen, and that it might be a comfort to you if I were with you when ye were caught. I therefore feigned anger with you to such effect that they begged me to make one of their agreeable little party; and with the aid of this dog we hit upon your trail and tracked you hither, travelling day and night, until I am well nigh spent with fatigue. Now are we fallen into this ambuscade, and according to my way of thinking I am in a fine pickle. Unless you can think of some means of saving me I am of opinion that I shall presently be hanged."

"Thou art not dead yet, Jeffrey, my boy," said the Captain, "and, please God, we shall all of us scrape our bones out of the fire yet. So keep up a good heart."

By this time Don Balthazar was awake and came to visit his prisoners. After he had looked upon them he said to Captain Skeffington, "Sir, do you know aught of these men? Whatever you and your young friend may be, ye will hardly deny that these four are buccaneers."

"No, sir," said the Captain, "indeed I do not deny it. I must tell your Excellency that these three ferocious-looking villains are the very men at whose hands my friend and I have suffered so great hardships. They have tracked us hither by means of this fierce dog, and but for your valour and prudence, sir, we should doubtless have been torn in pieces."

"And who is this young man?" said Don Balthazar, looking upon Jeffrey. "He seemeth not to be so hardened a scoundrel as the others."

"Indeed he is not," said the Captain. "He is a poor innocent young Englishman, whom these bloodthirsty men have taken captive and have ill-used as they have ill-used us. Why they have forced him to accompany them it is not hard to guess. They designed that he should share our fate after they had catched us. So cruel are they that they would not have stuck to tie us to trees and leave us to perish of hunger, or perchance to pin us to the earth near an ant-hill, so that the ants might eat our living flesh piece-meal."

"What have the prisoners to say? What have ye to say, dogs, ere I hang you up to trees?" Don Balthazar spoke in Spanish, whereof the prisoners understood little.

"Shall I interpret, sir?" said the Captain.

"Yes," said the Don.

"Now, thou psalm-singing hypocrite, Lepasteur," said the Captain, in the French tongue, "make an answer. Is there any reason why thy wicked old carcase should not be hanged by the neck?"

"Captain, my dear friend," said Lepasteur, "entreat this noble gentleman for me, I beg you, that he spare my life. I am an old man. Captain, I always loved and honoured you."

"This aged prisoner begs for mercy, your Excellency," said the Captain. Then he said to Lepasteur, "Old fox, thou hadst so queer a way of showing thy love and respect for me that I freely own that I knew not of it. Pray, old Lepasteur, if thou canst, for in no long time thou wilt be hanged."

"And what have the others to say?" asked Don Balthazar.

"Nothing," said the Captain, for the others had more spirit than their master, and would not pray for mercy.

"Hang them up," said the Don.

"All of them, sir?" said the corporal, who was waiting with a rope in his hand.

Before Don Balthazar could answer, the Captain, who was exceedingly afraid for Jeffrey's neck, if not for our own as well, said, "Your Excellency, may I offer a proposal?"

"Well, what is it?"

"These wretched men are the captives of your sword and of your bow. If it should square with your better judgment, might it not be a good thing if you were to carry them to the governor at St. Domingo as an earnest of future performance? He will surely thank you for the polite attention."

"For a prisoner," said the Don, "you are somewhat ready to offer counsel unasked.

Howbeit, you say well. This very day, after we have had breakfast, we will set forth and take them with us in our ship to St. Domingo. Ye shall come too, and it will be hard if among us we cannot get our way with the governor and obtain a force large enough to make an end of these Frenchmen. Is this hoary-headed old man worth a ransom, think you ?"

"To speak the truth," said the Captain, "I believe there is not a man living who would pay a penny to save this old rascal from hanging, but there are hundreds who would gladly pay many dollars to see him dangling in the air."

"Good," said Don Balthazar. "He shall be judged at St. Domingo, and I do not doubt that justice will be done."

After breakfast we set forth, the soldiers mounted and the prisoners on foot. The Captain and I were suffered to go at large, though closely watched ; but the other captives had their arms bound, and each was watched by a soldier with loaded carabine. In three days or thereabouts we came to the southern coast of the island, our way lying partly through forest and partly across open savannah. We found the Spaniards' ship, a caravel of some two hundred tons burthen, lying off the shore, and we embarked, Don Balthazar taking with him the prisoners and three of the soldiers as a guard. The remainder of the soldiers he sent back inland with orders to *rendez-vous* at a certain place in eight days from that time and there to await his coming

CHAPTER X.

OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THE CARAVEL

THE crew of the caravel was fifteen men, besides the master. He was of mixed blood, being one half a Spaniard and the other half English ; the master's mate was a pure Spaniard, and of the rest some were Spanish and some English, for there were many of our countrymen about the West Indian islands so broken and cast down by fortune as to be driven to take service with the Spaniards. There was likewise a Genoese on board, and two Indians kept for their skill in catching of turtle.

Now it was no part of Captain Skeffington's device that the ship should reach St. Domingo. We had barely set sail when he bade me go among the English seamen and sound them whether they would aid in an attempt to carry the ship into an English port. The Captain and I were bestowed among the sailors in the forecastle, and as for the four prisoners, they were set in irons and scurvily housed between decks, where one of the soldiers stood sentinel over them continually.

I was as yet unused to plots and stratagems, and my neck was full as tender as my conscience. I feared to find myself dangling at the yard-arm, and I therefore told the Captain roundly that I would have naught to say to any plan for seizing the ship ; moreover, Don Balthazar had trusted us and treated us well, and I had no stomach for a course which might bring him to ruin. The Captain made very light of my scruples.

"Tush, Jack," he said, "the Don deserveth it. He spared our lives, not out of any love for us, but hoping to gain advantage for himself. Moreover, he has basely deserted his post without command, and I doubt not will be hanged as soon as he comes to St. Domingo, so that we shall be doing him no disservice if we set him ashore in a boat. Therefore, Jack, I bid thee (as I have bidden thee before) be not a fool, but do as thou art bid."

I had no skill in chopping logic, and I doubt not I should have been convinced by the Captain's argument. However, while he was yet speaking the soldier with whom we had shared our breakfast the morning we were caught by the Spaniards, and whose name was Diego, came up to us, and said,

"Gentlemen, I kiss your hands."

"And we yours, brave Diego," said the Captain and I.

"Gentlemen, I come to give you warning," continued Diego. "I have overheard Don Balthazar talking with the mate since we came on board, and it is his design, as soon as we reach St. Domingo, to deliver you up to the governor so that ye may be hanged along with the other prisoners."

"Are you certain of this ?" said the Captain.

"I would I were as certain of Heaven," said Diego.

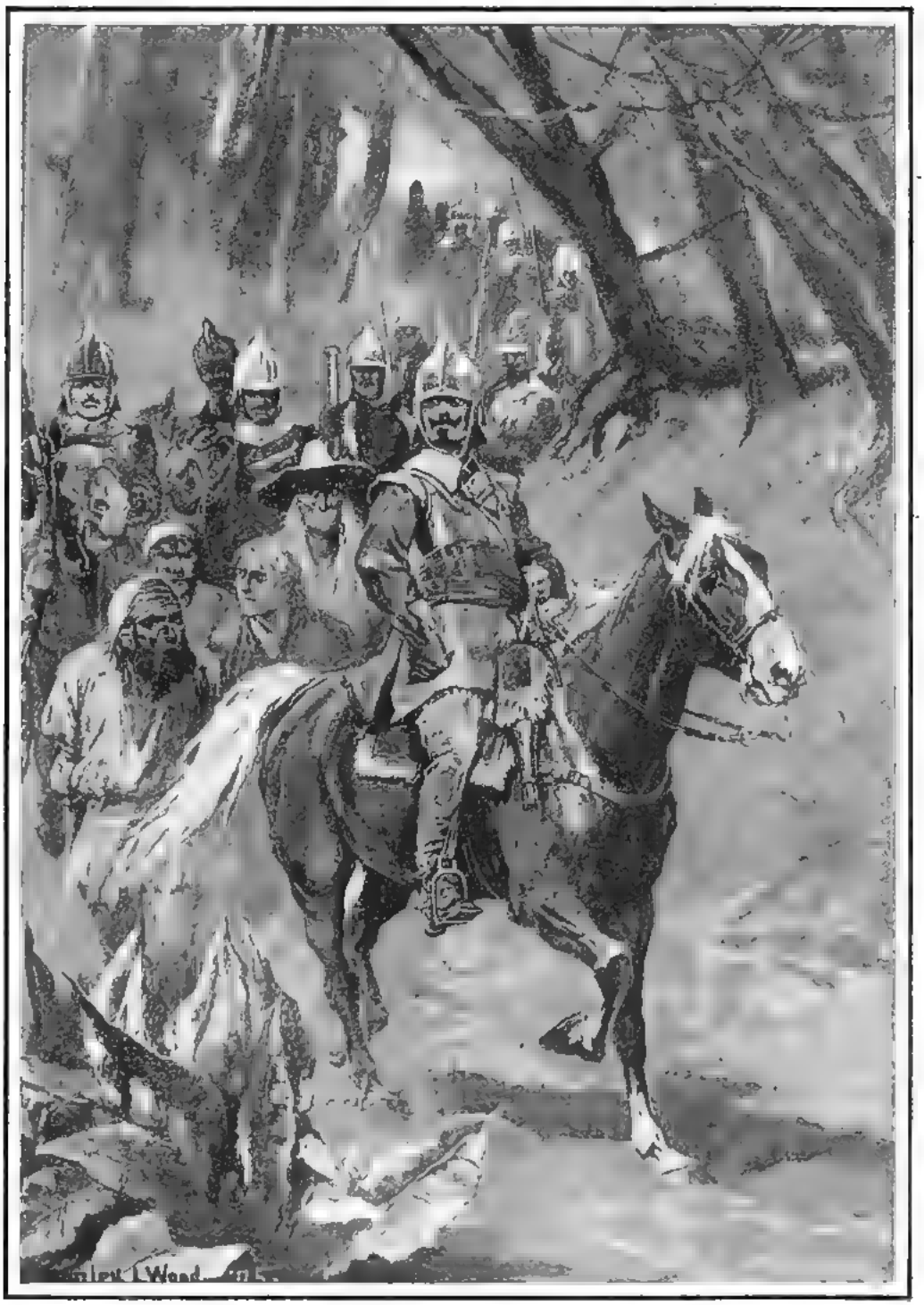
"Very well," said the Captain. "We will not forget how you have helped us, Diego. Now hark ye, friend ; do you and the other soldiers love this Don Balthazar ?"

"As much as Satan loveth holy water, no more. He has ill-used me and my fellows, and robbed us of our pay and rations," said Diego.

"Good. Now, Diego, if I can show you and your comrades a way by which ye may escape such sorry usage, and instead of being beaten, half starved and robbed, ye may blossom forth into gentlemen, rich and free, will ye join me ? will ye be faithful and silent ?" said the Captain.

"That I will, gladly," said Diego.

"What of your comrades ?"



WE SET FORTH, THE SOLDIERS MOUNTED AND THE PRISONERS ON FOOT.

"I can answer for them too," said Diego, "nevertheless I will approach them with caution, and will not let out more than I recall again."

This conversation took away my doubts at once, and I became hot for the success of the Captain's scheme. If the wind held as it then was, we should make St. Domingo by the evening of the second day, and there was therefore no time to be lost. I went forthwith amongst the crew with a light heart, and found that the Englishmen, one and all, were easily won. They were men of desperate fortunes, and they caught eagerly at any chance of escaping from the hated service of the Spaniard, which nothing but necessity had compelled them to undertake. One of these Englishmen, a man of some pretension to family and of a good education, though long since utterly ruined, Joseph Tonks by name, undertook the task of sounding the Spaniards and opening the design to those whom he thought safe. Captain Skeffington meanwhile had gone about to see if anything could be done with the master, who we considered might be disposed to give us a helping hand, being half English. His mate we did not think it safe to tackle.

So quickly did we go to work that by nightfall we were able to count up the chances of success. On our part we could muster Captain Skeffington, myself, and Jeffrey Horton (as soon as we could set him free from his irons), Joseph Tonks and five other English seamen, three Spanish soldiers, and four Spanish seamen. Against us were Don Balthazar, the master's mate, and five Spanish seamen, whom Tonks had not thought it safe to sound. On neither part were the master (who had promised to stand by and favour neither party), the three prisoners, and the two Indians. The risk of discovery was very great, the matter being known to so many, and we must therefore act at once. At midnight or thereabouts, it being dark and overcast, and no moon, the master had the watch and was on deck; his mate being below in his berth, which was amidships. On deck with the master were but two out of the five Spaniards to whom the matter had not been opened, the remaining men on watch being of our party. Captain Skeffington and I crept softly into the cabin and there found Don Balthazar sleeping on a locker. He was snoring loudly, and his mouth wide open, which was convenient for us to slip into it a gag. This awakened him, yet he could not cry out, and in a trice we had him safely pinioned. The Captain said to me,

"There is one accounted for. Now, Jack, I mistrust the master. It is true that he hath spoken fair, yet I am sure that he hath some crafty plot, for it standeth to reason that he will not stand by and see the ship taken from under his nose. Therefore, my judgment is that before this affair goeth further we should entice the master into this cabin and let him bear Don Balthazar company."

"Captain," said I, "I am embarked in this plot under your orders. Yet I make so free as to tell you frankly that I love not these treacherous dealings."

"It is a case of sink or swim, Jack. What dost thou think our necks would be worth if the Dons should get the better of us now? Do thou go tell the master that I would speak with him in the cabin. Follow close at his heels, and we will have dealings with him as soon as he is within the door."

I went to seek the master, and on my way I met with Joseph Tonks.

"Is the master on deck, Master Tonks?" said I.

"No, Master Baywood, he is not."

"Where is he?"

"That I cannot tell you to a fathom or two, seeing that I know not the depth of the seas in these parts. The master hath had a sore mishap."

"A mishap?"

"Even so. He was gazing over the bulwarks into the sea, and so deep was he in thought that he had the ill-fortune to fall overboard."

I went back to the Captain and reported what Tonks had told me. The Captain came forth of the cabin and spoke to Tonks in much anger.

"Pray, Mr. Tonks," said he, "did you by any chance assist him to fall over the ship's side?"

"Captain Skeffington," replied Tonks, "ask me no questions, and it may so fall out that you will spare me the pain of telling you any lies. As for the master, his death is an advantage to us all. I knew him well and he was not to be trusted."

"Mr. Tonks," said the Captain, "I will be plain with you. If there are lives taken except in fair fight, you and I will quarrel."

"We cannot stay now to argue," said Tonks. "I promise you I am not fond of taking life without urgent need. But we are losing time; we must get such arms as there are on board and secure the prisoners."

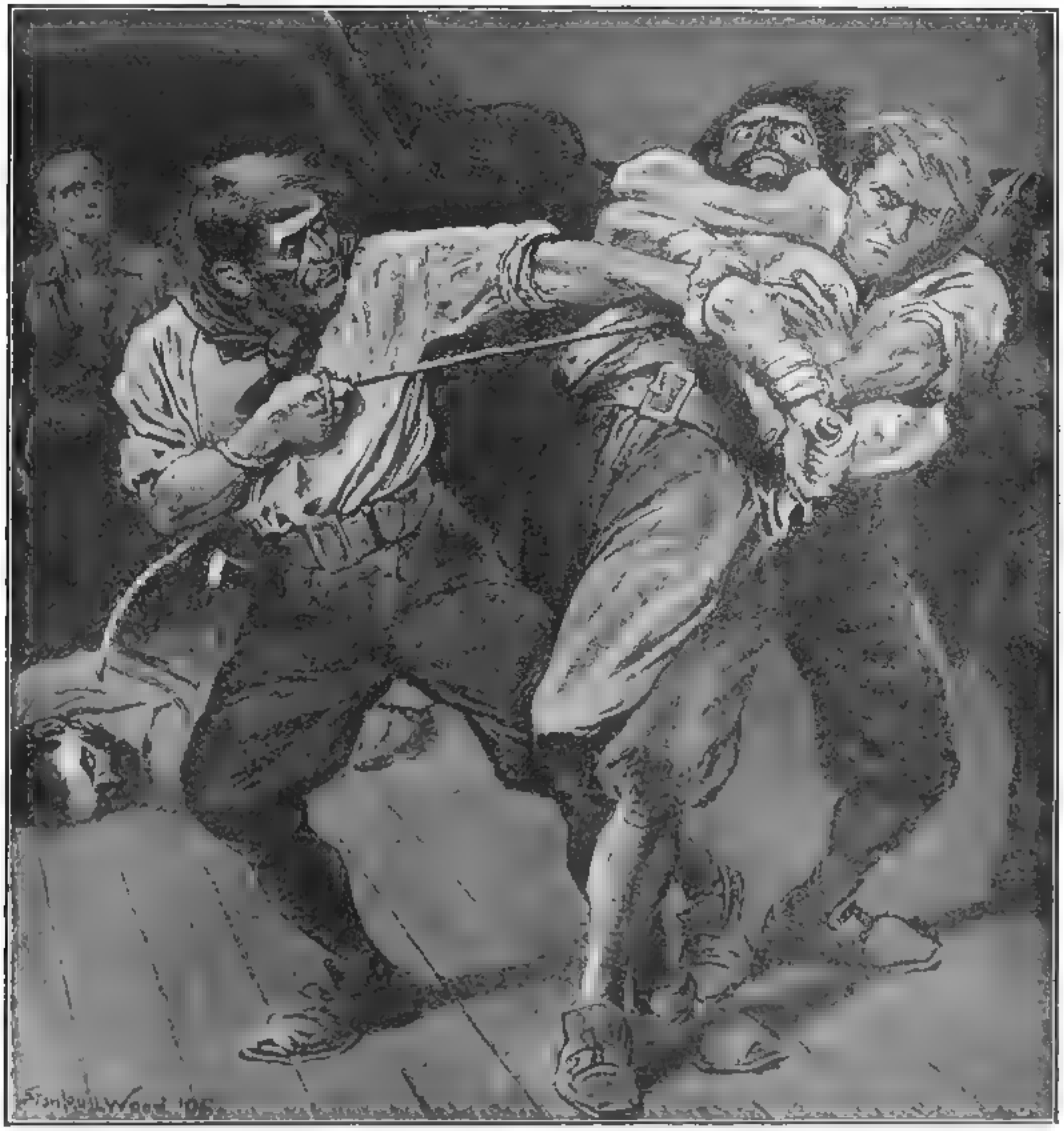
"Don Balthazar is already safe," said the Captain. "Now for the mate, unless you, Mr. Tonks, have sent him to join the master?"

"Not I," said Tonks. "I will go below and call him on deck, if you two gentlemen will be ready to seize him."

Tonks went below and told the mate that

the master desired to speak with him on deck. No sooner did his head and shoulders appear above the hatchway than the Captain and I seized and bound him. He cried out, and the two Spanish seamen who were on deck came running to his help, but they were immediately captured and bound by the other seamen of the watch; and those men that were below also secured the remaining Spaniards who were not in the plot. The ship was thus in our power without the loss of one life except that of the master.

The five seamen whom we had bound no sooner understood what business was on hand, than they desired with one accord to be allowed to cast in their lot with us, and they were therefore cast loose, leaving us as prisoners but the master's mate and Don Balthazar, together with Lepasteur, Sebastian and Jacques, for as soon as I could find a moment's leisure I ran below with a hammer and speedily knocked off Jeffrey Horton's irons.



THE CAPTAIN AND I SEIZED AND BOUND HIM.

There were two matters which must be presently ordered, the first, whither we were to

direct our voyage, and the second, what was to be done with the prisoners. All hands came aft, and a mighty hubbub arose, each man saying what came uppermost, until there was a noise of English and Spanish tongues that one might have thought the matter to be decided on was the building of the Tower of Babel. At length Tonks sprang up on the windlass with one of the ship's lanterns in his hand, and roaring as if he were in a tempest said, first in English and afterwards in Spanish

"Gentlemen, to reduce this debate to something of order, I offer that for this night the ship be hove-to; that until morning Captain Barnabas Skeffington be our Captain, and that he shall appoint who shall stand watch with him. In the morning, when our spirits are cooler, we will make choice of a Captain and Lieutenant, in accordance with the custom of these seas, and will also agree upon a course to be taken with our prisoners. Meanwhile, perhaps Captain Skeffington would be pleased to command that a ration of rum be served round to cheer our hearts."

Tonks' proposal was accepted, and after the rum had been served out, order was restored; the ship was hove-to; and, the Captain having made choice of men to stand watch, the rest of the crew went below.

In the morning, after a scanty breakfast, for the caravel was but ill-provisioned, all hands mustered aft; and, not to weary the reader with the long debate that followed, Captain Skeffington was chosen Captain, and Tonks Lieutenant; and to gratify the Spanish part of the crew Diego, the Spanish soldier, was elected to be Sub-lieutenant. The next business was the disposal of the prisoners. On this matter there was great diversity of opinion; for the Spaniards were of the mind that every one of the prisoners should be hanged forthwith, or cast overboard to the sharks, as the safest course for our own necks, while the Englishmen were for the most part of milder counsel. In the end the gentler course prevailed, and it was agreed that the ship should put in towards the shore, and that the prisoners should be landed in a boat. Don Balthazar could then, if he would, keep *rendez-vous* with his men, the mate must settle matters with Don Balthazar as best he could, and Sebastian and Jacques could return to their former pursuits, unless indeed the two Spaniards should overcome and slay them.

On taking into consideration the case of Lepasteur, it was not thought right to deal with him so easily. His many barbarities to ourselves and other unhappy persons who had come into his power were justly thought to merit punishment. A Court was therefore constituted to give him a fair trial. The Captain, Horton and myself were the accusers, Tonks was sworn as judge, and the rest of the ship's company as assessors, or jurors.

It was fully proved against Lepasteur that he had used us and others with the greatest inhumanity, and in particular that he had incited Sebastian to kill me, and on the overseer's refusing to do so had with his own hand struck me a blow with the intention of murdering me. When called upon for his defence he had none to make. He burst out into prayers for mercy and compassion on his grey hairs and so forth; but Tonks, addressing him with greater soberness and dignity than I had expected, bid him remember, that, as in times past he had closed his ears to the prayers of his victims, so now he would find none to hearken to his cries. The Court with one accord found him guilty; and the sentence pronounced was that he should that same day at sundown be hanged by the neck, and that his body should be cast overboard. His doom being thus set forth, Lepasteur's manner changed, and he set himself to make ready for death. He asked for a Bible, but none was to be found on board that ungodly ship; and during the rest of the day we heard him repeat texts of Scripture, and prayers; and now and again he would sing some snatch of a hymn; memories still clinging in his mind of days long ago when he was an innocent lad, frequenting the Protestant temples of Nantes or La Rochelle with his parents. I was much moved at seeing his piety, and had it rested with me I believe that I should have spared his life. But the others were of juster temper. Ere the sun touched the horizon a block had been made fast at the main yard-arm, and a rope rove through it, and presently Lepasteur's soul had gone before the judgment-seat of God. Up to the last he was heard to be praying; and I can but hope that he hath found that mercy which he denied to others, and which on earth was denied to him

CHAPTER XI.

WE CAPTURE A SHIP WITH MUCH TREASURE.

THERE were but two boats that belonged to the ship, and one of these we gave to the prisoners and so sent them ashore at a part where it was lonely and unfrequented. We gave them a pair of oars, but no arms or provisions; and how they fared,

and whether they fell to fighting when they came to the land, or whether they went their several ways in peace; and how Don Balthazar explained matters to the governor of St. Domingo (if ever he arrived there), I know not.

Now, although Captain Skeffington and Lieutenant Tonks had been lawfully chosen officers of the ship, according to the custom of those seas, their sovereignty was a very limited one. The custom was that in the working of the ship, or in giving commands during a fight, the officers were supreme; but in other matters, such as the service in which the vessel was to be employed, or where the cruising-ground was to be, they were but *primi inter pares*. Every man had an equal voice, except, indeed, the Indians; who, as it was supposed, had no souls, and consequently no votes; though for my part I thought them much better worth saving than three-fourths of the crew. I wished for nothing save to get home once more, and I besought the Captain to turn the ship's head towards Barbadoes forthwith, in hopes of finding a vessel sailing for New England. He was well disposed to the same thing, but Lieutenant Tonks would have none of it.

"No indeed, Captain," said Tonks, "here you have brought me and these other men to mutineer, and now it seems all we are to do is to run into Barbadoes, and perchance our necks into a noose. No, no; we are now free flibustiers of the ocean, and I tell you that your life would not be safe if my mess-mates knew what you propose. Now be not angry, Captain. Remember you are not Captain of a King's ship, or even skipper of a merchantman; and I speak only for your good; and when once a thing is said to Joseph Tonks it goeth no further. I cannot say that I have any great stomach for this flibustiering business myself; but I am a desperate man, and the plunder, when we get any, will be very useful to me."

"Well, lieutenant," said the Captain, "it seems we are embarked under flibustiering rules, and there need be no fear but that my friends and I will be faithful and brave; I hope fortunate as well. So Barbadoes must go for the present. But I will beg your judgment on two matters; the first concerns the arming and provisioning of the ship, which at present is very slenderly provided in these respects. The second is the number of Spaniards we have on board. In my poor opinion, if it comes to a fight with a Spanish ship, our Spaniards will be as likely to turn against us as to be of service in the fight."

After a long discussion it was concluded that a course should be laid for the island of St. Kitt's, or St. Christopher, where the lieutenant said he knew of a safe and secret harbourage. There a party could go on shore, and by fair means or foul obtain a fitting supply of provisions and water, and perhaps of arms as well. On the second point, that is to say, the great number of Spaniards on board, it was agreed to make a proposal to the crew that we should divide into two companies, the one to contain all the Englishmen and the other all the Spaniards. The plunder and provisions which should be taken from the first ship captured by us should be divided fairly between the two companies; and lots should be cast to decide which company should abide by the caravel and which should take to the captured ship; and so the two companies should part in all friendliness.

On the proposals being put to the ship's company, and the reasons explained, they were carried by a majority of voices. Divers other rules were likewise agreed upon for our conduct while upon the caravel; as that there be no needless bloodshed; no lives to be taken except in fair fight, nor after quarter asked; and that there should be no quarrelling on board.

Our first venture was a fortunate one. On the second day of our cruise, it being about two hours after noon and our course fair for St. Kitt's, we espied a brig under Spanish colours, some league or so to leeward. It was determined to attack and capture this brig; and, therefore, the Captain having exacted an oath from the Spaniards that they would be faithful in the fight, we made all sail and hoisted the Spanish flag likewise. Seeing our colours to be the same as their own, those on board the brig made no haste to avoid us, and our sailing being greatly swifter than theirs we presently came within shooting space and made signals that they should heave-to. The caravel looked very warlike, being pierced for guns on her main-deck, though in truth there was but one gun aboard, a paterero, which threw but a small shot, and although we had a good number of small arms aboard, our store of powder, bullet and match was low, in accordance with the character of Spaniards, who will always do a matter with half a heart, as if it were not worth the doing well. However, when the people on board the brig forebore to obey our signal, what did we do but load our paterero and cast a shot across her bows, and they became frightened and hove their vessel to. Captain Skeffington bade Lieutenant Tonks and Sub-lieutenant Diego

clear away our boat and go on board the prize, and he bade me go with them to see fair play, as he called it, for his trust in Tonks, or in Diego either for that matter, was of the smallest. Seven or eight of the crew tumbled into the boat, and we speedily came alongside the brig, being all well armed with pistols, swords and knives.

As we gained the deck of the brig, leaving but two men in the boat, her master came to meet us with many low bows; but seeing before him a seaman in a rough tarry jacket (for Tonks looked no better than a common sailor), instead of the Spanish King's officer he had expected to behold, he clapped his hat on his head again, and said, looking fiercely at us,

"Who be ye, that stop my ship upon the high sea?"

"Under your favour, sir," said Tonks, "we be poor mariners, who being but poorly endowed with this world's goods are fain to beg a helping hand from our neighbours. Therefore, pray let us see the manifest of your cargo."

"Ye are a set of rascally pirates," answered the master, angrily. "I thought you to be a King's ship."

"And so we were, until a day or two past," said Tonks. "Now our ship hath many kings for owners instead of one, for we are bold enough to name ourselves sea-kings. Under your favour once more, sir, we are kings who have power to enforce our decrees, which is more than can at all times and in all places be said for his Catholick Majesty. Now, sir, I have ventured to make a decree that you and your crew shall sit down yonder under the shade of the bulwarks and submit yourselves to be ironed the while my mates and I rummage your brig."

There were ten men in all aboard the brig. We in the caravel had plenty of leg-irons, and we had brought a sufficiency of them with us in the boat. A cold pistol barrel at a man's temple is a wonderful persuader, and in five minutes we had the whole ship's company comfortably ironed and sitting in a shady spot whence they could behold us ransacking their vessel. Her name was the *Madre de Dios*, and she was on a voyage from the Havanna to the port of Santander in Spain, with a cargo of hides, and small quantities of copper and sandal-wood, and there was also on board plenty of salted beef and pork, besides dried tongues, and a proportionable provision of ship's bread, wine and water, the brig being provisioned for six months at the least.

Whilst the caravel was working alongside we busied ourselves in getting the cargo up on deck, and to make the work easier we let certain of the brig's own crew loose from their irons and made them give us their aid, to so good effect that in a few hours we had the greater part of the cargo up on deck ready for making division. Captain Skeffington came on board, and it was agreed that a fair half of the spoil should be put on board the caravel, and that the lot should not be cast until this had been done. This work kept us busy all night, and the provisions and water were likewise fairly proportioned between the two ships, a proper share being reserved for the subsistence of the prisoners, who, being Spaniards, it was agreed should follow the fortunes of the Spanish part of the company. All the arms and munitions of war which were on board the caravel (there being none on board the *Madre de Dios*) were put into a common stock and divided into two equal parts. By the time these preparations were completed, it was broad day once more, and, all being ready, the Spaniards, the Genoese and the Indians (who, poor creatures, were puffed up with pride at being put in one class with their tyrants the Spaniards), went over to one side of the deck while we Englishmen stayed on the other. Diego pulled a pair of dice from his pocket, and these were passed round the company that all might see the play was fair.

Diego first cast the dice, and threw five; Captain Skeffington threw seven; so that the choice of a ship rested with the English party. After conferring apart it was concluded that we would abide in the *Madre de Dios*, she being the smaller and handier ship for our small numbers, and to abandon the caravel to the Spaniards.

They presently bade us farewell, and departed into the caravel, taking with them the prisoners, as agreed. Now the master of the *Madre de Dios* had hitherto watched in silence while we broached his cargo and rummaged his ship, at which I had marvelled, but no sooner did he comprehend that he was to leave her and go into the caravel than he fell into a great angry heat and began to protest violently, and he kicked and struggled against us as we pushed him by main force over the ship's side and dropped him into the boat that was in waiting. He was the last to go overboard, and as soon as we had got rid of him we made sail and quickly began to move through the water. Well it was that we lost no time, for when we were already a pretty distance removed from the caravel those on board of her began to halloa and bawl out to us to

shorten sail and wait for them, and when we took no notice of their outcries they presently loaded the paterero and shot at us, but the ball went very wide.

"So," said Captain Skeffington, "the Dons would be up to their tricks. I was beginning to love them well, by comparison with those evil-living Frenchmen, but methinks my passing fancy is already somewhat worn out. I wonder what it may be that is troubling them. The best thing we can do is to leave them with such speed as we can, for they are more than a match for us. See, the lubbers are only now beginning to make sail to pursue us."

The Spaniards are ever a slow and unready people, even when they move most swiftly, which is when they have some mischief or devilry in hand, and before the caravel was under way there was a full half-mile between the ships. Under our Captain's skilful handling the *Madre de Dios* showed herself a swift sailer, and although the caravel chased us all that day she could get no nearer to us by one half-inch, and the distance was too great for her to reach us with her paterero. After the night fell we changed our course and showed no lights, and when morning broke again not a sail was to be seen.

It was during that same night that we found out what it was that had so mightily troubled the master of the *Madre de Dios* when he found that he was to leave her, and what had made the Spaniards so desirous to stay in company with us when it was too late. The Captain turned in about midnight, leaving the deck to Lieutenant Tonks. He had taken the master's cabin for his own, and being a very neat man he was troubled, when he took off his coat, to find no pin in the wall to hang it on. He bade me go to the carpenter and desire him to bring a hammer and three or four nails to serve for cloak-pins. The carpenter was in his bunk, and I therefore told him that, not to disturb his beauty-sleep, I would myself take the hammer and nails and do what was needful. No sooner had I begun to hammer a nail into the ship's side than nail and all went crashing through, and the next blow struck, not the nail-head, but my thumb. Whilst I was licking my thumb the Captain said:

"This seems to be very thin timber to bear the buffeting of the waves. Jack, this is a fine hole that thou hast made, yet the water cometh not through. Let us examine into this matter," said he, as he made the hole larger and put his hand in. "Here is an open space, a cavity or cave, cut in the thickness of the ship her side. And here, what is this? It is money—money and precious stones." So saying he pulled out a handful of golden coins, then a handful of pearls, and then more money. "Jack, there is great wealth here," he went on. "I marvel not that the Spaniard was loth to leave his doubtless ill-gotten riches, or that our late comrades showed such affection for us as to send a messenger after us when we departed from them. No doubt the brig's master imparted to them the secret of this hoard when he found his ship passing away into our hands. Now, what are we to do? Are we to be knaves and become rich men, or must we be honest and share with the ship's company?"

"I think we must even be honest, Captain," said I. "I have the best inclination in the world to go shares with you, for then I might perhaps get away home to New England; and yet when I look on yonder splintered wood, and reflect that this cabin is open well-nigh night and day to all who wish to enter, and that we have no means of repairing the damage, I conclude that, unless we desire to go over the ship's side with our wind-pipes slit, we shall do well to deal as becomes honest men."

"Thou speakest like a printed book, Jack, and what is more thou speakest truth," said the Captain. "Well, we must be honest, though indeed it is a sore temptation, for I love not the prospect of leading the life of a filibustier for the rest of my days, and with this wealth I could have gone back to Bristol and looked the owners of the *Good Hope* in the face. We must make a virtue of necessity. Go tell Lieutenant Tonks that I would speak with him."

I went on deck and desired Tonks to go below.

CHAPTER XII.

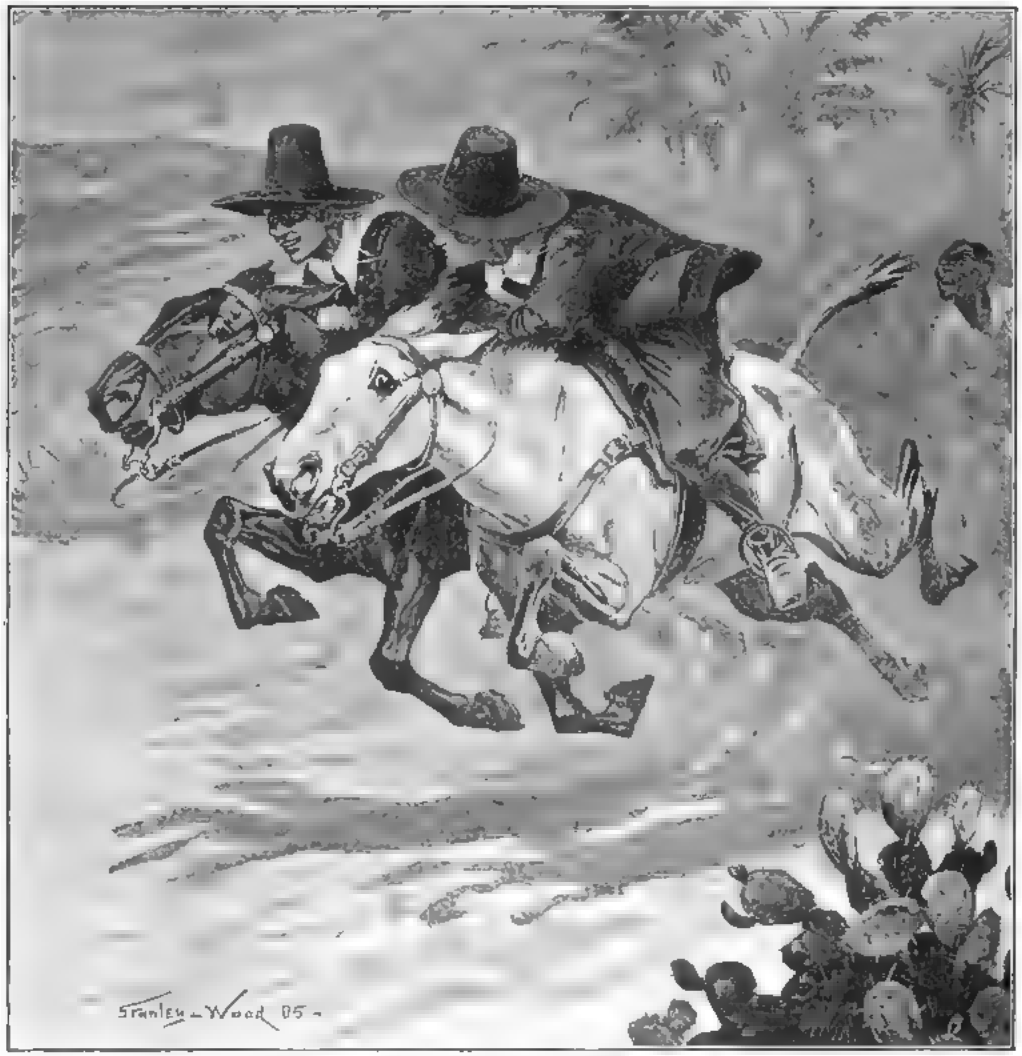
WHAT HAPPENED IN BARBADOES.

WHEN Tonks came into the Captain's cabin, and beheld the riches of the Spaniards spread out before him, his mind turned in the same direction as the Captain's and mine.

"Captain," he said, approaching his mouth to the Captain's ear and speaking softly through his bended hand, "could not we—that is to say, you and I and this honest young gentleman—make division of the spoil? To us it would be of the greatest service, but to the other men—"

"Fie upon you, Master Tonks!" exclaimed the Captain, with virtuous anger. "Is it from *you* that I hear this, the ship's lieutenant? I trust that you do but jest, sir."

"Yea, Captain, I did but jest," said Tonks, sighing deeply, "yet I cannot but think upon plunder it may be that your share will be enough to bring you back to Devon. It seems that we are none of us overmuch in love with flibustiering; you cannot long for the meadows and lanes of England more than I do, I warrant you. But hark ye, if we would, we cannot keep



THE ANIMALS SET OFF AT A HEADLONG GALLOP.

what I could do with so great riches! I am sick of the sea, and there is a cottage in my native town of Bideford, in Devon, with roses in the garden, and I know an alehouse with a sanded floor and a thrush in a cage—yet it was no more than a jest."

"Nay, do not heave such a sigh," said the Captain. "When we have counted our this matter secret. The only thing to be done is to make fair division among all hands, and when we know the value of our shares, then if we can put our affairs in such train that we may make a voyage to England, so much the better."

To make all secure the cabin door was locked and the key put in my pocket, and I

passed the night on deck in Tonks' company, so that he might keep an eye on me. In the morning the ship's company were called aft and the Captain informed them of the good fortune which had befallen. Tonks and I were appointed to carry the treasure up on deck, and it was heaped up in front of the capstan. There was a great quantity of coined gold and silver, silver in bars, pearls, a few diamonds and rubies and many stones of lesser value, the worth whereof we could not estimate.

The custom on board flibustiering ships was, that after providing for the necessities of the ship, all should share and share alike, the only advantage gained by the captain being that the hull, masts and rigging of the first ship captured on any cruise belonged to him for his own use. The *Madre de Dios*, therefore, was the sole property of Captain Skeffington, and there was also paid to him, to be laid out for the ship's necessities, one hundred pieces of eight. The remainder of the treasure was now to be equally divided.

This was an easy task, so far as the coin was concerned, and the bar silver, but when it came to the precious stones it was less simple. It was arranged in this way; the Captain and Lieutenant were allowed the first and second choice, in virtue of their office, and the rest of the ship's company cast lots for the preference. In the order thus determined each man came forward and chose himself a stone, and so it went round and round until the whole treasure was gone. Then it was found that each man had money and silver to the worth of nearly £300 sterling, and a dozen or so of pearls and precious stones as well, which might be worth as much more; and there was also the value of the hides and sandalwood. These were to be sold at the first port at which we touched, so that every man had for his share money or money's worth to at least the amount of £600.

Whether or no we were to continue our flibustiering cruise one thing was certain; and that was that we must presently put into some port to get provision of guns and ammunition, and likewise to get more men, for we were on board but nine souls, all told, and with that number not only could we not attack any other ship, but we should barely be able to defend ourselves and our treasure against an enemy who might have the resolution to attack us. We dared not to enter any Spanish port; and we must needs, therefore, go into the Barbadoes; running the risk of a complaint being made against us by the Spaniards for our undoubted piracy.

"'Tis but a small risk we run," said Captain Skeffington. "First of all the Spaniards cannot be there before us, that is certain, and it is doubtful whether they would follow us thither, since they do not know we are going there, whatever they may conjecture. Secondly, I believe not that the governor would listen to any such complaint. His answer would be to remind the Dons of the many acts against ships of ours of which they have been guilty. And thirdly, I know not if the Barbadoes be held for King or Parliament at the present time; but upon this I will inform myself, and, if the worst come to the worst, I will offer my ship for the service of whichever party hath the upper hand; and a bait like that will soon convince the governor of the justice of our cause, so that he will send away the Spaniards with a flea in their ear."

The winds were favourable; and in ten days or thereabouts after we had parted company with the Spaniards we cast anchor in a roadstead of the island of Barbadoes called Carlisle Bay. This was in the month of June in the year 1643; about ten months after I had left Boston.

I determined that my first business on landing must be to search out some of the *godly* sort, as they called themselves (for many of these people had settled in the West Indies as well as in the New England plantations), and to endeavour to obtain from them some tidings of my friends at home. Our minister at Boston, Master Longwynd, corresponded with his friends in several parts of the world, and why not Barbadoes as well as anywhere else?

Captain Skeffington entered into dealings with a merchant settled at Carlisle Bay, one Amos Prickett, who agreed to take our cargo off our hands and to supply the needs of the ship; and to this Mr. Prickett I applied myself for intelligence of any persons settled in the island of the sort I wished to meet with. He was himself a sober, serious-looking man, though a keen hand at a bargain, and not too scrupulous to join a merchant skipper in a drinking-bout if it were likely to lead to business.

"Yea," said Master Prickett in answer to my inquiry, "I can tell you of many godly persons dwelling in the island; but what may be your will with them?"

"Why, truly," said I, "to learn some news, if I can, of my friends. I am from Boston, in New England."

"Oho!" cried Prickett, "is that so? Then methinks I can tell thee thy name. Art not thou that young John Baywood who levanted from his home?"

"Sir," said I, not over-well pleased at the familiarity of this address, which I thought lacked somewhat of the respect due to a gentleman flibustier, "my name is John Baywood; but you are misinformed as to my having levanted. Pray can you tell me aught of my friends?"

"No," he said, "I cannot, but I can tell you of one who can. There is, if I am not mistaken, a minister at Boston named Longwynd."

"Quite right, sir."

"Well, this Mr. Longwynd hath for his bosom-friend, or I should rather say had, seeing that they have not met each other since they left the old country a dozen years or more ago, another minister of the same sort as himself, named Everlasting Fishe, and this Reverend Master Fishe is settled as pastor of a poor but godly congregation in a township to which has been given the sweet name of Ebenezer, some ten miles away from hence. Now, when thou wert found missing from home, young man, Master Longwynd sent letters unto Master Fishe, acquainting him that thou hadst eloped in a ship bound for Barbadoes, and praying him, in case he should hear aught of thee, to catch and send thee home again. Mr. Fishe, in his turn, besought me to make inquiry after thee among the crews of such ships as should resort to me, and there thou hast the whole story."

"I thank you for your news, sir," said I. "I will visit this worthy minister."

"Not in that rake-helly garb, I trust," said Mr. Prickett. "Thou hast the air of—of—of I cannot tell what. Thou wouldst affright poor Everlasting Fishe out of his wits. I can sell thee a suit of good cloth, of the true godly cut; and thou wilt also want a mule to ride on and a slave to run by thy side."

Indeed, my blood-stained tunic and breeches, albeit the blood was but that of oxen, were no fit raiment in which to go visiting a minister of the Word

A merchant in these outlandish places must be a jack-of-all-trades if he wishes to prosper, and Master Prickett himself measured me for my clothes and hat, after which I wished him a friendly good-day and returned on board the *Madre de Dios* to ask the Captain for leave of absence to call upon the Reverend Everlasting Fishe.

"Jack," said the Captain, "thou art a model of punctilio."

"I am pleased to hear of it, sir," said I. The Captain would always be spoken to with deference on board his ship, however friendly we might be when ashore.

"Thou art the only one of the ship's company that hath asked leave."

"If I have offended, sir——" I began.

"Far from it, my lad. The rest of the ship's company have taken leave without the ceremony of asking, Lieutenant Tonks and all, and I shall see no more of them until all their money has been squandered. Blacks are doing the work of the ship. Thou shalt gladly have leave, Jack; and I am thankful to have one sensible man on board with me."

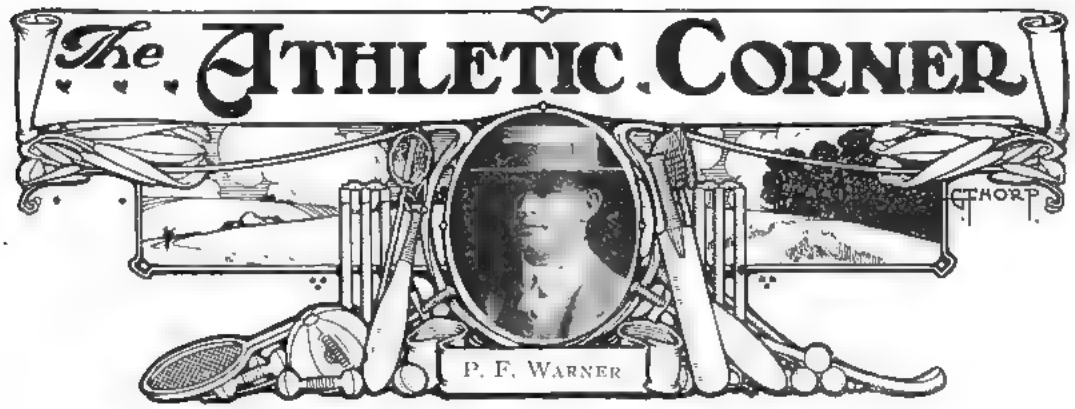
Jeffrey Horton, who soon tired of the so-called delights of life on shore and returned to his duty on board ship, admired my new clothes so greatly that he must needs purchase a suit, and a hat as well, and he offered to ride with me to see Mr. Fishe. I gladly bade him come, and we proceeded to hire mules and slaves for our journey from Mr. Prickett.

"Be careful of them," said Prickett, "and remember that they have cost me good money."

We made a fine spectacle as we rode off, mounted on our mules and with our slaves, who were African negroes and as black as ink, running behind. The first part of our way we rode along quietly enough, calling a halt now and again to mop our brows; but when we came within three miles or so of Ebenezer, Jeffrey must needs have a race to prove the mettle of our mules. The animals seemed anxious to serve us, for they set off at a headlong gallop; and the Reverend Everlasting Fishe, his two daughters and the other inhabitants of Ebenezer, were astonished to see two strange young men, dusty and very hot, galloping up the little street, clothed in black garments and very large hats, rammed down over their ears to keep them from flying away, and clinging closely and affectionately to the necks of two mules, which ran with heads down and tails in the air; while two black men, shouting and hallooing in an outlandish tongue, brought up the rear at a considerable distance.

The mules seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Fishe's hospitable door, for as they reached it they stopped suddenly with one accord, shooting their riders off into the road. We sat still where we had fallen for some few moments, wiping our faces and looking at one another in a sheepish manner, what time the good people of Ebenezer smiled gravely at our unceremonious arrival in their decorous township.

(To be continued.)



WICKET-KEEPERS OF TO-DAY.

NO department of the game of cricket has undergone a greater change than that of wicket-keeping. Thirty years ago the idea of a man standing up to the wickets without a long-stop was barely thought of, and could Alfred Mynn and old Nyren come to life again and visit a modern ground and see Mr. Halliwell standing up to the deliveries of Mr. Kotze they would not believe their senses. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. J. McC. Blackham, the Australian, were the first to teach us that a long-stop could be dispensed with to the fastest bowling; but even they would never have been able to do so had not the period at which they came on the scene synchronised with a general improvement in the state of the pitch. When one ball shot dead and the next got straight up, it was obviously sound tactics to have a long-stop; but to-day, on our smooth and level wickets, long-stop has become as extinct as the braces and top-hats of our forefathers.

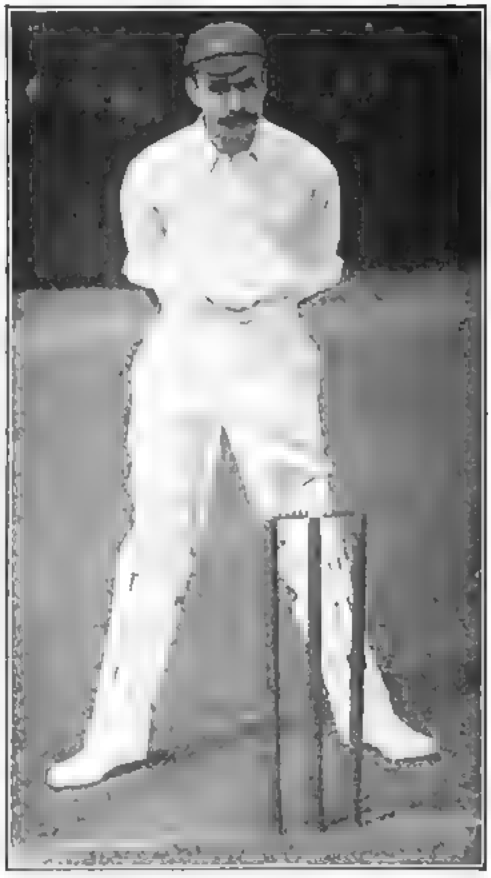
There is something fascinating about wicket-keeping, and it is undoubtedly the best place in the field if you chance to be any good at it. Hard blows are about, but if you survive these it is a position which commands a splendid view of the game—so splendid, in fact, that it has often been said that every captain should be a wicket-keeper. Curiously enough, the only county captain at the moment who is also a wicket-keeper is Mr. MacGregor—but the wise captain will not fail to consult the stumper occasionally, and should not be above taking a hint from him.

The wicket-keeper is the most important man in the team, and to-day every county eleven has a thoroughly reliable one. Indeed, there are so many of the highest quality that one hesitates to name the actual best. Perhaps, if a vote were taken amongst first-class cricketers, Lilley, Mr. H. Martyn, Hunter, Mr. MacGregor, Strudwick, and Huish, would receive the greatest consideration.

Lilley I call our finest all-round wicket-

A. A. LILLEY (WARWICKSHIRE).
"Our finest all-round wicket-keeper."
Photo THE CAPTAIN

DAVID HUNTER (YORKSHIRE).
Photo Foster, Brighton.



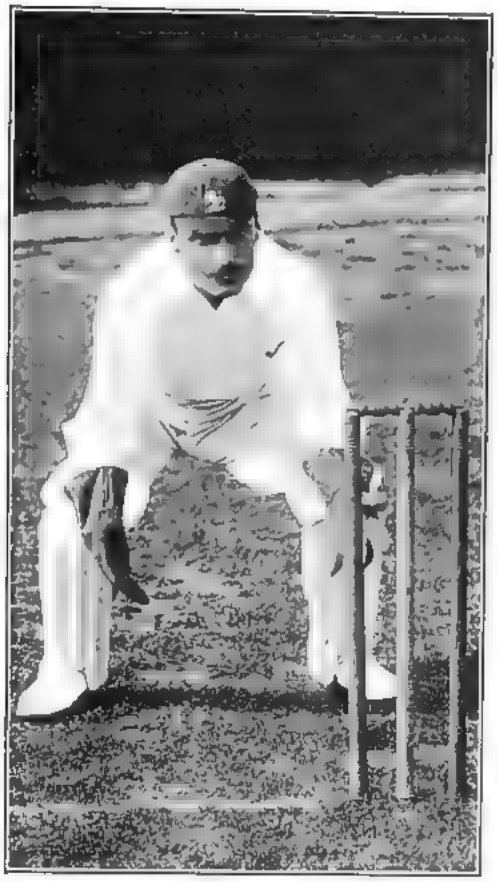
MR. G. MACGREGOR (MIDDLESEX).
Photo Foster, Brighton.

keeper. It is seventeen or eighteen years now since he first appeared in the Warwickshire eleven, and he has played for England against Australia in as many as twenty-three matches.

I know no wicket-keeper who—however long the innings—watches every ball with more concentration than Lilley, and to this I attribute his almost unfailing certainty as a catcher. In the five test matches which were played the winter before last in Australia he missed one, or at the most two, catches; while, though occasionally in the early part of the tour puzzled by Mr. Bosanquet's slow bowling, in the end he seemed to guess which way the ball was going to break the moment it had left that bowler's hand. And then, standing back to Hirst, he was splendid, being very quick in getting across to that fast-swerving ball of the Yorkshireman's which goes away so quickly on the leg side. Lilley is a tall man—quite six feet, I should think—and his height told in his favour when the ball got up quickly off the pitch. Two or three catches of this type which he made off Arnold were exceptionally quick.

As cricketers go, the Warwickshire professional is a veteran, but he seems to improve with age. In a Warwickshire and Essex match last summer he caught five and stumped two men, and in an Essex grand total of 504 he gave away only six byes. His opinion is always worth having, for he has played much cricket and has a level head.

However people may differ as to who is actually the best professional wicket-keeper in England, there is little question that Mr. H. Martyn, of Somerset, is the most brilliant amateur. Mr. MacGregor on his day is still as good as any one, but on all



F. HUISH (KENT).
Photo Foster, Brighton.

days Mr. Martyn must, I think, be ranked higher than the Middlesex captain. Very tall and strong—a veritable John Ridd—no ball, however fast, seems able to escape Mr. Martyn's clutches, and on the leg side he is quite marvellous. I have heard it suggested that he is a better stumper than he is catcher, but if that is so I can only say I have not noticed it. Mr. Martyn appears to me to take the ball nearer the stumps than any other wicket-keeper of the present time, and this may possibly account for his alleged unreliability in catching. Mr. Martyn has, to put it mildly, rather well-developed hands, and he is the only cricketer I know who wears two pairs of wicket-keeping gloves.

Like Lilley, he is a good bat, though in a totally different style; for while Lilley plays the orthodox forward style, Mr. Martyn is a slap-dash hitter with a very good eye. He once got ninety odd under the hour in the 'Varsity match, but since then he has perhaps been rather a disappointing batsman.

David Hunter is an even greater veteran of the cricket field than Lilley, for he was forty-three in May, and though not quite Lilley's equal in all-round efficiency, he is still very good indeed, and in an age less rich in exceptionally fine wicket-keepers might well have "kept" for England. For many years now he has stumped and caught men out for Yorkshire—very quiet behind the stumps, but ever ready to encourage friend or foe alike with a "Well bowled, Wilfred," or "Well played," or "That was a good stroke." And then, though he goes in last, he is in reality a capital bat, with a neat style, and one of the straightest "cues" in England. When he is not playing cricket he is looking after his wonderful aviary of canaries, which he is always delighted to show you at the end of the day at Scarborough.

Mr. MacGregor is one of the greatest of the many fine cricketers Uppingham School has produced. Indeed, at the top of

MR. H. MARTYN (SOMERSET).
Photo Foster, Brighton.

his form he was the equal, as a wicket-keeper, of even Blackham himself, and is undoubtedly the best amateur stumper there has ever been.

Cambridge University were very strong indeed at the end of the eighties and in the early nineties, and in those days there was no finer sight at cricket than MacGregor standing right up to the wicket to Mr. S. M. J. Woods'

H. STRUDWICK (SURREY).
Photo THE CAPTAIN.

terrifically fast bowling. It all looked so natural — the ball fell so easily into MacGregor's hands—and there was so little fuss about the whole thing that one scarcely knew which to admire most, the pluck and skill of the wicket-keeper or the accuracy of the bowler which made the combination possible.

At the present time Mr. MacGregor occasionally has an "off day," but at his best he is still second to none, and in point of style probably superior to all his rivals.

As a batsman Mr. MacGregor is scarcely a stylist. To begin with, he has no wrists, but I would as soon see him in at the crisis of a match as almost any other batsman in England. He is, in fact, a very George Hirst when it is a case of fighting with one's back to the wall. For many years now he has led the Middlesex eleven with conspicuous success, for he "spots" very readily the weak points of a batsman, and is constantly giving his bowlers valuable hints. His name will live in cricket history along with that of Grace, of Spofforth, and of Blackham.

At the end of this summer those who compile the statistics of first-class cricket will probably inform you that Strudwick has caught ninety-two catches. At any rate, that was his record two years ago, though at the end of last season he fell off so much that he was left out of the Surrey eleven. Still, his decline is sure to be only that of the moment. In comparing Strudwick with other wicket-keepers it should be remembered that he occupies a unique position in that he used to play day after day on the same side as Lockwood and Richardson; it would be scarcely in the interests of Surrey for him to "stand up to" such bowlers. Consequently he received — and, it must be added, gracefully accepted—an unusual number of soft catches. In one respect he is better than any one else, and that is in his extraordinary quickness of feet. His agility is really extraordinary. At present he is not much of a bat, though he is improving, but he is a capital field near the wicket, and, fielding as a substitute on one occasion in Australia he made three fine catches. One was exceptionally good. The ball, off Rhodes' bowling, had been cocked up, and Strudwick, darting up like a Jack-in-the-box, jumped from silly-point and caught it almost on the leg side of the wicket with one hand.

Many good judges of the game think Huish, of Kent, the best wicket-keeper in England. Whether he is actually as great as all that I leave it to others to decide, though for myself I would prefer Lilley on my side as being the safest and undoubtedly the most experienced wicket-keeper we possess at the present time. Still, Huish is so excellent that he may consider himself unlucky not to have kept for the Players at Lord's. Standing back to fast bowlers like Mr. W. M.

Bradley and Fielder he is as good as any one in the world; but right up at the wicket he is almost equally good, and some of his stumps off a slow left-hander like Blythe have been like lightning in their quickness. He is very keen in dashing after the ball, and even with his pads on he can chase the leg bye or the leg glance as quickly as many an unpadded man. He is not a bad bat, as he has a good defence, but he is often an atrociously bad judge of a run. Possibly this may be due to his being unable, apparently, to realise that very few men are so quick between the wickets as he is. He has done splendid service for his county, and he will yet keep wicket for England.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

HOWEVER much we regret the almost unwieldy proportions to which the county championship has grown, the advent of a new county into the world of first-class cricket, especially when that promotion has been due to sheer merit as in the case of Northamptonshire, is interesting for two reasons. First, there is a genuine desire on all sides that the promoted county may prove worthy of its promotion and that a sufficient amount of success may be achieved to encourage even greater efforts in the future; and secondly, as each county continues to produce cricketers up to first-class form, there must necessarily be a corresponding increase in the all-round efficiency of English cricket. This brings us at once to the question whether county cricket—first-class county cricket—should not be separated into two divisions—and undoubtedly if cricket in England continues to increase at the same rate as it has done during the last ten years, some other method than the one now in vogue will have to be seriously considered. Wiltshire, Durham, and Glamorganshire are all knocking at the door, and every season the problem becomes more pressing.

And so this summer there will be sixteen first-class counties instead of fifteen, and judging them by their wonderfully consistent form during the last few years, it may be predicted, without undue rashness, that Northamptonshire will show themselves by no means the worst of her rivals. Thompson, East, and W. H. Kingston are the three great men of the eleven. Thompson has for some time been known as a very able all-round cricketer. Indeed, whenever he has had the opportunity in first-class cricket he has almost invariably distinguished himself, making over a hundred for the Players against the Gentlemen at Scarborough, and doing much good work for the Marylebone Club. In New Zealand, with Lord Hawke's team, he took one hundred and seventy-seven wickets for six runs apiece, and in the course of a short tour in Australia, when we encountered the three leading States, he bowled particularly well, at Adelaide taking nine wickets for eighty-five runs on a perfect wicket.

Last summer he took ninety-nine wickets for Northamptonshire, and East eighty-five; as no one else obtained ten wickets, the great want of the side must be another good bowler.

Though a useful bat, Thompson is too stiff in the arms and shoulders, and not quick enough on his feet, to be absolutely first class. As a right-hand medium-paced bowler, however, he is so good that he might easily play for England one of these days.

I have never seen East bowl, but as he had

THOMPSON.
Northamptonshire's all-round man.
Photo B. G. Brock.

an even better analysis last summer than Thompson, he must be a good man. He, too, can bat.

Mr. W. H. Kingston is, I should imagine, the county's most dangerous batsman—but it is on her all-round qualities as a side rather than on individual brilliancy that Northamptonshire depends.

Last summer Northamptonshire played twelve matches—won ten, and lost two on the first innings, for the method of scoring points in the second-class competition is that "three points shall be scored for a win in a completed

match; should the match not be completed, the side leading on the first innings shall score one point; should a result on the first innings not be arrived at, no point shall be scored; in the event of a tie in a completed match, or in a match decided on the first innings, the points shall be divided."

For example, Northamptonshire make 198 and 100 for five wickets, and Durham 172. Here Northamptonshire win on the first innings by 26 runs, and obtain one point. Or Northamptonshire make 200 and 224, and Durham 250 and 120. Here Northamptonshire, although beaten on the first innings, eventually win by 54 runs, and obtain three points, while Durham receive nothing for leading on the first innings. This scheme has worked extremely well, and I should like to see the same method of scoring adopted in first-class cricket, instead of the "one point for a victory, drawn games ignored" principle. I have been told by those who have played in the second-class competition that it is like having two matches rolled into one, for, supposing A is leading B on the first innings, B strives all he knows to win on the result of the two innings, and A is equally keen to obtain three points instead of the one which a victory on the first innings entitles him to.

In the first-class competition scarcely enough is made of victory, and drawn games are at a premium. I believe first-class cricketers would welcome the adoption of the method of scoring practised by the second division of counties.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE BATTING AND BOWLING AVERAGES LAST SEASON.

	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times Not Out	Average
Thompson	16	596	167*	2	42.57
Mr W. H. Kingston	18	617	163	0	35.18
Mr R. J. Knight	5	140	66	1	35.00
Mr G. A. T. Veals	11	286	91	2	31.77
East	17	388	108	1	24.25
Mr C. R. Wetherall	6	107	39	1	21.40
Mr T. Horton (capt.)	17	273	70*	3	19.52
M. Cox	13	267	60	0	17.80
Mr E. M. Crosse	17	300	48	0	17.64
Mr. H. B. Simpson	5	58	27	0	11.60
Mr H. Hawkins	5	50	22*	2	10.00
Mr B. C. Smith	12	46	15*	3	5.11
Mr H. H. K. Worsley	7	23	13	1	4.16

* Signifies not out

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average
East	432.5	136	696	85	10.54
Mr H. Hawkins	50.2	14	101	9	11.22
Thompson	453.5	101	1138	99	11.49
Mr. H. B. Simpson	30.0	6	85	7	12.14

COUNTY FIXTURES 1905.

May	18	20.	—v.	Hampshire	at Southampton
"	29	31	v.	Sussex	" Brighton.
June	5	7	—v.	Leicestershire	" Northampton.
"	8	10.	v.	Sussex	" "
"	19	21	—v.	Derbyshire	" "
July	3	5	—v.	Surrey	" "
"	10-12		v.	Hampshire	" "
"	20-22		—v.	Derbyshire	" Derby
"	27	29	v.	Warwickshire	" Coventry
August	7	9.	v.	Leicestershire	" Leicester
"	10-12		v.	Warwickshire	" Northampton.
"	17	19.	v.	Australians	" "
"	28	30	v.	Surrey	" Oval.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Paul Douet.—I am indebted to Mr. F. B. O. Hawes, Hon. Sec. of the Lacrosse Union, for the following information. (1) Lacrosse was first played by North American Indians. (2) It was first played in England by a Canadian team and an Indian team that came over in 1867, and played the one team against the other in exhibition matches. (3) The first school to have played the game here is said to be one in Reading, the period being the early seventies. It was played also at the Clapham Grammar School much about the same time.

Hedge.—(1) If you continue to suffer inconvenience, see a doctor. (2) Yes, Indian clubs will certainly strengthen your wrists; also Sandow grip dumb-bells. (3) I quite agree with Mr. Fry on the point you mention. (4) The weight of a bat depends upon the strength of the individual using it. As a general rule, a fairly slight man uses a light bat, and a heavy man a proportionately heavier one. But it is a matter of taste. You often find a big man using a very light bat. The great thing is not to use a bat too heavy for you. It is much better that the bat should be too light than too heavy, as in the latter case there is scarcely any free-play. (5) A very difficult question. It lies between Trumper and Ranjitsinhji. On a really sticky wicket Trumper is probably the better of the two, but no one has ever equalled Ranjitsinhji on a fiery wicket. Perhaps it would be safest to say that both are so exceptionally good that a comparison between them would be odious.

Sportsman and A. J. Lott.—"Training," price 1s., published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd

C. E. S.—I am glad to hear you are so anxious to become a good cricketer, but you really must not be disappointed at your present lack of success. Perseverance is the very kernel of success at cricket. There is no necessity to train strictly for cricket. Just lead a healthy, careful life, and that will be quite sufficient. The best book on cricket generally that I know of is Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book."

H. G. Gill. See reply to W. F. F. in the April number.

Welsh Boy (Tenby).—If you will read again the article to which you refer you will find that what I said was, "Stout and Cartwright are the two best forwards *in England*," and you will also find that, in discussing the two half-backs, I merely took the two Oxford and Cambridge half-backs as illustrating the difference in style between half-backs. There was no comparison made between the footballers of different countries. Every great player has an occasional "off" day. The fact that the player you mention happened to play badly on the particular occasion on which you saw him is no proof whatever that he is not the magnificent player every one knows him to be. There is not the slightest doubt that Wales is a long way the best of all the countries.

Snookes and Jenkins.—(1) Mr. Daniel is probably the finest forward at Rugby football that has ever lived. (2) Very difficult to answer this question. On a sticky wicket, and when he is bowling well, Rhodes; on a perfect wicket, when he is bowling well, Lockwood; but the best bowler day in and day out would probably be Arnold or J. T. Hearne. Bowlers vary so, according as the wicket is perfect, fiery, sticky, or slow and easy. (3) 156 against St. Vincent.

L. H. Godwin.—You can obtain the latest rules of hockey from Horace Cox, Breams Buildings, E.C., price 2½*d* post free.

Acadian.—Training for any sport or game can be overdone. It is not necessary to lead a cast-iron existence, and to emaciate the frame, to be successful in any race—half-mile, or otherwise. The best possible training for the race you ask about (I am not referring to a boat-race) is just to keep one's self ordinarily fit, to be abstemious in eating and drinking, to get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and to be "early to bed and early to rise."

L. B. R.—See page 92 of the April CAPTAIN. The field-goal has since been abolished.

X. Y. Z.—The batmakers you name have a good reputation, likewise all those who advertise in our pages.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS, 1905.

CLIFTON.

Mile.—Pears, 4 min. 37¼ sec.
Half-mile.—Pears, 2 min. 5⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Johnson, mi., 55¼ sec.
300 Yards Handicap.—Gould, 33 sec.
100 Yards.—Brannt, 11 sec.
Hurdles (220 yards).—Orton, 36 sec.
High Jump.—Johnson, ma., 5 ft.

DULWICH.

Mile.—N. D. Evans, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-mile.—A. F. Hinds, 2 min. 17¼ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. V. N. Treadgold, 57 sec.
120 Yards (Past and Present).—H. V. N. Treadgold, 12 min. ⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—H. V. N. Treadgold, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—E. C. Cline, 18⅘ sec.
High Jump.—E. C. Cline, 4 ft. 11¾ in.
Long Jump.—E. C. Cline, 18 ft. 2¾ in.
Cricket Ball.—P. W. Bain, 108 yd. 2 in.
Weight.—P. W. Bain, 28 ft. 9 in.
Steeplechase.—N. D. Evans, 8 min. 46½ sec.

FAUCONBERGE, BECCLES.

Mile.—H. Perowne, 6 min. 4 sec.
Half-mile.—W. Durrant, 2 min. 28⅘ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. A. Hewat, 63⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—H. G. Rowsell, 11⅗ sec.
High Jump.—H. G. Rowsell, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—H. G. Rowsell, 17 ft. 5 in.
Cricket Ball.—H. G. Rowsell, 81 yd. 2 ft.

FELSTED.

Mile.—C. St. J. Wright, 5 min.
Quarter-mile.—O. Sidky, 60 sec.
100 Yards.—J. M. Simpson, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—E. H. Hunter, 19⅕ sec.
High Jump.—E. H. Hunter and R. Y. Holmes, 4 ft. 8 in.
Long Jump.—O. Sidky, 18 ft. 5⅘ in.
Cricket Ball.—H. M. Hankin, 80 yd. 2 ft.
Weight.—J. Hill, 28 ft. 7 in.

OAKHAM SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. K. Churchouse, 5 min. 7⅗ sec.
Quarter-mile.—G. V. P. Filsell, 57⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—J. P. Walker, 11 sec.
High Jump.—F. H. Jerwood, 5 ft. ⅛ in.
Long Jump.—G. H. Pain, 19 ft.
Hurdles.—F. H. Jerwood, 20 sec.
Steeplechase.—W. K. Churchouse.

PERSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Mile Handicap.—Mansfield, 5 min. 2 sec.
Quarter-mile.—Woodard, 65 sec.
100 Yards.—Freeman, 11⅕ sec.
High Jump.—Freeman, 4 ft. 9 in.
Long Jump.—Freeman, 18 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—Freeman, 88 yd.

REPTON.

Two Miles.—E. V. Anderson, 10 min. 47 sec.
Mile.—C. T. R. Crampton, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-mile.—F. J. Seedorff, 2 min. 13⅗ sec.
Quarter-mile.—O. J. Olivier, 56⅕ sec.
220 Yards.—O. J. Olivier, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—O. J. Olivier, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—F. C. Johnson, 18¼ sec.
High Jump.—C. D. Hull and N. C. V. Turner, 5 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump.—E. V. Anderson, 18 ft. 5 in.
Cricket Ball.—N. V. C. Turner, 100 yd. 1 ft. 1 in.
Steeplechase.—E. V. Anderson.
Obstacle Race.—C. G. Barnardo.

ST. ALBAN'S SCHOOL.

Half-mile Handicap.—R. A. Jones, 2 min. 22⅗ sec.
Quarter Mile.—L. G. Hosier, 58⅕ sec.
220 Yards Handicap.—A. R. Felton, 23 sec.
100 Yards.—L. G. Hosier, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—L. G. Hosier, 20 sec.
High Jump.—L. G. Hosier, 4 ft. 8½ in.
Long Jump.—L. G. Hosier, 16 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—C. S. Webdale, 78 yd. 2 ft.

ST. PAUL'S.

Mile.—T. H. Just, 4 min. 54⅗ sec.
Half-mile.—T. H. Just, 2 min. 11⅗ sec.
Quarter-mile.—T. H. Just, 54¼ sec.
100 Yards.—E. V. Rieu, 11⅖ sec.
Hurdles.—G. A. Lilley, 20⅖ sec.
High Jump.—D. S. Montgomery, 5 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—T. H. Just, 18 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—G. B. Walker, 80 yd. 2 ft. 7 in.
Weight.—T. H. Just, 32 ft. 9½ in.

SEDBERGH.

Ten Miles.—E. C. Inman, 1 hr. 17 min. 38 sec.
Mile.—O. Gwatkin, 4 min. 54 sec.
Half-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 2 min. 15⅘ sec.
Quarter mile.—O. Gwatkin, 55⅕ sec.
100 Yards.—O. Gwatkin, 11⅖ sec.
Hurdles.—F. B. Scholfield, 19⅕ sec.
High Jump.—R. M. Peat, 5 ft. 3¼ in.*
Long Jump.—W. Dahl, 17 ft. 7¼ in.
Cricket Ball.—R. Harrison, 86 yd.
Weight.—R. M. Peat, 29 ft. 7 in.

* School record.

SOUTH EASTERN COLLEGE, RAMSGATE.

Mile.—Lloyd, 4 min. 49 sec.
Half-mile.—Lloyd, 2 min. 7¹ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Lloyd, 55⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—Williams, 11⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—McCormick, 22 sec.
High Jump.—Adams, 4 ft. 11⅕ in.
Long Jump.—Rayner, 19 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball.—Shaw, 100 yd. 8 in.
Weight.—Adams, 29 ft. 4 in.

Lloyd is to be congratulated upon establishing the school record in the mile, half-mile, and quarter-mile.

THE LAST OF THE BARALONGS.

By IAN CAMPBELL.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I.

BEFORE me, as I write, there lies a blood-stained assegai, its handle broken short. Here is its history. . . .

High into the clear blue African sky towers the rocky peak of the verdure-clad Mountain of Darkness—once a stronghold of warriors, now only an eyrie for vultures; and far beneath, in its gigantic shadow, lies the town of Taba n'tshu, the home of the Baralongs.

Alas! how its glories have faded! Once a flourishing capital of thirty thousand souls, it now barely numbers eight hundred; and those are chiefly "pale faces."

Every one has heard of Taba n'tshu, which was a well-known centre in the late Boer War; and also of Sanna's Post, which lies midway between it and Bloemfontein, celebrated as the scene of De Wet's ambuscade on Broadwood's Division. In former years Taba n'tshu, together with the surrounding district, was under the sway of a Baralong chief of the Seleke race named Moroka, whose independence was recognised alike by the adjoining Republic and by Moshesh of Basutoland, whose vassal he was.

The Baralongs took an active part in the native wars, and, after the partition of Basutoland, were left in undisturbed possession of a reserve.

On a certain mild winter's day in June, somewhere in the seventies of last century, the great square of Taba n'tshu presented a brilliant and warlike scene. A confused mass of bright-hued blankets, flashing spear-heads, and nodding plumes crossed and recrossed with kaleidoscopic rapidity; while shrill cries, beating tomtoms, and the blaring of cowhorns blended together in an unearthly din. From the four points of the compass marched the Impis in full war paint; converging at a given signal, they formed up in deep lines in the square, in the centre of which—facing the royal kraal—a space had been reserved for the great chief Moroka. An armchair and footstool covered with leopard skin karosses—the badge of royalty—occupied the centre, around which, in a semi-circle, squatted the Indaba Council, composed of petty chiefs and headsmen with their retainers.

The *raison d'être* of this martial display was that Moroka, now aged and infirm, had decided to appoint his heir and successor, and for this purpose had summoned a palaver.

As the hour of noon approached, the huge war-drum at the gate of the royal residence boomed forth a warning note, and instantly the clamour ceased, and the dark-skinned warriors became motionless, as though hewn out of marble. At the same instant the gates of the courtyard were flung wide, and two files of the body-guard issued forth and took up their position on either side of the chair of state.

T'sepenari, the Captain, accompanied by Samuel, Moroka's eldest son, in full fighting costume, followed, but although both were grand-looking savages, their countenances presented a striking contrast; that of the Captain being as frank and open as his companion's was cruel and shifty; and it was well known that but little love was lost between the two.

Other members of the Royal Family succeeded, and then, shaded by a crimson umbrella, came Moroka, his principal adviser, Dr. Carter, a Wesleyan minister, walking beside him. Simply attired in European clothes, the Chief's sole token of regal authority was an ivory circlet worn on the head. He looked ill and feeble, his once muscular form having degenerated into unwieldy grossness; but despite both age and frailty his brain was as keen and alert as ever.

As he reached the chair, Moroka drew himself erect, and glanced commandingly around. Instantly there burst from thousands of throats the royal salute, "Inkos om Twala Dumala."

As the last notes died away, the King seated himself, and motioned to Dr. Carter to speak. In the Baralong dialect, and as briefly as possible, the missionary complied, and explained the reason of the Indaba, ending by expressing the devout hope that their Chief's will would be obeyed.

An earthenware bowl, filled with native wine, was then produced and solemnly passed round to the members of the Council; after which it was handed to the Chief, who, having drained the remaining contents, broke it in pieces on the ground, this being the signal for the opening of the Indaba.

Supporting himself with difficulty on his "kerri," or stick, the aged Chief now rose, and in a dignified if somewhat dramatic, fashion thus addressed his subjects:

"Indunas, Headsmen, Children of the Seleke Baralongs, greeting! Give ear to my words! I, Moroka, son of Sifinuelo, and blood of the great Lion Tao, am your Overlord and Chief, whose commands ye obey. Sons of my race, ye know our history—how we, the descendants of Tao, were driven from our birthplace by the hand of the oppressor, how I, with my kinsmen Gontse and K'wane, fled from Makawas in far Betuana, and there, meeting the pale face Godsmen, were guided here, where, by the grace of the great Moshesh, my Overlord, and our neighbours the white men, we have flourished and increased.

"What drove us from Betuana, say ye? Our women and children were slaughtered, our kraals burned and ravaged, and our cattle driven off by the savage Griquas and Matabeli. Then did our hearts become heavy within us: our strength ebbed as the flood of a stream flowing towards the great sea: and, sore stricken, we lay mourning in our desolate homes, until the arrival of the Godsmen, our saviours.

"Such is our past; our present is here, where, spite of war's clamours, and the clash of arms, we have waxed fat and prospered.

"True, ye have borne arms for the pale faces and like wasps have ravaged the honey pot, so that the great Moshesh has gnashed his teeth at your sting; but our territory is safe. The Godsmen have claimed it, and no grasping hand can despoil us.

"Therefore I would counsel ye to remain true within our gates, and"—his voice rose prophetically—"beware of internal dissension, or our dynasty is doomed."

Here the aged Chief paused. Striking his kerri emphatically on the ground, he presently continued:

"Children of the Baralongs, all my kinsmen have passed away, and I alone remain your feudal lord and chief. But my once keen eye grows dim; my hair is white as the salt in the pans; my arm has lost its strength and cunning, and my heart is faint and weary. In a few moons must I cross the great boundary line, and my spirit pass to the Chief above. Thus have I come to declare to ye my heir and successor. Now I, although acknowledged overlord, am not the Seleke Chief; another is he."

Murmurs of dissent broke from his listeners, but Moroka quelled them instantly.

"Yes! Indunas and Headsmen, I speak the truth, for our fathers from beyond the great Zambesi River have left unto us laws which none can dispute.

"There is one which enjoins us to take to our bosom the wife of our deceased kinsman, to nurture and cherish her. That is our law, and by it our dead kinsman Gontse's sister-wife bore unto him a son in my kraal That child, O my people, I declare our Heir and Successor."

At these words, Samuel started, and made an expectant movement towards his father; but the old Chief shook his head

"Nay, Samuel," he said regretfully, "blood of my blood, bone of my bone, yet art thou not he! T'sepenari, step hither!" and as the young body-guardsman hesitatingly obeyed, "Strip off thy kaross!" he commanded.

"Behold, O chiefs, the royal blood token. This T'sepenari, son of Gontse, bears it on his breast;" and he pointed to a tattooed mark on the youth's bared chest.

Loud shouts of approval greeted this proclamation, amid which the angry declamations of Samuel's adherents were utterly drowned.

Raising his hand, Moroka enjoined silence, and concluded thus:

"Indunas, Headsmen, and Children of the Baralongs, hear and obey! Swear fealty to my Heir this day, and let Samuel rank next in degree. I have spoken—let my words be obeyed!" and with a wave of the hand the old Chief sank back in his chair, utterly overcome with emotion and fatigue.

T'sepenari, amazed at his sudden elevation to royal rank and heirship, stood mutely facing the people, who thundered forth a right royal greeting in his honour, until Dr. Carter, removing the ivory circlet from Moroka's head, advanced and placed it on that of the young Chief.

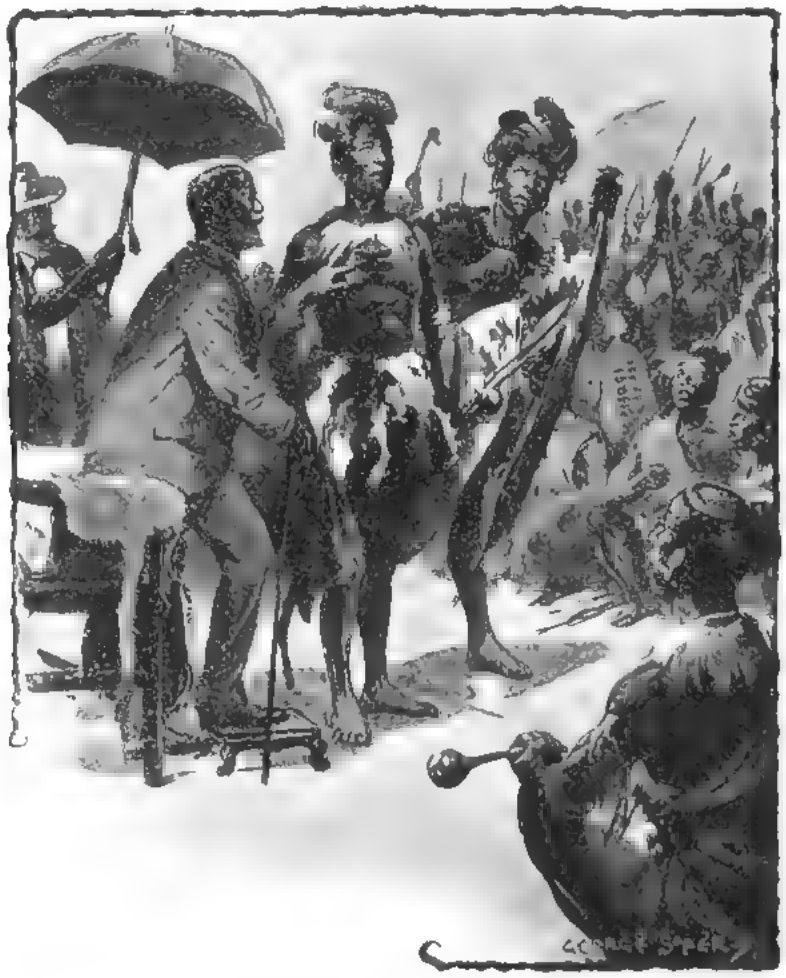
Then only did he recover his self-possession. Stretching out his arms, he enjoined silence.

"Sons of my race!" he cried, "I will be your Chief. Moroka has commanded it; and, as son of Gontse and descendant of Tao, ye have acclaimed me."

Then turning to Samu l, who, with averted face and eyes fixed sullenly on the ground, had remained silent during the acclamation, he imperiously stretched his hand towards him.

Samuel raised his head, glanced savagely round, and made a move as if to retire; but, suddenly encountering his father's stern gaze, stopped short, his courage failing him. Slowly and reluctantly he sank on one knee and, seizing the wrist of T'sepenari, placed the hand on his forehead in token of submission. But as a roar of approval burst from the watching multitude, he started hastily to his feet, flung the hand roughly aside, and disappeared in the crowd.

T'sepenari gazed contemptuously after his rival's retreating form, and, snatching a spear from a bystander, snapped it in two with a turn of his supple wrists



"BEHOLD, O CHIEFS, THE ROYAL BLOOD TOKEN."

"Thus," cried he, "shall I break thy power, shoulds't thou attempt to deny my authority;" and he flung the fragments from him disdainfully.

At a sign from Moroka, the Indunas and Headsmen filed singly past the Heir Apparent, humbly performing homage; and thus brought the ceremony to a conclusion, the royal party retiring to their kraal amidst the loyal salutations of the natives.

II.

SEVERAL years passed. Moroka had crossed the great boundary line, and T'sepenari reigned in his stead. Contrary to expectation, Samuel had tamely submitted to his rival's authority, and was permitted to remain in Taba n'tshu. But this seeming humility was but a sham, for he and his followers cordially detested the Chief, whom they regarded as a usurper.

A cause of dispute was not long in appearing. Samuel, who had been educated in England, adopted the Anglican creed, and insisted on importing a missionary of that persuasion to Taba n'tshu.

T'sepenari, under the fostering care of the Methodists, demurred, but finally agreed; a false move on his part. Gaining an inch, Samuel promptly took an ell; and forthwith a series of intrigues against the Chief's authority were inaugurated.

Becoming exasperated, the long-suffering T'sepenari at last found an excuse for banishing Samuel from his territory; and the latter retired to the Free State, where he continued to keep in touch with his adherents by correspondence, through the medium of Septiemo, a relative by marriage.

Morokaland, freed from the firebrand, prospered greatly for some time afterwards, and traded freely with the neighbouring Republic. But there remained a snake in the grass.

A Boer named Pretorius—an unscrupulous character who had absconded from Cape Colony—stole some Baralong cattle. On the theft being discovered, restoration of the cattle was demanded, but the Boer not only refused to comply with the Chief's desire but in addition savagely "sjamboked" his messenger. On application to the Free State, however, the stolen stock was at once returned, and the thief imprisoned for his brutality; which so enraged him that he vowed deadly vengeance against the Baralongs generally, and T'sepenari in particular.

No sooner, therefore, was this scoundrel released, than he immediately sought out Samuel, to whom he confided his dark resolve, and, for a consideration, offered to co-operate with the exile in overthrowing the Chief; an offer which was eagerly accepted.

There is no doubt whatever that T'sepenari was warned of the mischief afoot, but he contemptuously ignored it: a second false move, as subsequent events proved.

The climax was reached about the middle of the eighties, and the following plot matured.

An excuse for summoning an Indaba was to be raised, and the recall of Samuel insisted upon, which would doubtless be met with a refusal. At the subsequent beer-drinking (a native custom) in the evening after the council, the Chief's friends and guards were to be drugged, the Royal Kraal was to be surrounded, and T'sepenari captured.

This plan of campaign was carried out with complete success in every detail. The Indaba met: Samuel's recall was scornfully vetoed, and the Chief's warriors were successfully "got at," as arranged.

In the dead of night T'sepenari, who had retired early, was rudely awakened from sleep by his foster-brother T'wane vigorously shaking him.

"Awake! my lord!" he cried hoarsely. "Treachery! All thy guards are asleep and cannot be roused."

At this appalling news T'sepenari sprang from his couch, just in time to hear the soft padding of footsteps without, and to see dark forms hurrying with stealth through the misty starlight. Too late, he remembered the timely warning given of Samuel's treachery.

Snatching up a Winchester rifle (the gift of a well-known explorer) and slinging a cartridge belt across his shoulder, he signed to T'wane to follow, and led the way through the courtyard to a back gate through which they made their exit to the open. Arrived there, however, it immediately became apparent that escape was impossible, the town being completely surrounded by the rebels.

Cunningly evading their enemies, T'sepenari and his follower glided stealthily towards a rondawel (round hut) which stood isolated in the midst of the great square, and had been used as an office. Here they found, most fortunately, a snider rifle with ammunition, and a pair of assegais, and having barricaded the door with furniture and loopholed the mud walls, they anxiously awaited further developments.

Happily for them, Samuel's followers had so far proceeded with great caution, fearful of a surprise; thus allowing the fugitives ample time to prepare their defence.

Presently a great shout of baffled rage announced that the conspirators had discovered the flight of the Chief from the Royal Kraal; and in their brutal anger at being thus baulked of their prey, they fell upon the drink-sodden guards and butchered them to a man.

They then set fire to the kraal with lighted torches, and, the flames spreading rapidly from one thatched hut to another, the whole town was soon brilliantly illuminated; while shrieking women and children, rushing wildly to and

fro, added not a little to the clamour and confusion.

Suddenly, one of the search party, unwarily approaching the hut where the fugitives were concealed, received a spear thrust, and with a yell of agony fell to the ground. His death cry was the signal to his companions; with a triumphant war-whoop they surged down on the hut.

Phit! spat a rifle; and the leader toppled over, shot through the heart; to be quickly followed by another and another of his men, until, stricken with dismay, the rear-guard halted, turned, and ignominiously fled, leaving the dead and wounded behind.

The rebels were now chary of attempting another attack, and it required all Samuel's persuasions, backed by those of his Boer ally (who supplemented his words with a generous supply of liquor), to induce his followers to make a fresh onslaught. At last a second charge was organised, but only to be once more repulsed by the deadly fire of T'sepenari and his faithful henchman.

Their nerves wrought up to fighting pitch by the fiery spirit, the besiegers for the third time attacked the gallantly defended garrison, and directed a perfect rain of bullets upon it in the hope that some might penetrate a wall slit and slay the defenders; but this the latter evaded by throwing themselves flat on the ground, the bullets flying harmlessly overhead.

The sun rose slowly above the distant range of kopjes, its dazzling rays illumining a scene of ghastly carnage in the square, where lay some thirty bodies, twisted and contorted in their death throes. The blazing huts had burned themselves out, a dense trail of smoke alone marking their former site; while overhead, in majestic circles, soared the vultures, attracted thither by the scent of blood.

Just as the sun rose, a mounted messenger dashed up to Samuel in hot haste to say that the Free State Artillery, led by the President, was rapidly advancing on Taba n'tshu.

A hasty council was called, and a crafty plan, evolved by the cunning brain of Septiemo, was immediately adopted. Arrows steeped in blazing pitch were fired at the thatched roof of the hut which sheltered the Chief and his faithful foster-brother, and in a few seconds the roof was aflame.

Matters had become desperate by this time for the gallant pair, who knew that their only chance of succour lay in timely help from Bloemfontein. Their ammunition was well-nigh exhausted, for T'wane, an indifferent marksman, had wasted innumerable cartridges.

T'sepenari, however, indomitable to the end, refused to surrender, and it was only when he and his companion were on the verge of suffocation that he resolved to abandon the hut.

It was Kismet; and as such they accepted their fate. Grasping each other's hands in farewell, the Chief flung open the door and stepped boldly into the square, closely followed by T'wane.

A howl of derision greeted their appearance, and a crowd of braves instantly bore down upon them. T'sepenari had still a few cartridges left, and as the leaders advanced he emptied the contents of the magazine full into the brown charging mass. A dozen fell, and the others waited for no more, but turned and bolted, with the exception of three who stood their ground, and swiftly paid the penalty of their temerity. One fell clubbed by the butt of T'wane's rifle, and a second succumbed to the Chief's assegai; but the third, in his endeavour to grapple T'sepenari at close quarters, met a still more fearful fate, for he was tossed shrieking into the now blazing hut.

Volley after volley again swept over the gallant couple, and T'wane was the first to fall, wounded in the thigh. All was now lost, save honour, and T'sepenari, determined that no base hands should desecrate his weapon, shivered the stock of his rifle into fragments on the stones. Then, picking up a couple of assegais, he stood shielding the prostrate body of his wounded comrade and grimly awaiting his fate.

A magnificent sight was he, indeed, with his splendid figure, begrimed by smoke and spattered with the blood of his foes, drawn up to its full height, defying his cowardly foes to the end.

Perceiving his defenceless position, Samuel sprang forward, followed by a number of warriors.

"Aha!" cried the Chief, espying him. "Well met, thou infamous dog!" and drawing back his arm he launched a swift assegai full at the traitor; but it missed its mark and, whizzing past Samuel's head, split open the skull of a man behind. With an exclamation of disgust, T'sepenari prepared to fling a second, but, as he did so, a shot rang out from behind a wall, the assegai dropped harmlessly from his grasp, and with a heavy crash he fell to the ground, stone dead.

At the same instant Samuel, dashing forward with uplifted spear, stumbled over a corpse and fell; his weapon, entering the ground, buckled under him, snapping in twain. Staggering to his feet, he covered his eyes with his hand to shut out the horrible scene, but an evil laugh made him raise his head in time to see Septiemo plunging a spear into the heart

HE WAS TOSSED INTO THE NOW BLAZING HUT.

of T'sepenari Outraged by this revolting indignity to the dead, Samuel seized the miscreant by the throat and dashed him violently to the ground. Then, gazing wildly about him, he once more covered his eyes from the terrible sight, and reeled unsteadily away, closely followed by his fellow conspirators, leaving the great dead alone.

For five long hours had T'sepenari and his companion held their foes at bay, but the odds were overwhelming; and this was the end. So passed the soul of the Chief, and with it the Seleke dynasty; for Morokaland was annexed by the Free State, and Samuel was banished to Becuanaland.

The blackened walls of a ruined hut alone remain to mark the scene of the dark tragedy, and in an uncared-for grave on the lonely veldt lies the last reigning Chief of the Seleke Baralongs.

T'wane, though badly wounded, recovered, and he it was who presented me with the blood-stained assegai, and narrated its pathetic history.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—Carefully edited, as usual. Over four pages of notes about the doings of Old Boys argue care and a well-organised news-service. The School Museum has lately been enriched with a valuable treasure, presented by an Old Boy in China:

This precious volume, which formed one of the 11,000 volumes of the Chinese Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, lay in the Hanlin College, at Peking, till the sack of the Legations by the Boxers, when it was rescued from the flames and given to Mr Hynd, who presented it to our library, where it lies in its binding of Imperial yellow silk. The British Museum has a similar volume, and the University of Cambridge a second, and we are proud to be the owners of the third.

The official title of this magazine, by the way, is *The Grammar School Magazine* only. Surely this is somewhat vague. Aberdeen is not necessarily the place which leaps to the mind at the phrase "The Grammar School." There are others!

Blew House Magazine.—Brazil is commonly known as the place where the revolutions, as well as the nuts, come from. But one hears so much of the ephemeral insurrections that continually take place in the South American Republics that one is apt to attach very little real credence to them. They seem to belong rather to *opera-bouffe* than to real life. But they are serious enough to those concerned in them, and the Editor of the *Blew House Magazine* is to be congratulated on the remarkable extract which he has been able to print from a letter written by an Old Boy in Rio de Janeiro. This describes, in a singularly vivid manner, the absolute anarchy during a violent revolt in Rio:

Big mobs went through the city and suburbs and smashed everything smashable. If any one had an enemy he went and shot him. The mob smashed open gun-shops and drink-stores, and started fights everywhere. Not a wheel was turning in any part of the city that the mob did not smash. Trams were turned over and burnt everywhere in the streets, and the dead lay unheeded in the squares.

N.C.O.'s of school cadet corps, who have marvelled at the instructions given to them as to the cutting off of a prisoner's buttons, may find enlightenment in the following passage:

Just now a regiment of infantry went past with 150 prisoners, an awful cut-throat looking lot. They were marched between two lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles; and besides this, all the prisoners had *had their braces-buttons cut off* so that they could not run without holding the top of their trousers. One soon gets used to the bullets: it does not seem to strike one that one may be hit at any moment.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The account of a cycle tour around the Moselle, Rhine, Black Forest, Alps, and Italian Lakes is continued, but though the article may serve as a useful itinerary and guide-book to similarly minded tourists, it cannot be said that the author has found his travels very illuminating. "Ichabod!" or the 'New Fountain" is a clever dialogue in verse between the Shades of Departed Grecians.

Carliol (Carlisle).—The writer of the "Oxford Letter" has hit upon a good idea, having sent a supposititious interviewer to call in turn upon each Old Boy in residence—an admirable method of recording the doings of the school's representatives at the 'Varsity. The notion is decidedly a happy one, but it is unfortunate that its originator has not carried it out in better fashion.

Elizabethan (Guernsey).—Two numbers of this magazine are to hand. The first contains a capital description of the *Daily Telegraph* competition for teams representing battalions of regular and volunteer infantry. Most public schoolmen are well aware, from experience of their own cadet corps, that the volunteer is very far from the "Saturday-afternoon soldier" the loafing cynic loves to dub him; but the following extract from the vivid narrative of the march from Weybridge to Bisley (11¾ miles, in heavy marching order, with a time limit of three hours) may nevertheless be instructive:

Now came the worst part of the whole business—Horsell Common. We had marched over the course before and knew what it meant. Imagine our position. Weak from heat, at least two of us in a state of partial collapse, very sore as to the feet and shoulders and with mouths like ovens. In front of us a very hilly road with deep sand cut up by gun-wheels, and very soft, the worst possible stuff to get a tired old on, and the sun striking up off the ground like a furnace. And this lasts two miles. I can't say I knew much of what happened, only that I was carrying my rear-rank-man's kit in addition to my own, he being supported (more or less) by two others. Dust everywhere, in your eyes, in your mouth, making you long to be able to get at the water-bottle on your right hip, dust in your boots cutting your feet to bits, dust in your very soul!

In the later of these two issues of the *Elizabethan* we notice an article on "The 'Toggers'" at Oxford, which betrays a most lamentable lack of sub-editorial care. The punctuation is very bad, and we doubt if any proof can have been read. Of "Death to the Dandies!" we would remark that to print parodies of such literary music as "Locksley Hall" (especially bad parodies) betrays a philistine spirit much to be deplored.

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—*Multum in parvo* seems to be the motto of succeeding editors of the *Hurst Johnian*. Certainly there is

always a wonderful amount of interest packed away in its wee body; and the last number to hand is as good as ever. The editorial (invariably attractive reading, by way of contrast to some other school magazines) tells us that with this 470th issue the *Hurst Johnian* completes the forty-seventh year of its existence. So far as an outsider can judge, the tiny magazine in the dark red wrapper will be going just as strong when it reaches its 4700th issue. The Old Fag will be getting on in years by that time!

The best thing in this latest number is an extract ("The Other Islanders") from a letter written by an O. J. resident in Japan. The light it throws upon Japanese traits of character renders it, at the present time, profoundly interesting, and we would we had space to quote it *in extenso*. One extract, illustrative of Japanese methods in the field, is too striking to pass over:

Whenever a Japanese regiment moves it is followed by a cart containing miles of wire. This is laid out as the movement continues, so that every regiment is connected by telephone with its base, whether it belongs to the Right, Left, or Centre Army. These three armies are spread over a front of about forty miles (say from Hurst to London), each connected with the other by telephone. Some few miles behind each army is its general with his staff, Kuroki on the right, Nodzu in the centre, and Oku on the left. These, too, are connected by telephone, so although perhaps twenty miles away they know the movement of each unit in each other's command as soon as the command is given. Some miles again to the rear is Field-Marshal Oyama with his staff. Wires connect him with each of his generals, Oku, Nodzu, and Kuroki. He has wires to Tokyo, to Port Arthur, and to every place where stores are collected or troops landed. He controls every unit of his vast fighting force as easily as one moves toy soldiers along a table. He is surrounded by huge black-boards, on which figure every regiment in the Japanese army. He knows their strength, where they are and what they are doing. By the mere ringing of a bell, he is able to advance troops, and control movements eighty or a hundred miles away. Can any one doubt what the result of the next battle will be? On the one side is disorganisation, jealousy, incompetency. On the other, skill, discipline, and concentration. And over all, with his finger on every pulse of that huge mass, sits Marshal Oyama, moving his hundreds of thousands of men with as much certainty and skill as a chess-player moves his pieces.

Keswick School Magazine.—"No, sir," said Dr. Johnson; "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." This is the assertion which has set Mr. H. Raphoe thinking and dreaming, as he sits amidst the musty tomes of the British Museum reading-room. "In the Stocks" is the title of the essay—reverie would be the more descriptive term, perhaps—in which he sets down his thoughts. The Doctor is wrong, he declares; and who shall gainsay him? One thinks of the conversation (in *Lavengro*) between the Romany Rye and Jasper Petulengro, as they sit beside the furze-bush and gaze intently on the red ball of the setting sun. "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath." The wind on the heath! Could the gypsy have felt that on his cheek had he exchanged the road for the street? What does Mr. Raphoe think?

"There is in London all that life can afford"—no, not all; not in these days. There are many things, one above all, much to be desired, which is not there; and you cannot say it is nowhere. But it is not the portion of the bond-servant in the prison-house, "whose feet they hurt in the stocks," and—and I am very tired of London.

Malvernian.—"K" has some pregnant remarks on the shape which prizes won in games and sports commonly take. He claims that his view is the "common-sense" one; and we are inclined to agree.

An hour's foretaste of purgatory across country, or eleven seconds' agony between the sprinting ropes, are rewarded with cups and bowls of considerable intrinsic value. The Spartans competed for parsley! Now I do not propose that any form of vegetable should be presented for competition at future athletic meetings; far be it from me to crown our heroes with cabbage or with mint, but, granted of course that Malvern, as at present constituted, is immaculate beyond dispute, I would with all due diffidence suggest that it might at least be a pleasant and economical variation if our athletic heroes were rewarded with badges, deriving their value solely from the feats which they commemorated. Now this suggestion has no ethical basis of argument; "pot-hunting" is not a sin of which our athletes can be suspected. It is simply common sense. Apart from the sense of merit, the athlete's reward is not a silver cup, but "those toys, the applause of the mob" at the finish, and the prize-giving and the general halo of heroism. If, then, he finds his reward in the unsubsidised lungs of his fellows, why expend on those trophies a collection of guineas and half-guineas which would buy the *Malvernian* a new cover?

We gather from the present number that the *Malvernian* has lost the active services of "K." We shall hope, however, still to see occasional contributions from his pen. The *Malvernian* can ill spare them.

Naini-Tal (St. Joseph's College).—In lieu of a magazine (in the ordinary sense of the word) we have received from an "interested reader" a copy of the Annual Report of St. Joseph's College (affiliated to the Allahabad University) at Naini-Tal. There is nothing in the contents of general interest, but the reviewer is very glad to find another magazine from India upon his table. School periodicals from over the seas are warmly welcomed.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—When, O when, we wonder, will the *Ousel* attain the mature plumage of a cover? Its skimpy sheet has but a half-fledged appearance. Personally, we should like to see its weekly scraps of news condensed into a concise monthly magazine, decently clad in a sober cover.

Sedberghian.—A sound number, as usual, with a useful article on "Army Reform," an interesting account of "Lucknow" (one of a series of articles descriptive of a tour in India) from the pen of Mr. Hart, the late Headmaster of Sedbergh, and several contributions in verse. Of the latter, "The Hoopoe's Song" is good; while "The Turned Worm's Rebuke to the Editor" is amusing.

Other Magazines received at the time of going to press include the *Blundellian, Cadet, Central, Cranleighan, Haileyburian, Lily, Madras College Magazine* (St. Andrew's), *Olavian, Tonbridgian*, and the *Isis*.

We have also received from Belfast the first number of the *School of Art Review*, with regard to which it is sufficient to say that we learn of the confiscation of No. 2 without surprise. Readers are requested to note that in future, reviews of manuscript, typewritten, or mimeographed magazines will not be inserted. *Printed* periodicals alone will receive notice. See the Old Fag's paragraph, "Private Magazines," — in last month's issue (p. 189).

A. E. JOHNSON.

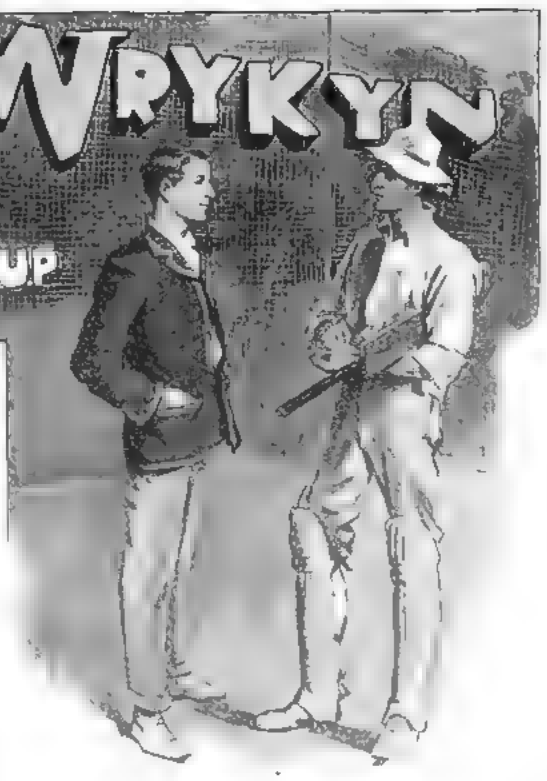
MISQUOTED PROVERBS: NO. II. FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 3

SHIELDS' AND THE CRICKET CUP

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THE house cricket cup at Wrykyn has found itself on some strange mantelpieces in its time. New talent has a way of cropping up in the house matches. Tail-end men hit up fifties, and bowlers who have never taken a wicket before except at the nets go on fifth change, and dismiss first eleven experts with deliveries that bounce twice and shoot. So that nobody is greatly surprised in the ordinary run of things if the cup does not go to the favourites, or even to the second or third favourites. But one likes to draw the line. And Wrykyn drew it at Shields'. And yet, as we shall proceed to show, Shields' once won the cup, and that, too, in a year when Donaldson's had four first eleven men and Dexter's three.

Shields' occupied a unique position at the School. It was an absolutely inconspicuous house. There were other houses that were slack or wild or both, but the worst of these did something. Shields' never did anything. It never seemed to want to do anything. This may have been due in some degree to Mr. Shields. As the housemaster is, so the house is. He was the most inconspicuous master on the staff. He taught a minute form in the junior school, where earnest infants wrestled with somebody's handy book of easy Latin sentences, and depraved infants threw cunningly compounded ink-balls at one another and the ceiling. After school he would range the countryside with a pickle-bottle in search of polly woggles and other big game, which he subsequently transferred to slides and examined through a microscope till an advanced hour of the night. The curious part of the matter was that his house was never riotous. Perhaps he was looked on as a non-combatant, one whom it would be unfair and unsporting to rag. At any rate, a weird calm reigned over the place; and this spirit seemed to permeate the public lives of the Shieldsites. They said nothing much and they did nothing much and they were very inoffensive. As a rule, one hardly knew they were there.

Into this abode of lotus-eaters came Clephane, a day boy, owing to the departure of his parents for India. Clephane wanted to go to Donaldson's. In fact, he said so. His expressions, indeed, when he found that the whole thing had been settled, and that he was to spend his last term at school at a house which had never turned out so much as a member of the Gym. Six, bordered on the unfilial. It appeared that his father had met Mr. Shields at dinner in the town—a fact to which he seemed to attach a mystic importance. Clephane's criticism of this attitude of mind was of such a nature as to lead his father to address him as Archibald instead of Archie.

However, the thing was done, and Clephane showed his good sense by realising this and turning his energetic mind to the

discovery of the best way of making life at Shields' endurable. Fortune favoured him by sending to the house another day boy, one Mansfield. Clephane had not known him intimately before, though they were both members of the second eleven; but at Shields' they instantly formed an alliance. And in due season—or a little later—the house matches began. Henfrey, of Day's, the Wrykyn cricket captain, met Clephane at the nets when the drawing for opponents had been done.

"Just the man I wanted to see," said Henfrey. "I suppose you're captain of Shields' lot, Clephane? Well, you're going to scratch as usual, I suppose?"

For the last five seasons that lamentable house had failed to put a team into the field. "You'd better," said Henfrey, "we haven't overmuch time as it is. That match with Paget's team has thrown us out a lot. We ought to have started the house matches a week ago."

"Scratch!" said Clephane. "Don't you wish we would! My good chap, we're going to get the cup."

"You needn't be a funny ass," said Henfrey in his complaining voice, "we really are awfully pushed. As it is we shall have to settle the opening rounds on the first innings. That's to say, we can only give 'em a day each; if they don't finish, the winner of the first innings wins. You might as well scratch."

"I can't help your troubles. By rotten mismanagement you have got the house-matches crowded up into the last ten days of term, and you come and expect me to sell a fine side like Shields' to get you out of the consequences of your reckless act. My word, Henfrey, you've sunk pretty low. Nice young fellow Henfrey was at one time, but seems to have got among bad companions. Quite changed now. Avoid him as much as I can. Leave me, Henfrey, I would be alone."

"But you can't raise a team."

"Raise a team! Do you happen to know that half the house is *biting* itself with agony because we can't find room for all? Shields gives stump-cricket *soirées* in his study after prep. One every time you hit the ball, two into the bowl of gold-fish, and out if you smash the micro-scope."

"Well," said Henfrey viciously, "if you want to go through the farce of playing one round and making idiots of yourselves, you'll have to wait a bit. You've got a bye in the first round."

Clephane told the news to Mansfield after tea. "I've been and let the house in for a rollicking time," he said, abstracting the copy of Latin verses which his friend was doing, and sitting on them to ensure undivided attention to his words. "Wanting to score off old Henfrey—I have few pleasures—I told him that Shields' was not going to scratch. So we are booked to play in the second round of the housers. We drew a bye for the first. It would be an awful rag if we could do something. We *must* raise a team of some sort. Henfrey would score so if we didn't. Who's there, d'you think, that can play?"

Mansfield considered the question thoughtfully. "They all *play*, I suppose," he said slowly, "if you can call it playing. What I mean to say is, cricket's compulsory here, so I suppose they've all had an innings or two at one time or another in the eightieth game or so. But if you want record-breakers, I shouldn't trust to Shields' too much."

"Not a bit. So long as we put a full team into the field, that's all I care about. I've often wondered what it's like to go in first and bowl unchanged the whole time."

"You'll do that all right," said Mansfield. "I should think Shields' bowling ran to slow grubs, to judge from the look of 'em. You'd better go and see Wilkins about raising the team. As head of the house, he probably considers himself captain of cricket."

Wilkins, however, took a far more modest view of his position. The notion of leading a happy band of cricketers from Shields' into the field had, it seemed, small attractions for him. But he went so far as to get a house list, and help choose a really representative team. And as details about historic teams are always welcome, we may say that the averages ranged from 3.005 to 8.14. This last was Wilkins' own and was, as he would have been the first to admit, substantially helped by a contribution of nineteen in a single innings in the fifth game.

So the team was selected, and Clephane turned out after school next day to give them a little fielding-practice. To his surprise the fielding was not so outrageous as might have been expected. All the simpler catches were held, and one or two of the harder as well. Given this form on the day

of their appearance in public, and Henfrey might be disappointed when he came to watch and smile sarcastically. A batting fiasco is not one half so ridiculous as maniac fielding.

In the meantime the first round of the house matches had been played off, and it would be as well to describe at this point the positions of the rival houses and their prospects. In the first place, there were only four teams really in the running for the cup, Day's (headed by the redoubtable Henfrey), Spence's, who had Jackson, that season a head and shoulders above the other batsmen in the first eleven—he had just wound up the school season with an average of 51.3, Donaldson's, and Dexter's. All the other house teams were mainly tail.

Now, in the first round the powerful quartette had been diminished by the fact that Donaldson's had drawn Dexter's, and had lost to them by a couple of wickets.

For the second round Shields' drew Appleby's, a poor team. Space on the Wrykyn field being a consideration, with three house matches to be played off at the same time, Clephane's men fought their first battle on rugged ground in an obscure corner. As the captain of cricket ordered these matters, Henfrey had naturally selected the best bit of turf for Day's *v.* Dexter's. That section of the ground which was sacred to the school second-eleven matches was allotted to Spence's *v.* the School House. The idle public divided its attention between the two big games, and paid no attention to the death struggle in progress at the far end of the field. Whereby it missed a deal of quiet fun.

I say death struggle advisedly. Clephane had won his second-eleven cap as a fast bowler. He had failed to get into the first eleven because he was considered too erratic. Put these two facts together, and you will suspect that dark deeds were wrought on the men of Appleby in that lonely corner of the Wrykyn meadow.

The pitch was not a good one. As a sample of the groundman's art it was sketchy and amateurish; it lacked finish. Clephane won the toss, took a hasty glance at the corrugated turf, and decided to bat first. The wicket was hardly likely to improve with use.

He and Mansfield opened the batting. He stood three feet out of his ground, and smote. The first four balls he took full pitch. The last two, owing to a passion for variety on the part of the bowler, were long hops. At the end of the over Shields' score was twenty-four. Mansfield pursued the same tactics. When the first wicket fell, seventy was on the board. A spirit of martial enthusiasm pervaded the ranks of the house team. Mild youths with spectacles leaped out of their ground like tigers, and snicked fours through the slips. When the innings concluded, blood had been spilt—from an

MILD YOUTHS WITH SPECTACLES SNICKED FOURS THROUGH THE SLIPS.

injured finger—but the total was a hundred and two.

Then Clephane walked across to the School shop for a vanilla ice. He said he could get more devil, as it were, into his bowling after a vanilla ice. He had a couple.

When he bowled his first ball it was easy to see that there was truth in the report of the causes of his inclusion in the second

eleven and exclusion from the first. The batsman observed somewhat weakly, "Here, I *say!*" and backed towards square leg. The ball soared over the wicket-keep's head and went to the boundary. The bowler grinned pleasantly, and said he was just getting his arm in.

The second ball landed full-pitch on the batsman's right thigh. The third was another full pitch, this time on the top of the middle stump, which it smashed. With profound satisfaction the batsman hobbled to the trees, and sat down. "Let somebody else have a shot," he said kindly.

Appleby's made twenty-eight that innings.

Their defeat by an innings and fifty-three runs they attributed subsequently to the fact that only seven of the team could be induced to go to the wickets in the second venture.

"So you've managed to win a match," grunted Henfrey, "I should like to have been there."

"You might just as well have been," said Clephane, "from what they tell me."

At which Henfrey became abusive, for he had achieved an "egg" that afternoon, and missed a catch; which things soured him, though Day's had polished off Dexter's handsomely.

"Well," he said at length, "you're in the semi-final now, of all weird places. You'd better play Spence's next. When can you play?"

"Henfrey," said Clephane, "I have a bright, open, boyish countenance, but I was not born yesterday. You want to get a dangerous rival out of the way without trouble, so you set Shields' to smash up Spence's. No, Henfrey. I do not intend to be your catspaw. We will draw lots who is to play which. Here comes Jackson. We'll toss odd man out."

And when the coins fell there were two tails and one head; and the head belonged to the coin of Clephane.

"So, you see," he said to Henfrey, "Shields' is in the final. No wonder you wanted us to scratch."

I should like this story to end with a vivid description of a tight finish. Considering that Day's beat Spence's, and consequently met Shields' in the final, that would certainly be the most artistic ending. Henfrey batting—Clephane bowling—one to tie, two to win, one wicket to fall. Up goes the ball! Will the lad catch it!! He fumbles it. It falls. All is over. But look! With a supreme effort—and so on.

The real conclusion was a little sensational in its way, but not nearly so exciting as that.

The match between Day's and Shields' opened in a conventional enough manner. Day's batted first, and made two hundred and fifty. Henfrey carried his bat for seventy-six, and there were some thirties. For Shields' Clephane and Mansfield made their usual first-wicket stand, and the rest brought the total up to ninety-eight. At this point Henfrey introduced a variation on custom. The match was a three days' match. In fact, owing to the speed with which the other games had been played, it could, if necessary, last four days. The follow-on was, therefore, a matter for the discretion of the side which led. Henfrey and his team saw no reason why they should not have another pleasant spell of batting before dismissing their opponents for the second time and acquiring the cup. So in they went again, and made another two hundred and fifty odd, Shields' being left with four hundred and twelve to make to win.

On the morning after Day's second innings, a fag from Day's brought Clephane a message from Henfrey. Henfrey was apparently in bed. He would be glad if Clephane would go and see him in the dinner-hour. The interview lasted fifteen minutes. Then Clephane burst out of the house, and dashed across to Shields' in search of Mansfield.

"I say, *have* you heard?" he shouted.

"What's up?"

"Why, every man in Day's team, bar two kids, is in bed. Ill. Do you mean to say you haven't heard? They thought they'd got that house cup safe, so all the team except the two kids, fags, you know, had a feed in honour of it in Henfrey's study. Some ass went and bought a bad rabbit pie, and now they're laid up. Not badly, but they won't be out for a day or two."

"But what about the match?"

"Oh, that'll go on. I made a point of that. They can play subs."

Mansfield looked thoughtful.

"But I say," he said, "it isn't very sporting, is it? Oughtn't we to wait or something?"

"Sporting! My dear chap, a case like this mustn't be judged by ordinary standards. We can't spoil the giant rag of the century

SUBSTITUTES, HE POINTED OUT, WERE ALLOWED ONLY TO FIELD, NOT TO BOWL.

because it isn't quite sporting. Think what it means—Shields' getting the cup! It'll keep the school laughing for terms. What do you want to spoil people's pleasure for?"

"Oh, all right," said Mansfield.

"Besides, think of the moral effect it'll have on the house. It may turn it into the blood house of Wrykyn. Shields himself may get quite sportive. We mustn't miss the chance."

The news having got about the school, Clephane and Mansfield opened their second innings to the somewhat embarrassed trundling of Masters Royce and Tibbit, of the Junior School, before a substantial and appreciative audience.

Both played carefully at first, but soon getting the measure of the bowling (which was not deep) began to hit out, and runs came quickly. At fifty, Tibbit, understudying Henfrey as captain of the side, summoned to his young friend Todby from short leg, and instructed him to "have a go" at the top end.

It was here that Clephane courteously interfered. Substitutes, he pointed out, were allowed, by the laws of cricket, only to field, not to bowl. He must, therefore, request friend Todby to return to his former sphere of utility, where, he added politely, he was a perfect demon.

"But, blow it," said Master Tibbit, who (alas!) was addicted to the use of strong language, "Royce and I can't bowl the whole blessed time."

"You'll have to, I'm afraid," said Clephane with the kindly air of a doctor soothing a refractory patient. "Of course, you can take a spell at grubs whenever you like."

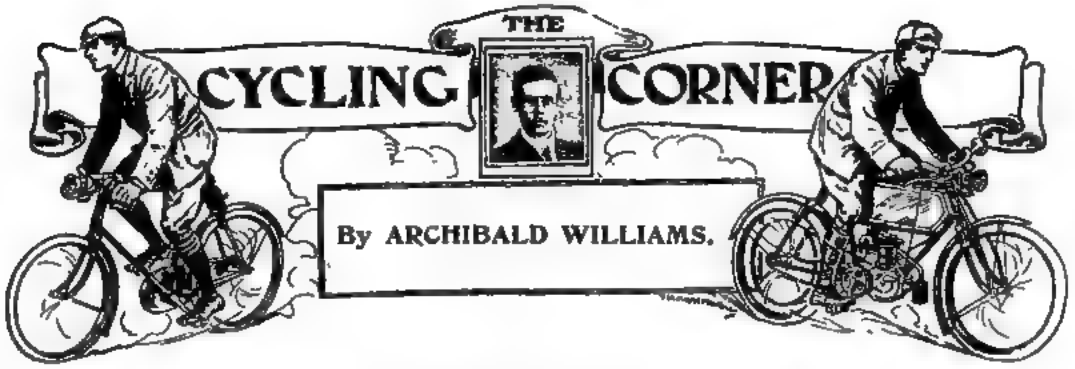
"Oh, darn!" said Master Tibbit.

Shortly afterwards Clephane made his century.

The match ended late on the following afternoon in a victory for Shields' by nine wickets, and the scene at the School Shop when Royce and Tibbit arrived to drown their sorrows and moisten their dry throats with ginger beer is said by eye-witnesses to have been something quite out of the common run.

The score sheet of the match is also a little unusual. Clephane's three hundred and one (not out) is described in the *Wrykinian* as a "masterly exhibition of sound yet aggressive batting." How Henfrey described it we have never heard.

MISQUOTED PROVERBS.—NO. III. FIRST CATCH YOUR MOTOR, THEN COOK YOUR EVIDENCE.



SOME NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS—PRIMITIVE WHEELS —COST OF REPLATING.

A BEAUTIFUL spring day; dry roads; birds singing; trees budding; a motor cycle humming along merrily—and a bad puncture!

On the main road from London to Oxford this misfortune overtook me, and under circumstances which suggest one or two morals over which I mean to ponder once again for a page or so; as even a Cycling Editor must sometimes plead guilty of fallibility. If you are acquainted with the fine stretch between High Wycombe and Oxford, you will remember Dashwood Hill, which runs with the straightness of a ruler down the East flank of the Chilterns, and with a steepness sufficient to make it a severe test for the hill-climbing power of motor-cars. I got up this all right, bar the last two hundred yards—where I became a dismounted pusher; had spun over the undulating country to Stokenchurch Hill; and had all but accomplished the descent of this at an exhilarating—though not reckless—pace, when b-r-r-ish! and my front tyre was skating all over the road, causing me to perform a succession of balancing feats in my endeavour to avoid a bad spill. My first impulse was to clap on the brakes hard. Fortunately, reason supervened, and I gradually brought the machine to a standstill after some very lively moments of speculation as to the exact part of my anatomy which would strike the ground first.

A Large Flint

had cut right through the tyre, entering at one side and leaving on the other, a quarter-inch gash marking both its entrance and its exit. *Then* I remembered that the mending outfit which was in my wallet contained materials quite inadequate to the task of patching those horrid leaks. Long immunity from motor-cycle punctures had made me careless; and the renewal of solution, patches, &c., had been deferred too long. Nothing remained but to wheel my cycle along until I reached a place where help could be given me. At the "Lambert Arms," a short distance away, I procured a small portion of very thick solution, with which I vainly tried to affix a small square patch of thin rubber hardly large enough to cover the holes. That was no good. So I waited till a cyclist passed, and bailed him up. From him I procured a dab of fresh solution, which also failed. I waited again: and a kindly motorist and his chauffeur took pity on me. But *their* patches were for three-inch tyres, too large and thick for my purpose. However, we thought we had made a job of it; and after their departure I replaced the tube in its cover—patched with strong canvas—for the second time. Alas! it leaked, and night was coming on. By strangely bad luck this highway, on that particular afternoon, was almost entirely deserted by cyclists. Nothing remained but to try the patch again with the solution left by the good friend-in-need. I first of all stood on the patch; then put weights on it, and left it a full twenty minutes. This time it *did* hold: and after three hours of detention I was able to start on my return journey, just at lighting-up time.

Not wishing to run any more risks, I elected to walk down Dashwood Hill, as my back brake was not working well and

the front tyre was uncertain. And very thankful I felt for my decision, when I found, half-way down the slope, that the nut connecting the plunger rod to the front brake horseshoe had fallen off, leaving me practically brakeless!

At the bottom I tried to put things right with

A Piece of Wire and some String.

But 'twas of no avail. I must continue my ride trusting to caution to save me from danger. All went well to within a mile of Wycombe, when, a few yards in front of me, I saw a drove of very small black calves, spreading right across the road. One of these I took amidships and bowled over, but without injury either to it, myself, or my machine. This kind of thing wouldn't do; so at the first cycle shop I procured a nut—of course this particular thread took nearly an hour to fit. I also bought fresh carbide in case of lamp failure. And this, too, was a good move; for when, in a desolate part of the road, the flame died down and ceased, I was able to put in more chemical to show me the way home.

Altogether, my experiences had been decidedly unpleasant: but from such mishaps one learns wisdom. In the first place, I wish to draw my readers' attention to the danger—never before had it been brought home to me—of a *front* tyre bursting while the cycle is travelling at high speed.

The Larger the Tyre the Greater the Danger,

because there is more "skating" with a big fold of outer cover. Secondly, the prudence of testing one's brakes before negotiating a really nasty hill is to be much recommended. Lastly, always carry a *proper repairing outfit and a pump;* and don't trust to the passing of good-natured cyclists. That outfit should include a couple of rubber valve-sleeves—small things generally found in the tube of powdered chalk—as the taking out of a tube from its cover may necessitate the removal of the valve nozzle, and woe betide the cyclist who finds the sleeve split by this removal, and nothing to replace it with. On two occasions I have been able to help stranded cyclists out of this particular predicament.

Primitive Wheels.

A propos of the description of Shergold's cycle which I gave in the February number, a correspondent, Mr. Charles R. B. Barrett, of 36 Santos Road, Wandsworth, kindly sends me a letter which I reproduce *in extenso:*

"Sir,—To readers of your 'Cycling Corner' the following lines may be of interest. Not being a cyclist myself, I may err in technical terms, but the information which I give I can guarantee as being accurate. As long ago as 1864 I spent my summer holidays in the then remote little town of Ilchester, Somerset. It is, by the way, nearly as primitive a place now as then, or was so only a few years ago. The companion with whom I stayed had the use of one of the old wooden-bodied, wooden-wheeled, wooden-treadled velocipedes, a cumbersome machine steered by means of a handle attached by a long rod to the front wheel. This by the way. The only marvel is that we did not break every bone in our bodies tobogganing down a steep hill near—one steering, the other standing up behind on the axle. However, we did not. Now, in those days there lived in Ilchester an old fellow of very considerable mechanical skill. His name was Bourne, and he was a partner in the firm of Harris and Bourne, surveyors, &c., in the town. Old Bourne some years previously had projected an improved three-wheeled machine; and it is on the wheels of this invention that I particularly want to lay stress, as they were certainly

The Predecessors of the Wheels of the Present Day.

"Their height was between five and six feet. The hub (of wood) had, screwed on to each face, circular flanges of iron, or let me call them plates. These plates were bored at intervals round the edges, and a similar number of holes was bored in the iron three-quarter inch wide rod which formed the tyre. Strong, but by no means thick, wire, strained from the flange through the tyre and back to the flange, formed the spokes.

"As boys we tried our very hardest to get the old fellow to finish his machine; but he never did. I remember, though, that he lent us an air-gun as an inducement to desist from bothering him. Even then

(1864) the wheels hung up on an apple-tree outside the village carpenter's shop: they were quite rusty. When I was last in Ilchester (1893) I inquired after the wheels, for they were curiosities. They were remembered, but they had vanished."

In a covering letter Mr. Barrett suggests that Shergold might have seen these wheels before he built his safety. As he says, it is possible; but the distance between

Fig. 1. Hold wheel by spindle thus, and have it turned till it has got up a high speed.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Fig. 2. Then turn it like this.

Fig. 3. And like this, and see what happens.

Birmingham and Ilchester makes it improbable. It has happened more than once that inventors separated by great distances have simultaneously evolved or perfected an idea. Thus, while Hadley produced the quadrant in London, Godfrey invented it in Philadelphia. Electrotyping appeared in Liverpool as the discovery of Mr. Spencer, a chemist, at the very time that Professor Jacobi was first exhibiting it at St. Petersburg. Then there is the well-known dispute as to whether Sir Humphry Davy or George Stephenson was the true inventor of the miner's safety lamp. Again, the planing machine has been claimed as the invention of six different persons—Fox, Roberts, Murray, Spring, Clement, and Rennie.

Re-Plating and Re-Enamelling.

As I am so often asked to give an idea of the price of renovating the exterior of a cycle, I herewith append some remarks and figures in this connection. But first let me remind you that it is very difficult even for makers to name a total cost until the machine has been inspected, and the owner has definitely decided upon the extent and quality of the work he wishes to be done. Thus, to take an instance, if hubs need replating the wheels must be taken to pieces and rebuilt—a very considerable item in itself. Again, some machines are plain black, others lined in gold or colours. Roughly speaking, the complete operation should cost about £3 if done in first-class style; 10s. less in second-class style; whereas as much must be added to the first total for lining.

It often happens that only a part of the machine needs attention, so I will cull a few items from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.'s prices for *replating* parts. (First-class work guaranteed in every case.) Cranks, per pair, 3s.; Pedals, per pair, 3s. 6d.; Handle-bars, 3s. 6d.; Seat-pillars, 1s. 6d.; Complete Brake Sets, 3s. 9d.; Chain Wheels, 3s.

I would strongly advise that only the best work be asked for. The extra 6d. or 1s. in each case will be well expended. When a machine is renovated throughout, the price includes overhauling and readjustment, and new spokes and nipples for the wheels, but not the supply of broken or missing parts

discovered when overhauling or taking machine to pieces and putting together again.

An Interesting Experiment

The other day I had the back wheel out of my motor-cycle to examine the bearings; and, before replacing it, held it by the spindle and revolved it with my thumbs. While it was turning at a good speed I moved it about, tipping it laterally and horizontally. I was surprised to find what a powerful resistance the gyroscopic force of the wheel offered to these movements. Had the tyre (a heavy one) been travelling in space at thirty miles an hour I doubt whether I could have moved it at all. The persistence of an atom's travel in the direction of its original motion is thus illustrated. It is this quality of moving matter which enables a cyclist to maintain his balance. When you next have your wheels out, try the experiment for yourself.

AT LHASSA.

This very interesting photograph, kindly sent by the Rover Cycle Company, shows one of their machines which was found at Lhassa, when the British Column, under Colonel Younghusband, reached the "Forbidden City." What use it can have been to its owner we cannot imagine, as cycling roads are conspicuously absent in Tibet. We may be sure, however, that it was regarded as very valuable, since its transport over mountain passes, 17,000 feet above sea-level, must have been a painful business. The discoverer, Captain R. C. Moore, wisely photographed it as a curio, for such indeed it was in a land where spears are still the favourite weapons of offence, ancient matchlocks, rested on wooden crooks, occupying a secondary place. "Rover is its name, and Rover is its nature," might a Mrs. Gamp of to-day exclaim.

A CYCLE IN TIBET.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

A. G. Morris.—You ask whether the habit of not wearing a cap or hat when cycling is harmful. Evidently it agrees with you; and I cannot see how it can hurt any one who is not peculiarly liable to head-colds. In fact, it should have a beneficial effect on the hair. A cap is, of course, a most insanitary, though in some ways a convenient, headgear; and the "no-hat" craze has certainly some sound reason behind it. At the same time I would warn you against riding unprotected in a *hot sun*, when you might be easily bowled out if you are sensitive to heat. A couple of days at Avranches in 1898 with sunstroke still lingers in my memory as a very unpleasant occurrence. No, the C.T.C. post-card maps do not treat the counties separately, but only some of the main roads, *e.g.*, London to Gateshead, London to Brighton, Gateshead to John o' Groats, and the country through which they run.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 15.—THE EXPLOIT OF ANTOINE AND PIERRE.

THIS is the true story of the exploit of Antoine and Pierre Le Beau, lads who were born in the little French-Indian village of La Saussaie. Their father, Baptiste Le Beau, was a peltry-trader, and their mother a half-blood Mandan woman.

Pierre was two years the older, and inherited much of the Indian nature. Antoine was more like the French, and clever also. Therefore he was sent away to school, in St. Louis, where he remained until his father was killed, an accidental victim in a fight between Red Dog's and Three Feathers' band of Bois-Brulés.

Antoine found that during the four years of his absence the fur trade had been ruined. Settlers and stockmen had come into the country across the river from La Saussaie. He found Charbonneau, his father's partner, in possession of the store, and his mother and Pierre with nothing left them save a few ponies, the log house they lived in, and the village.

Although but fifteen years old, Antoine, thrifty and clever, saw his opportunity in the control of the land, which included some excellent grazing-ground.

The stockmen across the river had large droves of horses and cattle, and they were already crowded for room. So Antoine took horses to herd. He succeeded in gathering three hundred during the first spring and received two dollars per head for the season. He lost but two out of this "bunch," and the animals did so well that more than five hundred were placed in his charge the following year.

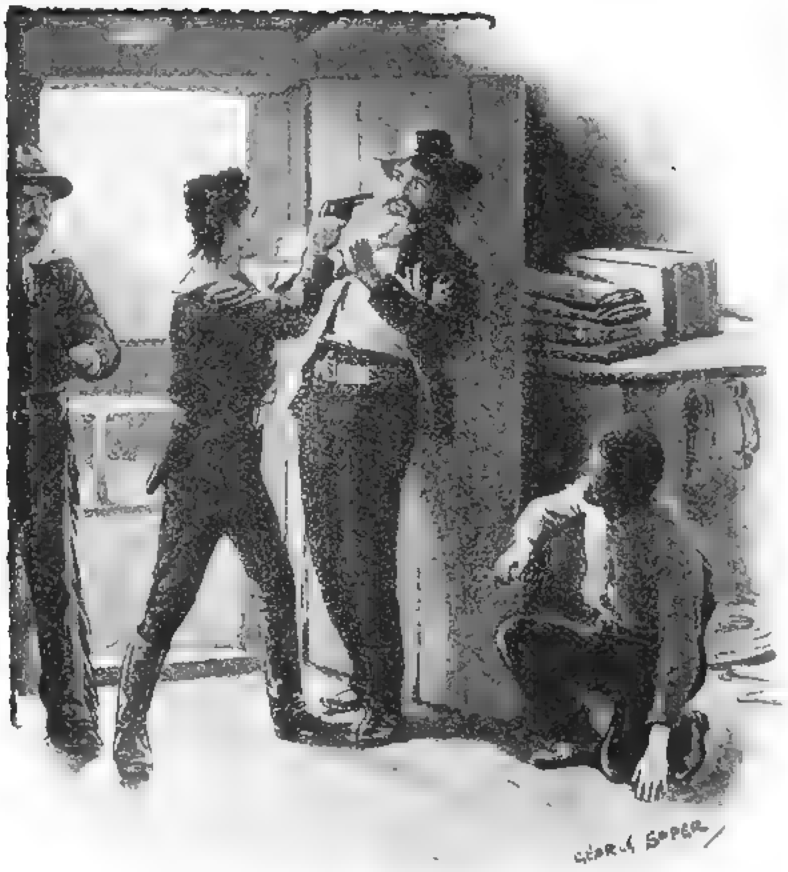
So the Le Beaus were again highly important among the people of mixed blood at La Saussaie. Pierre wore the gayest of blanket jackets, lived merrily, and sometimes amused himself by going fishing. He loafed much in Charbonneau's dingy store, which smelled of hides, dried fish, and stale tobacco.

Now it happened one chilly morning, when Antoine had come in to warm his hands by Charbonneau's fire, that a couple of young men from the settlements were in the store seeking to buy rope and blankets.

"This old rope—no good," said Pierre, as one of the newcomers stooped to examine a coil upon the floor. "My brudder Antoine, hees buy some of dat rope las' summer, an de knots dey rot off hees picket-pins."

At this Charbonneau flew into a rage, called Pierre some hard names in French and ordered him out of the store. Then, as Pierre merely grinned, Charbonneau rushed at him and flung him violently upon the floor.

Antoine's French-Indian blood got the upper hand of his school-training at this. He seized the irate trader by the beard, thrust a pistol in his face, and said such emphatic things that Charbonneau's legs



HE SEIZED THE IRATE TRADER BY THE BEARD, AND THRUST A PISTOL IN HIS FACE.

shook like willows in the wind and his customers left in alarm.

Charbonneau begged pardon and Antoine's wrath quickly subsided. The lad was rather ashamed, in fact, for he knew Pierre had been impertinent in talking to customers about Charbonneau's goods.

The matter would have ended amicably but for Charbonneau's Ogalalla wife, who was of a temper quite as choleric as her husband and far more steadfast. She was greatly enraged when she learned that Charbonneau had been taken by the beard, which she seemed to consider a most humiliating thing. It made her despise Charbonneau and thirst for revenge on Antoine.

When the first warm days came after the going out of the ice, Madame Charbonneau gathered her small effects and departed in a canoe with her children, a well-grown boy and girl. This little family paddled far down the Missouri and thence up White River to the big Ogalalla towns.

Whether the angry squaw-wife appealed more signally to the spirit of revenge or of cupidity among her friends is not quite clear, but certain it is that shortly after her appearance among them a party of Ogalallas set out across the great stretch of plain to the northward, descended upon Antoine's horse-corrals one night in June, and drove off all the herded stock.

Antoine had built his corrals a mile above the village. As these horses were under "sacred medicine" and in charge of "one of the blood," there was no danger that they would be stolen by Cheyennes, Gros Ventres or other tribes of the upper reserve. Another and final element of safety lay in the fact that most of the horses were of a large breed not much in use, except for meat, among the Sioux. Thus Antoine had felt doubly secure in leaving the animals at night unguarded in the corrals. He could not watch all night and work all day, and Pierre could not be depended on for guard duty.

On the morning of his loss he rode home from the broken corrals with despair in his heart. His occupation and his reputation were gone unless he could recover the stock. The owners of the herd and other whites across the river would not hesitate to accuse him of having a hand in such a wholesale robbery, unless he could prove his innocence absolutely, nor would they trust him with any more horses.

It was barely daylight, so early was he

out of a morning, when Antoine aroused his mother and Pierre. The woman immediately took a canoe and paddled across the river to warn the owners of the stolen horses. As for Pierre, he suddenly awoke to the importance of doing something. His Indian blood was aroused and he readily joined Antoine in an arduous chase after the horse thieves.

Sunrise saw the brothers well mounted and galloping hard to westward. The broad trail of the herd led straight away toward the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. Evidently the animals had been taken from their corrals in the early night and were being pushed hard, for, when the pursuers had mounted the bluffs above the Missouri, they saw no cloud of dust upon the miles and miles of nearly level plain. At night they passed down into the valley of Thunder Creek, which marked the limit of the country they knew. They camped on this creek, nearly seventy miles from home.

They were up and off again at break of day, and night brought them to the breaks of the Bad Lands—warm, at last, upon the trail of the stolen stock. Hitherto they had passed three camps where the Ogalallas—more than twenty, as the brothers had made out by the sign—had halted to rest and graze the stock, and at one of them the skull and freshly picked bones of a horse were found.

Just before sunset the brothers rode to the summit of a red butte and looked back over their trail. Were the stockmen following the stolen horses? On all the vast stretch of sun-baked plain there was not the slightest cloud or trail of dust to cheer the boys with hope of aid from the settlements. In another direction lay rough ridges of chalk cliffs and a narrow, gorge-like valley cast in forbidding shadows. At some point or turn in that tortuous, fading cañon, the stolen horses would be guarded for the night. But dared any two pursuers venture their lives in that narrow pass?

Did the brothers turn back?. Did the lazy Pierre, dust-begrimed, choked by thirst, and half-famished from a slender diet of dry, chipped beef, want to go home? Not he. The Sioux's persistence and the white man's boldness had seized upon the lads and urged them on to a deed almost incredibly daring, yet planned with great shrewdness.

From the appearance of the trail below they knew the stock-thieves were some two hours' ride in advance, and that they would go into camp soon after dark. So, with plans already formed, the two rode down the red bluff into the narrow valley.

Upon reaching the creek—a swift, shallow stream—they turned their ponies loose, quenched their thirst, and immediately set out to search the banks. They found a bog-hole where were tufts of old, dry grass, which had escaped the fall fires. Of this they gathered enough for their purpose.

With dry twigs and bark of willows they twisted dry-grass ropes some two inches in diameter and half the length of a lariat. To prevent these ropes from untwisting they tied them here and there with interlacing twine.

This task finished, the brothers ate some stringy chips of dried meat and stretched themselves on the ground for an hour or so of rest.

Thus refreshed, they remounted and rode leisurely and cautiously along the trail. Turn after turn of the narrow valley was made. They moved in a silence broken only by the light footfalls of their ponies. Their animals were kept at the shuffling, nearly noiseless trot characteristic of the Indian-bred pony.

On either hand loomed the chalk cliffs; fringes of cottonwoods and willows marked the crooked channel of the creek. The trail, a broad swath in the thin, tall grass of the bottom lands, was easily followed.

The thieves were depending upon their advantage in start, their celerity of movement, and the unlikelihood of pursuit except from fort or settlement. This they hoped to elude finally among the intricacies of the Bad Lands.

Leaving the trail, the boys hugged the little stream, keeping well within the shadows of its bordering trees. It was after midnight that the rustling murmur they had listened for came to their ears. Quite plainly now they could hear the trampling of a herd, hungrily cropping the coarse, thin grass. But no fires, no sign of Indians or of horses could be seen in the night.

The brothers dismounted and led their ponies deeper within the shadows of a cluster of cottonwoods. They stripped the animals of saddles and bridles and turned them loose. Each then wound his surcingle and grass rope about his body and slid softly down the ditch-like bank of the creek.

They left their saddles under the trees and carried their rolled blankets under their arms.

PIERRE SWEPT THE BLAZING END OF THE ROPE DIRECTLY INTO THE SAVAGE'S FACE.

They followed the creek channel, hugging the bank, half creeping on the shore or wading in the water with great caution where there was no foothold on land.

The creek channel led them, by a curve, within the shadows of overhanging cliffs, and they knew the Indians were encamped in this bend. Sounds of the herd grew more distinct, and they were creeping with greater caution, when a loud, familiar whinny broke upon their ears, then yells of Indians and a brief clatter of hoofs.

What Antoine and Pierre had calculated upon had happened. Their own ponies had come on and joined the herd. There had been a momentary alarm as the animals had passed Indian guards and camp. In the darkness there was little danger that the incident would excite suspicion. The savages would simply conclude that the ponies had strayed and returned, or had been left behind in some shelter of brush or trees.

In the meantime the lads had discovered the Sioux's camp and their first outpost. Fortunately, horse-stealers do not allow dogs to follow them, and Antoine and Pierre were in no danger of discovery from these sentinel pests of an ordinary Indian camp.

Thanks to the shelter of the creek bank and its fringe of willows, they passed the camp in safety. The horses were farther on. Presently the brothers ascended the creek bank upon the grass land and were in the midst of the grazing herd. They walked

Google

carelessly among the animals, talking in low tones and in the Sioux tongue, which they spoke with a perfect accent.

They were some time in finding riding-ponies among the herd. At last, by cautious and friendly advances, each secured a pony, bridled the animal, strapped his blanket upon its back, and mounted. They rode together boldly along the creek bank. As they passed the limits of the herd a Sioux arose from the grass a few yards distant and hailed them. Antoine replied.

"We go to the hills," he said, gruffly, "to look for pursuers when light comes."

The Indian grunted approval and the riders passed on leisurely. This simple, bold proceeding, and the noise and confusion of the stamping, snorting herd, saved an alarm. Its success, and the knowledge that the Indians were herding their booty unmounted, filled Pierre and Antoine with elation. The Sioux, as they had hoped, were giving all of their ponies complete rest for the night.

The daring riders passed on down the valley until they were well out of sight and hearing of the herd. They then hobbled their ponies and flung themselves upon the grass. Here they waited, resting and talking in subdued voices, until that darkest hour which comes before dawn. Then they remounted, uncoiled their grass ropes, and rode back toward the herd. They approached, riding cautiously, until warned by coughing snorts that the horses were near at hand.

There was no longer the noise of trampling feet—the herd was lying at rest. So much the better for the plan the boys had adopted; a plan simple and bold, requiring dash and courage beyond ordinary conception. They were to stampede this herd of five hundred horses, and to ride at its heels directly through and over an Indian camp. Truly it was to be neck or nothing with them! They rode a dozen rods apart and halted. They scratched matches under the cover of their horses' flanks, and lighted the frayed ends of their grass ropes

In the next instant Antoine fired his revolver in air, and with shrill, terrifying whoops the daring fellows rode at top speed directly at the sleeping herd. They whirled their lighted rope-ends, fanned to flame as their animals ran, and rushed in upon a startled crowd of horses, encircled in hissing, writhing coils of fire.

Pierre rode like one possessed, and yelled like a veritable war-fiend. As the herd broke away in his front he ran plump upon an Indian guard.

The Sioux was directly in advance, and running, but turned to shoot. As he did so Pierre, whirling his fire-rope, swept the blazing end directly into the savage's face, thrust out a foot, and left him sprawling and blinded in the grass.

Then there was a wild and most exciting rout. The whole herd of horses fled like mad things before those circling, shrieking snakes of fire.

Despite a mob of yelling Indians, aroused from their blankets and rushing frantically hither and thither, the horses, gathered in a flying mass, swept resistlessly on, taking their own back trail instinctively.

Antoine and Pierre galloped into the Sioux camp ground, riding at the heels of the herd in a smothering cloud of dust. They were fired upon by several Sioux whom they nearly ran down as they came together at the tail of the herd; but bullets aimed chiefly at whirling streaks of fire, and in dust and darkness, went wide, and the daring stampeders came off without a scratch.

They yelled and whirled their fire-ropes until those effective torches had burned nearly to their fingers'-ends. When that happened they were beyond the Sioux camp and had the whole herd with twenty-odd Ogalalla ponies beside—in front of them, going like the wind. A score of disconsolate Sioux bucks were left to make their way on foot to the Niobrara country.

Four days later the French-Indian boys drove the recovered stock, minus four or five head, killed and strayed, down the bluffs of La Saussaie.

The owners of the stock had not thought it worth while to follow the Indians, but they were delighted with the exploit of Antoine and Pierre. Even the lazy brother was a man of consequence thereafter and was allowed to assist in looking after the herd.

This recapture of stolen stock was a piece of daring so admired by the most renowned Sioux braves that even Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull always spoke of the Le Beau boys with some envy and great respect.

MISQUOTED PROVERBS: NO. IV. A WISE CHILD KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER!

THE STAMPS OF BERMUDA.

The Bermudas.

THE Bermuda Islands stand well out into the Atlantic, six hundred miles from the coast of North Carolina. Strictly speaking, they are not geographically a part of the West Indian archipelago, but they are, for convenience' sake, generally classed with that group. The islands, which are of coral formation, have a length of about twenty miles and a width of five miles. They are surrounded by what is termed a growing reef, through which a few more or less intricate channels admit vessels. On the main island is Hamilton, the capital and seat of government, a town with a population of 1300. The total population of the islands in 1901 was 17,535, including 6000 whites and 9000 coloured persons.

The group was discovered by a Spaniard named Juan Bermudez, in 1522, who was shipwrecked there on his way from Spain to Cuba. In 1609 Sir George Somers, an English admiral, was also shipwrecked on the islands, which were as a consequence given the name of Somers Islands, but this second name is now rarely used. In 1612 the islands settled down as an English possession, being mainly colonised from Virginia.

Strategically, the islands are of considerable importance, for the harbour of St. Georges is said to be able to accommodate the whole of the British navy.

Their Philatelic History.

From the philatelic point of view Bermuda is a fairly inexpensive country, except for a small group of provisionals. The colony did not commence the issue of postage stamps till 1865, and of its first series of five values only the *3d.* can be considered as at all scarce. They were all water-marked "Crown and CC" and comprised stamps of the value of *1d.*, *2d.*, *3d.*, *6d.*, and *1s.*

In 1874 and 1875 there was an outcrop of provisionals. A supply of *3d.* stamps was provided by surcharging the *1d.* and *1s.* values with the word "Threepence." Then in the following year there were provisionals of the *1d.* value, *2d.*, *3d.*, and *1s.* stamps being converted into *1d.* stamps by a surcharge of "One Penny." In 1880 two new values, ½*d.* and *4d.*, were added, still water-marked "CC." Then in 1884–93 followed the "CA" series of Queen's heads, several of which are still current. In 1901 a "One farthing" stamp was provided by surcharging the *1s.* with the words "One Farthing"; and last, and still current, we have what is termed the dock design.

1865.—This first issue consisted of five values at *1d.*, *2d.*, *3d.*, *6d.*, and *1s.* They were engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. on paper water-marked Crown and CC, and were perforated 14. Subsequently the *3d.*, *6d.*, and *1s.* were found also with the compound perforation of 14 horizontally and 12½ vertically. As will be seen from the following list, all but the *3d.* of this first issue may still be had at reasonably low prices. The *6d.* of the series is still current; hence its low catalogue price.

Wmk. Crown and CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.
	s. d.		s. d.
1d., rose red	2 6	..	4
2d., blue	3 0	..	3 0
3d., yellow (1873)	15 0	..	10 0
6d., mauve	8	..	6
1s., cream	7 6	..	1 6

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14 × 12½.

	Unused.		Used.
	s. d.		s. d.
3d., yellow	15 0	..	15 0
6d., mauve	1 0	..	—
1s., green	3 0	..	3 0

1874. PROVISIONAL.—The 3*d.*, which for cataloguing and grouping purposes has been included in the preceding first series, was not issued till 1873. It was provided for payment of the then single rate of postage between Bermuda and British North America. The first supply of 9800 which reached the colony in March 1873 was exhausted by February of the following year, and a provisional issue became necessary. Hence the following Government minute: "1874. February 21. The Council approve of the issue of a portion of the redundant *One Shilling* postage stamps in store as *Threepenny* stamps, with a distinct crossing of 'three' or '3*d.*' if possible of a different, coloured ink." Consequently some 13,500 of the "redundant" shillings were surcharged with the word "Threepence." This surcharge was printed diagonally on each stamp, in black ink, from the left bottom to the right top corner. There were two varieties of this surcharge, one in fancy italic, capitals, shaded; and the other in ordinary Roman capitals.

Provisional.

In fancy, italic, shaded capitals.

	Unused.		Used.
	s. d.		s. d.
3d., on 1s. green	40 0	..	30 0

In Roman Capitals.

	s. d.		s. d.
3d. on 1s. green	50 0	..	30 0

1875. PROVISIONALS.—In this year a shortage of 1*d.* stamps was tided over by surcharging 2*d.*, 3*d.*, and 1*s.* stamps of the first issue with the words "One Penny" in two lines. The total numbers issued of these provisionals was as follows:

1*d.* on 2*d.* blue, 4,800.
1*d.* on 3*d.* yellow, 12,000.
1*d.* on 1*s.* green, 23,500.

Provisionals.

"One Penny" in Capitals and Small Letters.

	Unused.		Used.
	s. d.		s. d.
1d. on 2d. blue	40 0	..	30 0
1d. on 3d. yellow	15 0	..	13 0
1d. on 1s. green	12 6	..	12 6

1880.—In this year two new values, ½*d.* and 4*d.*, were added, both water-marked Crown CC and perforated 14, as before. These two stamps were the last printed on the Crown CC paper, unless indeed we except the still current first issue 6*d.*, of which presumably printings are still being made, unless a very "redundant" stock is being worked off.

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.
	d.		d.
½d., stone	4	..	4
4d., orange red	8	..	6

1884–1893.—We now come to the last and still partially current Queen's heads, all water-marked Crown CA. A new value of 2½*d.* to meet the requirements of the Postal Union is added. The ½*d.* of the previous issue is changed in colour from stone to dull green, the 1*d.* appears first in dull rose, now getting scarce and carmine; the 2*d.* was first printed in the old colour of blue, and was then changed to violet brown to avoid clashing with the Postal Union 2½*d.* blue; the 3*d.* was changed from yellow to grey, and the 1*s.* from green to yellow brown.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.
	s. d.		s. d.
½d., dull green	2	..	1
1d., rose red	3 6	..	4
1d., carmine	3	..	1
2d., blue (1886)	1 6	..	1 6
2d., violet brown (1893)	3	..	3
2½d., ultramarine	4	..	2
3d., grey (1886)	6	..	6
1s., yellow brown (1893)	1 4	..	1 4

1901. PROVISIONAL.—The following account of the issue of the "One Farthing" provisional of this year was supplied to the *Monthly Journal* at the time by a correspondent in the colony: "It appears that an Act was passed last year under which an inland rate of ¼*d* per two ounces is to be levied on newspapers

which have hitherto been conveyed free. As it was desired to bring this into force from January 1, there was no time to get a new plate prepared, and a telegram was sent home requesting that a supply might be printed from the 1*s.* plate, in *grey*, and overprinted 'One Farthing.' Owing to delay of the steamer, the stamps did not arrive till January 10; they were put on sale on the 11th, with the result that all were bought up by speculators within twenty-four hours, and, until a fresh lot can be obtained, the newspapers have to pass free as before! The Post Office loses nothing, of course, as many more stamps have been sold than were at all likely to be used upon newspapers, and we suspect that the subscribers to the papers will be the principal gainers. From 4*d.* to 6*d.* each was being asked for the stamps on the spot, but as the supply was some £200 worth, or 192,000 stamps in all, the fortunate (?) purchasers will be glad to unload at very much less than that before long."

The *Monthly Circular* of a later date stated that there were £250 worth of the provisional put on sale, and that £235 worth were purchased by three speculators, who endeavoured to gull stamp collectors into the belief that these stamps would be of great value.

It is to be hoped that the three speculators burnt their fingers badly. At all events they have not succeeded in maintaining a premium price against collectors. Copies are plentiful to-day, and are likely to remain so for many years. Presumably there was a second supply, for no permanent stamp of ½*d.* has yet been issued.

Provisional.

	Unused. d.		Used. d.
½*d.* on 1*s.* grey . . .	1	..	1

1902-1904.—Bermuda is very proud of its splendid harbours, and of its great floating dock, which is said to be one of the finest in the world, measuring 545 ft. in length with a floating capacity of 16,500 tons. This dock the colony has placed upon its latest stamps as a central design of a new issue, of which we have had the ½*d.*, 1*d.*, and 3*d.* values, with, presumably, other values to follow as the Queen's heads are exhausted.

Dock Design.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused. d.		Used. d.
½*d.*, green, centre black .	1	..	1
1*d.* carmine, centre black .	2	..	1
3*d.* sage green, centre magenta	5	..	—

1904.—Last year we had a surprise issue in the shape of the old 4*d.* of 1880 water-marked Crown CA.

Old Design.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused. d.		Used.
4*d.* orange red	6	..	—

Review.

GIBBONS' CATALOGUE FOR 1905.

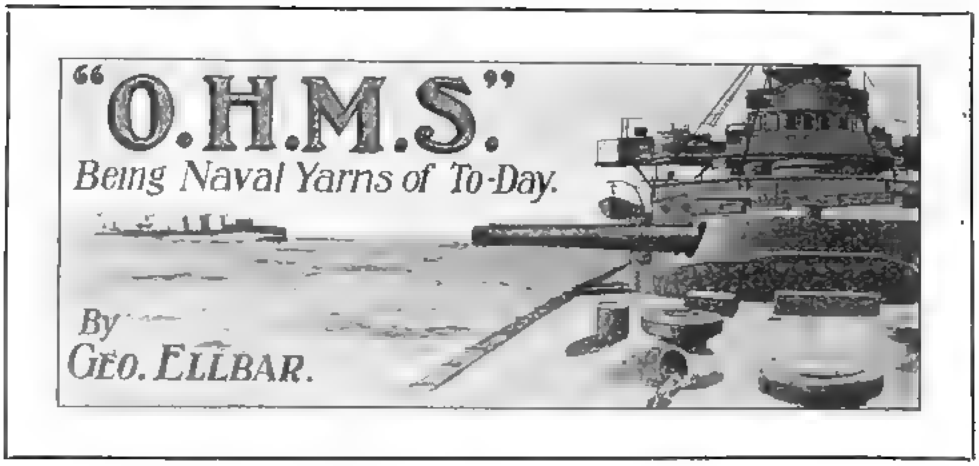
We have received Part I., British Empire, of the new Gibbons' Catalogue, for 1905. It is a very great improvement upon all previous issues. The illustrations are now life-size, instead of being a mixture of confusing reductions, and they are clear and distinct throughout. To provide scope for these larger size illustrations the size of the page has been enlarged about an inch in length and width. The publishers state that the cost of the new illustrations has been close on £800. The appearance of the Catalogue is further improved by the use of a better paper, and consequently clearer printing.

Transvaal has been partly rewritten by our friend and fellow-specialist in Transvaals, Mr. R. B. Yardley. Uganda has also been rewritten on the lines of the articles recently contributed by Mr. C. J. Phillips to the *Monthly Journal*. The quaint little stamps of Scinde, issued by Sir Bartle Frere away back in 1851, are now placed at the head of Indian issues as being entitled to be considered the first postal adhesives of India.

The various Perkins Bacon and De la Rue water-marks are now grouped together on one introductory page and typed for reference in the various lists.

In the matter of prices, there is a marked end to the long-drawn-out slump that has been depressing prices since 1897. In most changes there is a small rise, with here and there a drop, but the rises predominate persistently throughout most of the colonies, and we are glad to note that there are few, if any, sensational plunges, upward or downward, in prices. There is an evident desire to steady prices instead of jumping them up and down spasmodically.

The price of the new edition, the seventeenth, is raised from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and is enclosed in the usual red cloth, but in a special design in black and gold.



No. 3.—THE CHINESE PILOT.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

"WHEW!" ejaculated Sub-Lieutenant Consett Rymer, languidly mixing himself another long drink. "Doctor, it's hot."

An unmeaning grunt sounded from somewhere behind the latest London picture paper, which was propped up on the other side of the ward-room table. Rymer looked at the paper vindictively, and then, stretching out a white duck leg, kicked it out of its reader's hands across the room.

The round-faced, cheery-looking Surgeon of the river gunboat *Wagtail* thrust his hands deep in his pockets and stretched himself out lazily in his cane lounge. "Young man," he said solemnly, "when you have lived in China as long as I have you will be thankful for small mercies. As you remark, it's warm, but it's not nearly so damp as a self-respecting monsoon should be. Now in '97——"

"Oh, hang '97. Doctor, it's confounded dull and you can't deny it, loafing about here off this rotten old town of Hankow, with nothing to look at but that preposterous embankment—'bund,' as they call it. What are we waiting for, that's what I want to know? We ought to have started back for Nankin two days ago."

"That so-called 'bund' you would see filling a very useful purpose if Jupiter Pluvius were as energetic as usual," said the Surgeon meditatively. "Now, there was talkee, you know, of a jamboree some two hundred miles inland."

"Well, why don't they—hullo!"

"Hullo!" The new-comer, the other Sub of the *Wagtail*, walked across the ward-room and dropped into a chair. "Heard the news?"

"No," said Rymer and Surgeon Gates together; "out with it."

"Mix me a cooler first," and Rymer hastened to obey.

"Ah," gurgled his brother Sub, "blessed be the man who invented thirst. Well," he went on, "be it known that the Taotai of Tlang fu, two hundred odd miles up the Han River yonder, has maliciously ill-treated some inoffensive traders and outraged the British flag. Wherefore Mr. Consul Shorto is going to interview the gentleman with an expedition. We are part of the expedition."

"Hurroo!" shouted Rymer, pirouetting round the cabin; "good old Taotai of Tlang fu. When do we start, Bertie?"

"Soon as the *Gadfly* comes up."

"The *Gadfly*—what, is she coming, too?"

"I said we were *part* of the expedition, didn't I?"

"Well," said the Surgeon, "that explains our waiting. The *Gadfly* ought to be here to-morrow."

"Think so?" said Sub-Lieutenant Bertie Lucas. "Now, if you cared to go outside and cast your eye down stream—" But he was talking to air, for Rymer and the Surgeon had vanished.

A minute afterwards Lucas joined them by the little six-pounder under the awning

aft. Away, down the river, could be seen a shallow draft gunboat, of similar build to but smaller than the *Wagtail*. As she pushed her way up against the fast-running stream she looked, with her two funnels and high superstructure, like a small caricature of a *Swiftsure* type battleship. Drawing only two and a half of water, these shallow draft river boats necessarily have their engines, cabins, and everything else, on deck above the water line. So that, although small, they present a quite imposing appearance.

As the *Gadfly* drew to her moorings, Lieutenant Stanhope, commanding the *Wagtail*, came on board. Shortly after, the Lieut.-Commander of the new-comer followed to report his arrival.

Contrary to expectation, however, the little expedition did not start the next day, and for a very good reason—Captain Stanhope could not obtain a suitable pilot. The Han Kiang, commonly known as the Han River, up which the boats were to proceed, like most Chinese rivers is extremely difficult to navigate, and a thoroughly reliable pilot is indispensable. It is necessary, too, that he should be a man who has just come down the river, for, owing to the continual shifting of the sandbanks, the channel is constantly changing.

Several junk captains were interviewed, but none of them satisfied the Commander's requirements, much to the disgust of the two Subs. At length, however, one afternoon, a wrinkled, weird-looking old gentleman presented himself, and a little later they heard to their immense satisfaction that the much-sought pilot was engaged. The same night Mr. William Shorto, the British Consul, came on board.

Next morning, at eight bells in the forenoon watch, the expedition started. A channel was cleared through the hundreds of junks that formed practically a floating bridge across the entrance to the Han River, and then the *Wagtail*, with the little *Gadfly* close in her wake, steamed steadily up the centre of the stream.

"Don't see much need for a pilot here," remarked Rymer, after they had proceeded in this wise for a few miles.

"Wait a bit," said the Surgeon, who had been some distance up the Han Kiang before. "Further on, the channel dodges about in the most erratic manner, and what with sand spits and shoal water you'd find yourself in a mess without one. That's a good tip."

At the suggestion of Wung Ling Foo, the pilot, a man with a flag had been stationed on the fo'c'sle, to wave to passing junks the direction in which he was taking the ship.

Although the carefully cultivated country was as flat as a board—the numerous embankments on both sides of the stream showing the steps taken to minimise the effects of the periodical floods—the two Subs observed much that was interesting during the first day's journey. At places the navigation became most difficult, and the clever manner in which their pilot crossed the fast-running current, between overlapping sand spits, and sometimes among a fleet of junks, was very noticeable. He really was a smart old fellow, this pilot, with a wonderful knowledge of the river, and a first-rate eye for deep water.

Owing to the rapid current and the difficulties of navigation, their progress neces sarily was slow. Yet Captain Stanhope was satisfied with the distance travelled when they made fast for the night to a steep rocky bank, where the many holes, cut in the rock, showed that it was a much used mooring place for junks.

The boats had not been made snug long when Lucas sought out Rymer, who was busy writing up his journal.

"I say, Rymer, have you seen Wung?"

"No, why?"

"Come and have a look."

The two went out on the upper deck forward. Down on the fo'c'sle squatted the old pilot, apparently happily employed in the childish amusement of making little boats of coloured paper, which he sent floating down the stream.

"What's he doing, Jones?" asked Rymer of an old A.B. who was tautening up the awning.

"Ugh," grunted Jones, with a scornful glance down, "he's barmy, sir."

"I know," said Lucas suddenly. "Where's George Washington? Hi, Washy!"

"George Washington," one of the native domestics, emerged noiselessly from the ward room.

"What's Wung doing down there?"

The native "boy" looked over for a moment and then edged round.

"Me can tell you, sir. Him welly good man. Him makee muchee play."

"Play!" said Rymer. "Of course he's playing."

"He means 'pray,'" said a quiet voice behind; "praying to his joss." It was the Consul, who had joined the little group.

EMPLOYED IN THE CHILDISH AMUSEMENT OF MAKING LITTLE PAPER BOATS.

"But," he went on, "I must confess I've never seen it take that form before."

"I see; and the gold paper ones are extra special petitions, I suppose, sir?" said Lucas, as a particularly gorgeous specimen was launched on its short-lived cruise.

Every night afterwards Wung Ling Foo busied himself with his coloured paper and his little boats, and the sight of the old chap at his quaint devotions soon caused no comment.

In the course of the next day's trip they stopped at Hung Chau, a large walled town of some considerable commercial importance. So soon as the boats were made fast the Prefect paid an official visit, which was duly returned by the Consul and the two Commanding Officers. Hundreds of people crowded on the river bank alongside the gunboats, causing great amusement to the crews, but there was not the slightest trouble during the whole of their stay.

That evening Lieut.-Commander Brice, of the *Gadfly*, came to dinner, and an informal discussion took place as to the probable effect of their visit upon the erring Taotai. Lucas and his brother officer then learnt more of the occurrence which had given rise to the expedition.

It appeared that two enterprising traders had hired a large cargo junk and worked their way, with considerable success, up to the walled town of Tlung fu. There, at first, everything went smoothly. Then, one fine morning, without any warning, Sing Yen, the Taotai, boarded their vessel, alleged that the goods they had obtained were stolen, and, notwithstanding their protests, haled them both off to prison. When, by bribing the gaoler, they managed to escape, they found their junk looted and their boatmen gone; and it was only after many privations that they ultimately succeeded in getting back to Hankow.

"And," concluded the Consul, "I haven't

the slightest reason to doubt the accuracy of their story."

"What do you expect to do?" inquired Commander Brice.

"Well, what I should like to do would be to seize Sing and bring him down to Hankow for trial. What in all probability will happen will be an interminable palaver; the infliction of an inadequate fine; and the production and punishment of half a dozen miserable coolies, who had the least to do with the outrage."

"This interesting Sing Yen," said Captain Stanhope, "is a pretty tough lot. He seems to have things very much his own way in his own happy hunting-ground. So much so that the Chinese authorities at Hankow are afraid to touch him, and have left the whole business to us."

"Then there might be trouble," remarked Commander Brice.

"There might be," said the Consul, "but I think your ships and men and guns will overawe him. The only thing to be wary of is a surprise—an ambush, or something of that sort—for he's crafty enough for anything."

"Shouldn't think he'd have much chance of that," remarked Brice.

"By-the bye, Captain Stanhope," said the Consul, "there's no possibility of treachery among any of your natives, I suppose?"

"Natives?" repeated the Captain. "Oh, you mean the domestics. No, they're all from the coast, except one, and he's quite safe. Still, we might keep an eye on them, Brice." The latter and the Consul nodded, and soon after the party broke up.

Of course the two Subs had not missed a word of this conversation, and when they were by themselves they eagerly discussed the situation. "I only hope," said Rymer, "that there will be some fun, as Brice said."

"Yes," agreed Lucas; "but if we could only bag old Sing Yen! That's the thing to do, my boy."

The next day the two gunboats entered a part of the river which had not before been navigated by a ship of war, and soundings began, for H.M. ships seize every opportunity of charting unknown waterways. Lucas and his friend were now kept pretty busy. Three days later, however, they came to a wide reach, where the pilot said they must unavoidably wait for a freshet, in order to cross some very bad shoals. Although Captain Stanhope chafed at the delay—and his annoyance was deepened by the sight of hills, not far distant, which promised deeper water—he was forced to take the pilot's advice. So the boats were made fast, and officers and men settled down to patient contemplation of their surroundings.

Next morning the river was no higher, and when the Surgeon suggested a shooting expedition the project was received with acclamation. Permission was readily granted. The party was joined by the *Gadfly's* doctor, and the four officers, with a couple of bluejackets, set out for a small lake, a little lower down the stream, which gave good promise of waterfowl.

They were not disappointed. By mid-day they had a very good bag and, as the heat was getting unbearable, they decided to return. While Surgeon Smith of the *Gadfly*, who was a bit of a naturalist, was explaining something he had found to his brother medico, the two Subs strolled down to their boat.

On their way Lucas spied, among the grasses on the edge of the river, something which he playfully picked up on the end of his gun.

"Hullo," said Rymer, strolling on, "what have you got there?"

"Looks like one of old Wung's paper boats."

"What are you going to do with it—keep it as a souvenir?"

Lucas made no reply, and Rymer turned round to find his chum intently studying the ragged piece of paper.

Now Lucas, smitten by a recent Admiralty circular, which offered special prizes to officers becoming proficient in foreign languages, had commenced to study Chinese.

"What is it?" said Rymer, coming back.

His friend looked up, strangely excited. "I say," he said quickly, "these are Chinese characters." He pointed to a row of weird-looking signs. "I believe it's a message, but keep mum. We'll ask the Consul when we get back." And he carefully placed the crumpled rag in his pocket.

"What sort of message?" asked Rymer.

"Don't know. Wait till we get back to the boat." And with that the other had to be content.

They found the Consul and Captain Stanhope in the ward room, studying a rough map of the Tlung fu district. Apologising for the interruption, Lucas straightened out his find and placed it before the former.

The Consul looked at it for a moment,

and then held it nearer the light. After carefully examining it he turned to Lucas.

"Where did you find this?" he asked, and Lucas told him.

"What is it?" inquired the Captain.

"If I interpret it rightly it is a message," replied the Consul.

"A message?" said Captain Stanhope, staring.

"Yes," said the Consul in a low voice, glancing round the room, "a message to Sing Yen from your estimable pilot, Wung Ling Foo."

Captain Stanhope got up, glanced outside the cabin, shut the doors carefully and sat down again. "Go on."

"It commences in the usual flowery manner, with an address to the Heavenborn, Illustrious Sing, &c. &c., and goes on to say that not until three moons have passed will the smoke-devils reach the Vale of Silence. There is some more, but the rest I can't make out."

"It's enough," said the Captain. "'Smoke-devils'—I suppose that's us. Where is this Vale of Silence?"

The Consul reached out for the roughly drawn map on the table. "I've heard of it," he said, "from Robson, one of the traders. Yes, here it is," he pointed out a mark to Captain Stanhope. "It is a narrow gorge with vertical walls over three hundred feet high, a place of gloomy recesses, covered with vegetation, ferns, and so on. In the stream are three rocks called, I believe, the Three Brothers. On the top of the cliff, some little way from the edge, is a ruined temple called the House of Precious Stone."

"Cheerful sort of place," remarked the Captain, making a rough calculation on the map. "At the rate we have been going we should fetch it in about three days." He took a cigarette from his case, lit it, and sat back thinking.

Lucas and Rymer, who had followed the conversation with breathless interest, exchanged a glance. Then the former spoke.

"As I came on board, sir, Jones told me that Wung said the river was rising, and we should be able to sail to-morrow morning."

"Eh?" said Captain Stanhope, absently. "Oh, to-morrow morning, was it? H'm."

He was silent for a moment, and then turned abruptly to the Consul.

"How far is the place from Tlung fu?"

"About two miles."

"I take it that these pretty boat messages are being picked up by some confederate lower down the stream?"

"I imagine so."

"And that a little surprise is being planned for us in this Vale of Silence. A pile up on the rocks, finished off by a scientific shower of big stones from the cliff, eh?"

"That is exactly my view."

"Well," said Captain Stanhope, flicking the ash from his cigarette, "I'm hungry. Let's have some lunch. There's plenty of time, and we'll have Brice in afterwards to a council of war. Meantime, you youngsters, not a word of this to any one, mind."

So the two Subs had to possess their souls in patience until the afternoon, when, in response to a signal, Commander Brice came on board, somewhat annoyed at being hauled out through the torrential rain which had now set in. With scarcely restrained excitement Lucas and Rymer noted his arrival. The soaking wet had sent every one under cover. Wung Ling Foo was snoozing peacefully in his little wooden hut on the fo'c'sle, and the ship was very quiet.

It did not take long to explain matters to the *Gadfly's* Commander. Then Captain Stanhope mooted a plan of campaign.

"It's pretty certain," he said, "that we shall be able to get under way to-morrow morning. I calculate, and so does our friend Wung, that we shall fetch the Vale of Silence some time on Saturday. My proposal is to go on, just as we have been doing, until Friday night. No doubt Wung will play his little praying game each night; but it is a hundred to one that he sends off a sort of final bulletin on Friday. I propose to collar that message and see what he says."

"How?" asked Commander Brice.

"By knocking him down when he comes out of his little house down there. He must write them beforehand."

"Yes," chimed in the Consul, "I think that's a good plan, Captain Stanhope, but what would be the next step?"

"Thing would be," said Brice, "to hit the jokers back if we could."

Then Lucas was seized with an idea.

"Couldn't we ambush them, sir, like they're going to do us? Get in that ruined temple, sir?"

"Ambush the ambushers?" said Captain Stanhope. "By Jove, that's not a bad idea. We ought to be near enough, too, by Friday night."

"The temple's not at all a bad notion,"

SIMULTANEOUSLY THE TWO SPRANG AT THE PILOT.

said the Consul. "If they are as superstitious as the average Chinee, not one of them would dare go near the place, especially after dark."

"I have it," said the Captain. "If Wung sends a message on Friday night, and it bears out our suspicions, we'll let it go on. That will make Sing think that all is right. Then we'll land our men after dark, make for the temple, and see what happens. Any way we shall have nothing to lose. Wung, of course, we'll truss up on board. As we don't want a breath of our plan to get about, Lucas and Rymer had better take on the part of it concerning that gentleman."

And so it was arranged.

As was anticipated, the river was high enough for a move to be made the following morning. To everybody's relief the hawsers were got on board, and the upward journey resumed once more.

In the course of the next two days' steaming the nature of the surrounding country gradually altered. The interminable stretches of flat rice lands gave place to low hills, which increased in height and gradually neared the river bed as the gunboats pushed upstream. When, at length, they moored, on the evening of the second day, it was alongside a rocky bank in the shelter of hills—not, it was estimated, three miles distant from the gorge known as the Vale of Silence. The afternoon's steaming had been at a needlessly slow rate, considering the state of the stream. Captain Stanhope had his own opinion of the pilot's reason for so retarding their progress, but he said nothing.

As the evening shadows fell, Lucas and Rymer, ostensibly fishing, lounged carelessly on the fo'c'sle, near by the little wooden hut into which Wung Ling Foo had just disappeared. As the minutes went on and he still remained inside, Rymer grew rather restless, but a warning glance from his friend stilled him. Suddenly the sound of a door opening came from behind. Glancing over his shoulder, Lucas saw Wung coming out, coloured papers in hand.

"Now," he hissed, and simultaneously the two sprang at the pilot. But, taken unawares as he was, the old villain instantly divined their object. Lucas was only just in time to clutch his wrist as it swept the papers outwards towards the water.

Then, for a few seconds, Wung struggled desperately to destroy the papers. But Lucas kept fast hold of his arm, and as Surgeon Gates and one or two seamen came

along he realised that the game was up, and suddenly caved in. His yellow, wrinkled face was as impassive as ever as he was taken away to be securely locked up under a guard.

The three officers hurried aft with the papers. The Consul rapidly picked out several with one or two weird hieroglyphics in the centre. "It is quite short," he said as he studied them," and means 'At sunrise be prepared.'"

"I guess," said Captain Stanhope, "if he had thought we should have reached here so soon he would have fixed the performance for to-day. We'll send 'em down stream with our best wishes, eh?—and then for the landing party."

The Consul carefully folded one of the papers into the shape of a boat. "That's very neat, I think," he said, holding it up for inspection, "considering I'm out of practice." Each of the others smilingly took one of the papers and followed suit. Then, with several jokes over their novel pastime, they set the little fleet adrift, and watched it until the rapid current took it out of sight.

At sunset the men, under Captain Stanhope with Lucas and Rymer and the Consul, were ready. Surgeon Gates accompanied the party as doctor. Commander Brice was left in charge of the boats.

Guided by the Captain's pocket compass the little party set out, about forty men, all told. The night was pitch dark, and the uneven ground, strewn with stones and great boulders of rock, made the going very difficult. To make matters worse it still rained heavily, and soon all were wet to the skin. However, they plugged along cheerfully, for to every one the expedition, in spite of these discomforts, was more or less of a spree.

They had gone on in this wise for nearly an hour when Captain Stanhope called a halt. Under cover of a huge boulder he examined his compass by the light of a match. Then he held a muttered consultation with the Consul.

"I say," whispered Rymer, "I believe he's lost himself. What a jolly lark!"

But at that moment the Captain gave the signal to start, and the party moved slowly on once more.

They had not gone much farther when Lucas noticed a glow, as of lights moving, some distance ahead, towards the left. Just then Captain Stanhope sharply called "Down." The next moment Lucas found himself grovelling on his chest, next to Rymer, among the wet stones.

"What is it?" whispered the latter.

"Torches, I should say," answered Lucas, gazing with the rest at the moving lights, which appeared to be some two or three hundred yards away. Then he turned his eyes away to the right, and gave a sudden start.

He wormed his way along to the Captain and touched his arm.

"See," he whispered, "up here—the temple, the House of Precious Stone."

Captain Stanhope followed the line of his extended arm, and saw a dark mass, dimly brought out by the glow of light ahead, towering up in unmistakable outline close over them.

"By Jove," he muttered, "how lucky!" He called the Consul's attention and they whispered together. He turned back to Lucas.

"Better reconnoitre. Will you go?"

Lucas's heart gave a bound. Would he go? Rather! Slipping off his shoes, he wriggled his way cautiously into the darkness towards the overhanging shadow. It was very close. Soon he found himself facing an obstacle which he put down as a broken parapet. He clambered over, and groped his way among great, crumbling stone pillars. All was dark and silent as the grave. He turned to return when something whirred past his face, making him jump violently.

"Hang!" he muttered, feeling foolish. "Only a bat or something."

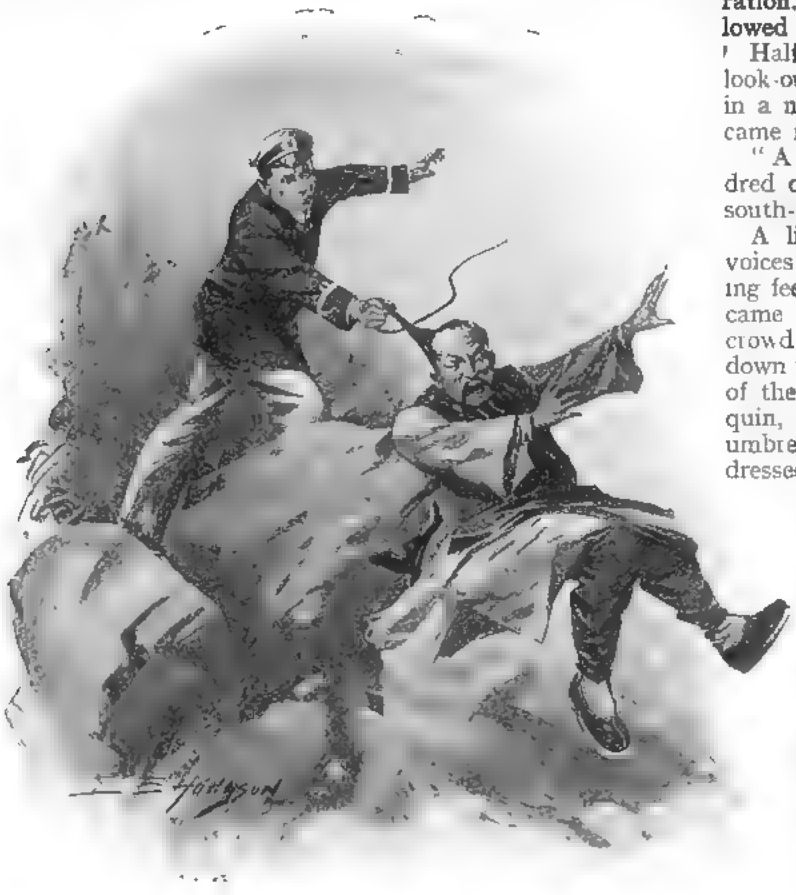
He quickly retraced his steps and made his report. Captain Stanhope passed the word round, and in single file the party crept after Lucas into the ruined building.

"This will do admirably," said the Captain, after a cautious tour of inspection. "We must sit tight now until the morning."

Sentries were set and the men told that they might stand easy. For some little time Lucas and Rymer watched the lights, which still moved about in the direction of the cliff edge. Dark figures flitted in and out among the lights, and once or twice they thought they could see shadowy forms passing the temple, some distance away. But they soon tired of looking, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could for the rest of the night. After a while they both dozed off. A sailor can sleep almost at any time, anywhere.

It seemed hardly a moment before Lucas

was awakened by a light touch on his arm. "Sh," said a voice warningly, and, looking up, he saw Captain Stanhope. He got up, stretched himself vigorously, for he felt somewhat stiff, and followed the Captain to an opening in the temple walls. Here he found Rymer together with the Consul and Surgeon Gates. It was just daybreak. Lucas peered out.



DOWN WENT SING YEN WITH A CRASH.

From the base of the temple the rough, stone-strewn ground sloped down sharply for several yards—evidently the acclivity they had clambered up the previous night. Then the slope became more gradual until, except in one place, it dipped sharply, about a cable's length away. What lay beyond was left to the imagination.

But at one spot there piled up a long, low heap of stones and boulders of rock, and around it were gathered twenty or thirty natives.

"See those beams lying about and that some of them are using?" said the Captain. "Levers."

The two Subs needed no explanation of their object.

Lucas glanced round. Most of the men were making a hasty meal of emergency ration. He and Rymer followed their example.

Half an hour passed. Then a look-out, who had been stationed in a niche high up in the ruins, came nimbly down.

"A number of men, a hundred or more, coming from the south-east."

A little later a murmur of voices and the sound of tramping feet were heard. Soon there came into sight a straggling crowd of Chinese, marching down to the cliff. In the middle of the procession was a palanquin, in which, under a great umbrella, sat a gorgeously dressed individual with long black moustaches and a prodigious pig-tail.

"The Taotai, Sing Yen," whispered the Consul.

The troop halted by the edge of the bluff. Most of the new-comers joined the coolies around the heap of stones. Sing Yen's palanquin was planted down a short distance away from the main body.

Captain Stanhope looked at the Consul. "I think we might show ourselves now?"

The men were warned. Rifles were seized and belts tightened.

"Ready," cried the Captain. "Come along."

With a shout the bluejackets sallied out, leaped the parapet, and swung down at the double towards Sing Yen's men.

The effect was ludicrous. First came a yell of utter astonishment. Next the Tlungfusians gathered in a huddled group around their leader, who could be seen standing up in his palanquin, gesticulating. Then, while

the bluejackets were yet a hundred yards away, the Chinamen broke, and with shrieks of dismay scattered in all directions.

Roars of laughter rose from the *Wagtail's* men. "Whom are we to pitch into?" cried Lucas boisterously.

Just then the Consul called out, pointing: "There goes Sing Yen. Don't let him get away."

Lucas looked round and saw the Taotai, with tucked-up skirts, sprinting like a hare, his preposterous pig-tail streaming out behind him.

"Tally-ho!" yelled Lucas. "Whoop!" and with one or two more bounded after him.

In a few minutes the Sub, who had won the quarter-mile at Dartmouth, easily outdistanced his companions. But the Taotai showed a quite remarkable turn of speed over the uneven ground, and still was well ahead.

"What a pace he's got up," thought Lucas, as they passed one terrified coolie after another. "I'll have him though, if I have to run all the way to Tlung fu."

But Sing Yen was tiring. With an extra spurt the Sub fetched up, just as the Taotai sprang over a big boulder. The pig-tail flew out before Lucas. He caught it flying. Down went Sing Yen with a crash and, missing his footing, down went Lucas also.

But he still kept hold of the long queue of hair, and as he recovered his bearings he let out a shout of laughter. The pig-tail ran out taut before him, caught between two boulders, and at the other end of it, the other side of the boulders, was Sing Yen.

"Hooked, my beauty, hooked!" cried Lucas as he hauled the rope of hair through as far as it would come. And as two arms, waving frantically, appeared above the boulders, the sound of laughing from behind proclaimed the arrival of the rest of the *Wagtail's* party.

"What shall we do with him now we've got him?" said Captain Stanhope a minute later, surveying the discomfited Taotai, who stood, glaring viciously, in the grip of two sturdy bluejackets.

"Do with him?" said the Consul promptly. "Why, take him down to Hankow."

And they did. But it was months after the low-born accomplice, Wung Ling Foo, had been tried and heavily sentenced, that the rich and influential Taotai was arraigned. In spite of his bribes and influence, however, the indomitable Consul at length got him brought to trial, when he reaped a slight portion of the punishment which he so richly deserved.

WEEDS.

[*Lines suggested by the poem, "Mysteries," in the April* CAPTAIN.]

"THE weed is but a sorry thing"—
So tillers of the garden sing—
"No dainty morsel doth it bring
For insect pest."
To rid the garden of the foe,
With spade and fork, and rake and hoe,
To root him up, and bid him go,
Man does his best.

In casting of the weed aside,
The gardener—severely tried—
Its presence fiercely doth deride
In language meet;
Forgetting—may I make so bold?—
Within a little flowery fold
The nasty weed might often hold
A dainty sweet.

The little busy bee, methinks,
Quite heedless of the gardener's "jinks,"
Full many a richest dainty drinks
From weedy tips;
And with a residue contrives
To sweeten many weary lives
Of maidens, bachelors and wives,
And bearded lips!

And there's the pretty thistle-down!
Ah, lovely, fluffy thistle-down!
How many a little birdie brown
It daily feeds!
And how the little birdies sing!
Or in the bush or on the wing,
Making, with thanks, the welkin ring,
For thistle seeds!

Avaunt, ye libellers of the weed!
Of language and of thought take heed;
That land is worthless where no weed
E'er deigns to grow.
With careful thought and work ye might
Rid all your plants of hateful blight,
Within a day or two and night,
As you should know.

X. P.

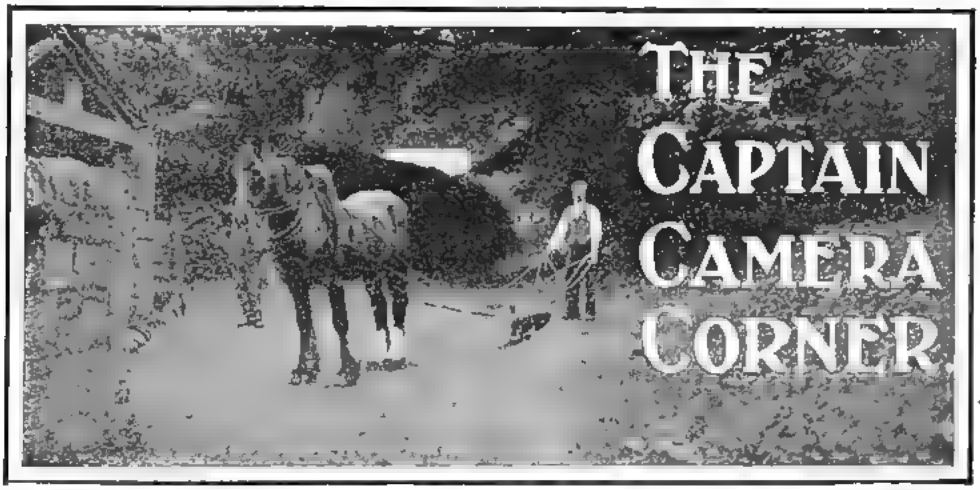


Photo by] [F. M. Ryalls.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

CONCERNING LENSES.

A CORRESPONDENT who, I know, takes an intelligent interest in photography, sends me the following query: "Just lately I experienced a peculiar thing when enlarging. When I was focusing the image I thought I would stop it down when I had finished focusing. So I did so, and was surprised to find that the image, instead of getting sharper, became duller. Then I tried setting the stop first and then focusing. This came off quite successfully, and I found I could focus my enlargements quite clearly. How would you account for it; and what is the proper thing to do?"

By the same post came another question: "What is the cause of a camera not focusing properly at the bottom of the plate?"

Instead of treating them as mere isolated "answers to correspondents," I mean to make them my text for a general—and as simple as possible—explanation of the various forms of lenses; their defects; the mechanical methods of correcting these defects; the use of a diaphragm, or "stop"; and the qualities of a good lens. For a person to succeed as a photographer it is essential that he should understand the tools with which he works. I hope that the following paragraphs will be really valuable to all readers not yet conversant with the optics of photography; and, as I know from experience the great helpfulness of a scientific knowledge of the principles of lenses, I make no apology for inflicting some rather technical matter on those who use the "Camera Corner."

What a Lens Is.

A simple lens is practically an infinite number of prisms contained in one piece of glass. Its surface being spherical, rays of light impinging on it from a given point will strike it at an infinite number of angles, and undergo different degrees of bending towards what is called their *focus*. To make things clear from the start, I beg you to remember that the photographer has to deal with light rays in a double character:

1. As having various colours.
2. As coming from objects situated at different distances from the lens.

The ideal lens would bring all rays of all colours and of all lengths to a sharp focus in the same plane at right angles to the axis of the lens, without any distortion of image; and independently of a diaphragm. Such a lens does not exist, and, so far as we can see at present, never will be made. But the science of optics has advanced so greatly that lenses of marvellous perfection can be bought, though the care required in their manufacture naturally puts their price very high.

Forms of Lenses.

In Fig. I. you see six forms of simple lenses:

1. Double convex.
2. Double concave.
3. Plano-convex.
4. Plano-concave.
5. Concavo-convex (thinner at the centre than at the edges).

Fig. I. Showing the six different forms of lenses.

6. Concavo-convex (thicker at the centre than at the edges).

This last form is called a *meniscus*, a term which please keep in mind.

Every photographic lens (rubbishy cheap stuff, of course, excluded) is compounded of at least two pieces of glass. If you unscrew your lens from its mount you will see that the edge shows a join, proving that two pieces have been cemented together. A "double rectilinear," *i.e.*, a lens having an element before and behind the "stop," probably contains four pieces; and may have half a dozen in its anatomy. The reason for this presently.

A Lens Bad for Photographic Purposes

is found in the ordinary single reading-glass. Focus it on a book, and move it towards the eye till the maximum of magnification is reached. You will then probably observe

1. That the letters have coloured edges.
2. That the centre only of the "field" is sharp.
3. That the lines expand towards the edge.

These defects result respectively from

1. *Chromatic aberration;* or the separation by the lens of the different colours of which white light is composed.
2. *Spherical aberration;* or the different amount of bending given to rays by the different parts of the lens.
3. *Curvilinear distortion.*

These defects we will treat in their proper order.

As already remarked,

A Lens is a Prism.

or series of prisms. Now, you all know that if a ray of white light be passed through a prism it is broken up into its seven primary colours, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red — to give them their due sequence.

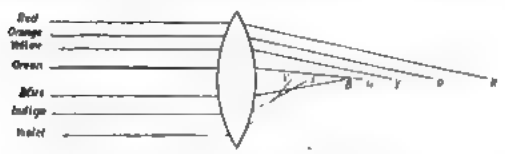


Fig. II. Showing the different refraction of rays of different colours passing through a double convex lens. The refraction is exaggerated in the diagram.

In Fig. II. we see rays of all seven colours passing through an uncorrected double convex lens, which has sorted them out. The violet rays have their focus nearest to the lens; the red rays focus at the greatest distance. So that, supposing that we directed our lens on a hoarding covered with many-coloured advertisements, we should find it impossible to focus all the colours at once. A yellow advertisement, for instance, might be sharp enough; but all blues would be indistinct. Whereas, if we pushed the ground glass nearer to the lens, the blues would become sharp at the expense of the yellows.

Evidently a lens that behaves like this would be useless for photographing that hoarding. Then there is another difficulty, viz., that the *yellow* rays are those to which the *eye* is most sensitive, whereas the *violet* and invisible ultra-violet rays most affect the *plate*. So that, in focusing a landscape, though the whole may appear beautifully sharp on the ground glass, a dry plate inserted to occupy its exact position would give a very out-of-focus negative.

How Chromatic Aberration is Cured.

Lens-makers use two chief varieties of glass:

1. *Crown* glass.
2. *Flint* glass.

The latter has the greater power for separating the colours. Therefore, in front of our first lens of crown glass we place a second lens of

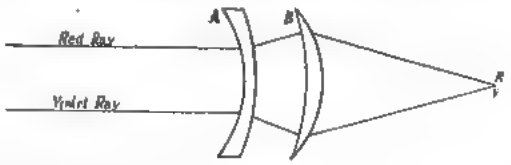


Fig. III. Showing a red and a violet ray striking concavo-convex lens *A*, by which they are refracted on to *B* at such angles that, when again refracted, they focus in the same plane. In practice the two lenses would be cemented together to form a single "meniscus."

flint glass, which, though not hollow enough to negative the refracting power of its fellow, bends the colours outwards in the *opposite direction* from the crown glass, and exactly compensates the difference in the refraction. Fig. III. will explain this. You will see that the compound lens is now a meniscus, fit for landscape work, as it is achromatic or colour-compensated. The eye-focus (to coin a term) has become identical with the proper plate-focus.

Spherical Aberration.

However, it still has faults. If used without a stop, it will not give a picture sharp *all across the plate*. Why? Because the rays passing through the margin of the lens are more bent than those passing through its centre. Mind you, all the *colours* of a ray now keep together; but as they all also go astray together, something must be done to put matters right. Now the stop comes in useful, as it limits the action of the rays on the lens.

Cure of Spherical Aberration.

Look at Figs. IV. and V. In Fig. IV. the lens is unprotected; and rays from a point, A,

Fig. IV. Shows a meniscus lens unprotected by a stop. The rays from *A* striking the lens top and bottom are brought to foci 1 and 3 in planes different from the plane in which rays from *B* meet. This implies spherical aberration. (The deflection of the rays is only diagrammatic and would not take the exact directions given here; though focusing in different planes.)

Fig. V. The meniscus guarded by a diaphragm, which allows only that part of the lens to be acted upon by each set of rays to bring them to a focus in the same plane. Both *A* and *B* may be regarded as points from which an infinite number of rays are emitted in all directions.

strike it at the bottom as well as at the top, and are bent to a number of foci. In Fig. V. only the top of the lens can catch the rays, and this part focuses them at a distance equal to that of the focus of other rays from a second point, B, striking the lens squarely at the centre. To put the matter in a nutshell—to get a good focus all over the plate, all rays must strike the lens as squarely as possible; and the smaller the stop the better this will be effected.

A lens thus corrected becomes *aplanatic*.

To jog your elbow, and prevent any misapprehension, I must remind you that I am still talking of the single *meniscus* landscape lens, with its concave side turned towards the stop, and its convex side towards the plate.

Now, the larger the stop at which a lens can work while giving universal sharpness, the higher class it is. Yet every lens must be "stopped down" to some extent; and the makers insert as the "open" stop one of such a size as to give the maximum aperture—and consequently maximum amount of light, which in turn means rapidity—consistent with sharpness, when distant objects are being focused outside what is called the "infinity point." I shall revert to the *second* use of a stop presently.

You will think, perhaps, that now we have a lens corrected for both spherical and colour aberration, we should rest content. I must, therefore, ask you to focus a piece of paper ruled with parallel lines. If you measure these very carefully you will find that they appear to converge towards their end, and that a square diagram becomes barrel-shaped. This is

Curvilinear Distortion,

to which every meniscus lens is a hopeless victim. The corners of the square, being further from the centre of the square than are the central points of the sides, cast their rays through the diaphragm nearer to the edge of the lens and cause them to be more bent, with the result mentioned. Fortunately there is a

Cure for Curvilinear Distortion,

and a very simple one, too, viz., to reinforce the meniscus with a second placed on the opposite side of the stop, its convex side towards the object. This exactly counteracts the distortion, and you have a "double rectilinear" (Fig. VI.) which will show a square

Fig. VI. A rectilinear, achromatic, aplanatic "doublet." The doubling of the parts renders it rectilinear and free from spherical aberration; the flint glass element in such lens corrects the chromatic aberration and the stop increases the depth of focus.

square, and parallel lines parallel, if it be pointed *squarely* at the object; and also corrects spherical aberration. In my last article I referred to the "distortion of convergence" arising from tilting of the camera, and, therefore, need not treat it further, since it is merely a trouble arising from *misuse* of a lens.

The second use of the "stop," and some useful hints as to the selection of lenses, I must leave till our next issue; or the Hound of the (Wastepaper) Basketvilles may be laid

on my track by the Old Fag, who has other pressing matters for his columns.

Useful Accessories.

The division of films into their correct parts is sometimes a rather troublesome matter. I see that the Kodak Company now provide a film cutting board (price 1*s.* and 1*s.* 3*d.*) which renders the operation a certainty. Another device welcome to film-users is the small clip for suspending films—or prints—during the drying operation. In form it resembles the office paper-clip on a small scale, except that the ends of the levers are hooked, so that they may take hold of a string stretched across the dark room. Twenty-four clips cost only 1*s.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Puzzled Amateur.—(1) Enlargement on platino-type would be a terribly slow process, though not an impossibility. Bromide paper produces as good results for this particular purpose with short exposures. (2) My present article leads up to an answer to your query. Some lenses alter their focus with the size of stop. Therefore, focus with stop you mean to use. (3) The alkali of the developer is the soda or ammonia solution, usually labelled No. 2. (4) Mount your prints as dry as possible, and dry them under pressure. Your prints are both quite creditable. No. 2 is rather overprinted. No. 1 is a trifle weak. The enlargement very successful. I congratulate you on it.

D. O. Wakeford.—A speed of one-sixtieth would be fast enough for jumping and running, if you keep a good distance from the competitors and take them coming towards you. At close quarters and sideways on there would probably be decided movement of the image.

Tasher.—(*a*) Probably over-exposure and too much bromide. (*b*) A bad lens, or plate not square to the lens. (*c*) Any good brand, *e.g.*, Ilford, Imperial, Castle, Paget. (*d*) Pinholes avoided by carefully dusting the inside of the camera and slides. Also sweep each plate with a pad of cotton-wool or a camel's-hair brush before inserting it into the slide.

H. E. A. H.—Pyro soda as a *developer* can't be beaten; but under the heading of uncleanliness it has its decided drawbacks. I always use rubber gloves. Staining is much aggravated by dipping pyro-ish fingers in the fixing bath. Yes, I would use pyro rather than metol or hydroquinone. The pyro solution is made by adding the proper quantity of water to the crystals, adding some bromide to soften the action of the acid, and sulphite of soda to preserve the solution. Use the formula given on the plate-boxes of the brand you fancy. As regards your question about "which is the best?"—I feel rather hard put to it to answer. If you set up a Lancaster ½ plate, "Kamrex" (two guineas); or ½ plate "Kamret" (three guineas), you will have a good thing. These prices include stand and one dark slide stand cameras, of course.

Ardent Photographer.—I fear that it is the light rather than the shutter which is at fault. Remember that light varies very much in the winter months, from hour to hour, and from day to day. Try your shutter again now and see what results it gives. Are you sure that you are using the same rapidity of plates or films? So glad you are interested in the C.C.

Walter J. Milngavie.—(1) Your suggestion that plates should be sent out in sheaths by the manufacturer is not a bad one, but you overlook the great increase in weight that would result if one carried such things on tour, when they would be most useful. Also the returning would prove a nuisance. One soon acquires the knack of inserting plates; and as for focusing by light carelessly admitted into the darkroom, well, that *is* carelessness, and might be avoided. (2) Yes, towards the winter I shall say something about lantern-slides. (3) I have never used the camera, but believe that it is good value.

MULLION HARBOUR
Photo by Phil p V. Early, Witney

Illustrated by **WARWICK GOBLE.**

I.—THE STORY OF DUM-DUM.

THE great military arsenal of Dum-Dum is a few miles north and west of Calcutta. It was a day in early February—close and still—sure presage of the coming hot weather, the hot weather of that fateful year, 1857.

Over a long range of bomb-proof buildings towards the eastern entrance gate of the big factory, a *havildar*, or sergeant, and twelve sepoys were on guard. Two sentries were lounging slouchingly at their posts, while the residue of the party, seated on benches set under some trees outside the guard-room, conversed in low tones,—fine-looking men, all of them, of a stature above the ordinary, for they belonged to the 2nd Grenadier Native Infantry of the Bengal Army. The comparatively fair complexion of the majority proclaimed them to be Brahmins; but two or three, including the *havildar*, of darker hue, were evidently lower caste men, for they sat apart from the others.

I have remarked that the sentries lounged and slouched: they did. Instead of moving briskly on their beats, and comporting themselves as members of one of the smartest corps of the smartest mercenary army in the world—an army that especially of late had covered itself with glory,—these men, while unable to mask altogether that soldierly carriage instilled into them by their white masters, lolled and strolled about in a slovenly fashion; their shakoes awry, their cross-belts anyhow, their coats half-buttoned, and their firelocks borne in a manner contrary to all precept. These irregularities went unchecked by the N.C.O. commanding the guard: indeed, there was something about the *tout ensemble*, the deportment, and expression on the countenances of the entire party that denoted a sullen brooding discontent, an ill-suppressed anxiety, and a resultant disregard of duty and discipline. All these sinister peculiarities were presently thrown into lurid significance when a European commissioned officer rode by the guard: the sentries barely shouldered arms to him, and the men on the benches hardly rose to their feet, several not even lifting the right hand in salute, while all—as soon as the Englishman had passed—spat on the ground in a manner suggestive of vehement disgust.

One of the privates, a fair, handsome young giant, rose from the bench, entered the guard-room, divested himself of his uniform, and reappearing clad only in a loin-cloth, proceeded to one of the trees, detached a brass drinking vessel—to which was fastened a ball of cord—and then set out towards the gate. The sacred thread across

this man's breast proclaimed him to be a Brahmin.

"Where are you going, O Maharaj, Ramanund Tewari?" inquired the *havildar*, a herdsman by caste.

"Thou seest this," replied the soldier-priest haughtily, indicating the drinking vessel, "and yet thou askest whither I go—. O fool!"

"Be not angered, Maharaj. At a time like the present we must not bandy hard words or bestow dark looks among ourselves."

"True, *havildarjee*," responded the Brahmin, mollified by his superior's humility, and continuing on his errand.

"Bissensingh!" now cried one of the sentries to the *havildar*; "here comes a party of the accursed: do we notice them?"

"Assuredly," answered the N.C.O., lazily stretching himself; "what else—till the time arrives?"

"Guard, turrn out!" shouted the sentry, as the steady tramp of British infantry fell on the ear, and a squad of Europeans came in sight, rounding the angle of the building: they were in heavy marching order—on their return to Calcutta, whence they had come the morning previous—convoying a consignment of gunpowder.

"Shoulder arms!" sang out the English sergeant, as he neared the post.

"Shouldayr hurrms!" bawled Bissensingh to his command; following the mandate with "Purrsent hurrms!" as the Englishmen swung past.

"Slope arms!" now said the sergeant.

"Guard! to the right face!" then "Pile hurrms!" ordered the *havildar* of Grenadiers; whereupon his men disposed of their muskets, reseated themselves on the benches, and the sentries resumed their saunter.

"The cursed ones!" exclaimed a sepoy, expectorating energetically in the direction of the disappearing Britons; "their tenure of power is nigh over! Do you remember, *havildarjee*, what the preacher from Khanpur told us at our secret meeting last night—that their hundred years are up?"

"Yes; and that it lies in our hands to drive the defiled cow-eaters into the sea. May God strengthen us!"

"Think you our brethren will act with us on the day appointed?"

"So long as time is allowed for the *chupphaties* to circulate—I am sure they will; and there is yet time for the symbol to reach—even the regiments furthest away. Then," added the *havildar* fiercely, "it will not be the cry of 'Victory to the Lord Company' for much longer!"

In the meanwhile, the young private, Ramanund Tewari, had arrived at the well, where, having filled his vessel, he set out on his return to the guard-room. He had just re-entered the gate, when he saw a man approaching from the opposite direction.

"Move aside—dog!" shouted the Brahmin; for in the newcomer he recognised one of the arsenal drudges, a man of the scavenger caste, to pass even within ten paces of whom meant pollution for the heaven-born Ramanund Tewari.

Instead of obeying the mandate so imperiously given, the scavenger squatted down where he was, and made known his desire for a drink of water by holding his hand scooped to his mouth.

"Maharaj!" he cried in a wheedling tone, "be charitable; give me of your water, and thus save me the long walk to the well reserved for such as me."

The soldier stood silently aghast. For a scavenger to prefer a request of this nature even to an ordinary Hindoo—much more to a Brahmin—was a piece of presumption unheard of as it was startling.

Then finding words, Ramanund Tewari replied, "Give water to thee! Approach thee, thou outcast, thou eater of meats such as the Europeans befoul themselves with! How dare thou to ask me? When is it that a baseborn scavenger has dreamt of receiving water at the hands of one of my class? Out of my way—pig!"

The arsenal hand bore the torrent of invective without retort. As the sepoy ceased speaking, the scavenger rose to his feet, moved aside, and then, turning towards his interlocutor, called out in a taunting tone, "All very fine, Maharaj! To-day you are Brahmins, Hindoos, and Mahomedans: but for a time only will you be able to preserve these distinctions; for a time only will you retain your purity of caste. Take my word for it—O priest!"

"What meanest thou?" gasped the Brahmin, in his consternation advancing a step nearer the drudge. "Thy words are fraught with a hidden significance, as if in confirmation of those fears that pervade the breasts of Hindoo and Mahomedan alike. What mean thy hints? Speak! I pray thee!"

"Aha!" laughed the other; "does the Maharaj pray of the scavenger? Nevertheless,

"WHAT MEANEST THOU?" GASPED THE BRAHMIN

I will tell you. No doubt your regiment—with others—have been served with the new pattern rifle which the Company has been bringing from England in ship-loads. No doubt you, O Maharaj, will master the new drill; and in the musketry school will learn to hit the target at much greater distances than the old weapon allows of. No doubt you will be proud of your arms, and will deem yourselves invincible in possessing them. Flatter yourselves! Puff yourselves up if you like; but understand, O holy one, that the new cartridges you will have to bite are smeared with the fat of pigs and cows; and that when you do, all of you, Hindoo and Mahomedan, will be of no higher caste, no longer above the humble scavenger, who now speaks to you the solemn truth!"

The effect of this communication on the or-

thodox and bigoted Brahmin can better be imagined than described. Rushing among his comrades of the guard, he repeated the news given him by one whom all admitted must be well-informed on the subject. The fearsome report spread like wild-fire, and the credulous soldiery of all castes and sects took it firmly to heart that this lubricating of the Enfield cartridges with the fat of—to them—unclean animals constituted nothing more nor less than a direct and effective blow at the root of their several religions, and that the fact of their introducing those contaminating cartridges between their lips would aid in the fruition of the Company's darling object, to wit, the wholesale conversion to Christianity of the entire Bengal Army! During the Moghul rule—they argued—had not innumerable followers of Manu been forcibly converted to Islamism? And was it beyond the bounds of possibility that similar happenings should transpire in their day—albeit, under the domination of the Nazarene? They thought it; were convinced of it; and forthwith the mischief-makers, the inciters to sedition who—in common with every other regiment—were not wanting in the lines of the 2nd Grenadiers, set to work on the apparently incontestable data in their hands, and messengers were sent on the run, north, south, east, and west, conveying the terrible intelligence that the English, by means of the new rifle, were seeking to contaminate the sepoys by serving out cartridges greased with the fat of animals, to bite which would doom every soldier to everlasting perdition!

II.—THE STORY OF BURHUMPUR.

IT was the close of February, 1857. About 125 miles almost due north of Calcutta, in the Moorshedabad district, lies the military cantonment of Burhumpur, or Berhampore, at this time garrisoned by the 19th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, a battalion of British Foot and a battery of Artillery. Within a few hours of the Dum-Dum episode, the wave of disaffection reached Burhumpur, and the immediate result on the men of the 19th took the shape of a stern and unanimous refusal on their part to accept the cartridges when issued to them. It so happened that the particular cartridges tendered them on this occasion were not for the Enfield, but for the old Brown Bess musket, cartridges every sepoy in the service had hitherto bitten without hesitation. Further, the cartridges were not of recent make, but had been left as a legacy by the outgoing 7th Infantry, the corps that the 19th had but lately relieved.

At this morning parade, when the regiment to a man declined to handle the suspected cartridges, the European officers, headed by the colonel, went among the rank and file, and, by kindly reasoning, endeavoured to disabuse them of their groundless scruples; but to no purpose. Not only did the sepoys persist in their refusal to accept the cartridges, but their language and bearing were such as to convince the Englishmen that further persuasion was utterly futile. There was little semblance of parade order that morning; the men swarmed about the place-of-arms, gathered in angry groups—from one to another of which our perplexed people moved in the vain attempt to bring the deluded soldiery back to their senses.

"Hurdyal Thakur," said one of the officers, Major X——, accosting a *jemadar*, or native lieutenant, who stood amid a knot of scowling Hindoos, "cannot I appeal to your wisdom? You and I joined the regiment together as beardless youths thirty long years ago: you and I have fought side by side: you and I have bled for the Queen and the Government. Can I not convince you that the story about the cartridges is idle, that your fears are groundless?"

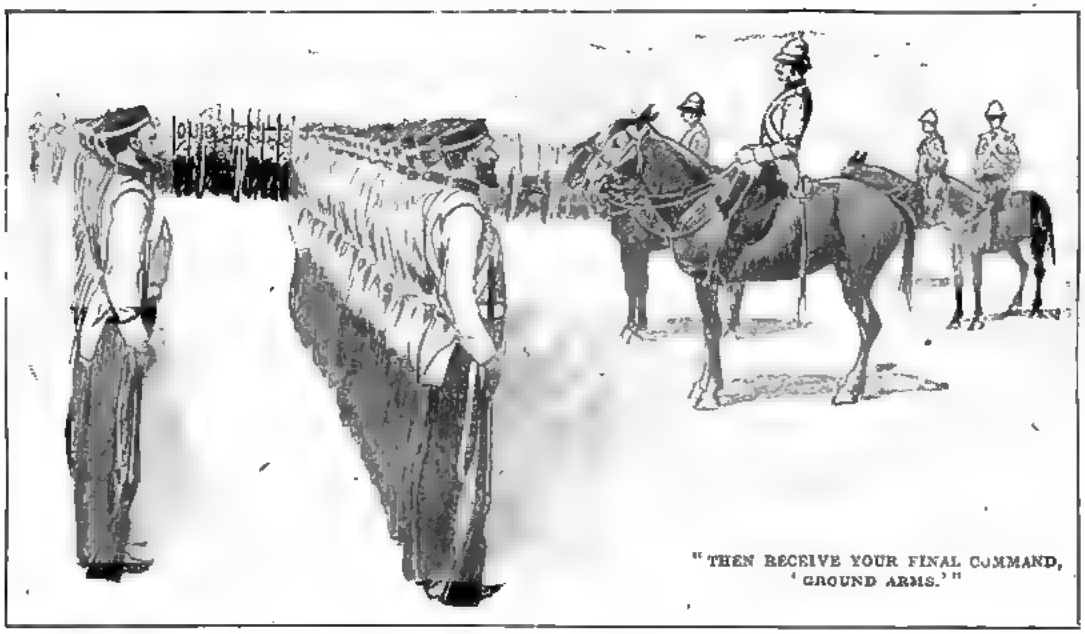
Parenthetically, be it said that Major X——, who spoke Hindu with great fluency, was one of those brave officers who have been aptly termed "Soldier-Missionaries." Throughout an honourable and gallant career—as evidenced by the decorations on his breast—he had deemed it his duty from the very outset to preach Christ Crucified to his men, to do his utmost to wean them from the religion of their fathers; but without success. When off duty, it had been his custom to visit the lines and hold forth in eloquent language both to Hindoos and Mahomedans, pointing out the errors of their beliefs, the saving health of ours. Out of that respect for their English leaders, hitherto innate in their breasts, the men would listen to him and carry on controversies and arguments with him, but always couched in deferential terms: they regarded him as a religious enthusiast; they learned from him the mysteries of the Christian faith without embracing that faith; and, so far as their own tenets were concerned, no mischief was done. Major X——, however, had been frequently warned to desist from his proselytising

labours; but he paid no heed to such remonstrances. For years had he been casting his seed on stony ground; for years had he been content to wait patiently for the blessing of God on his efforts; and had he been spared he would have continued the good fight, despite all discouragement, even unto the end.

"Our groundless fears!" echoed the *jemadar*, scornfully omitting to finish the sentence with the usual "sir" or "my lord," an omission that was ominous of the speaker's temper, "I will judge you out of your own mouth. True, I have known you for thirty years; but, during these thirty years, have you not striven to subvert our faith? Have you not endeavoured to call the Hindoo from Manu, the Mahomedan from Allah? How far have you been successful? How many converts to Christianity can you boast of? You are but one of the many agents of the Government employed with a view of bringing us to the foot of your Cross. We have brethren in other regiments: think you we are ignorant of what is going on around us? There are many such as you, carrying the sword in one hand, and the Bible in the other: you are licensed missionaries, that is what you are; secretly instructed by the Government to try and make proselytes of us! You have failed—ignominiously failed; the number of converts throughout the army can be counted on the fingers of my hand! Then, seeing that your labours are vain, what does the Government do? So as to force us to become outcasts, as a preliminary step to our taking to your faith, it devises a hellish scheme; it has lubricated the cartridges with the fat of cows and pigs; it knows we will have to bite those cartridges, thereby bringing pollution upon ourselves beyond remedy! Fears, groundless fears, forsooth! We know that they are only too well founded, and we thank our gods for having warned us in time. Away with you and your doctrines! We will have none of them! We shall preserve ourselves undefiled! We shall not touch your poisoned cartridges!"

"Niamuth Alli! Wuzeer Khan! Meer Allum!" exclaimed a young lieutenant, pushing himself into the midst of some Mahomedan sepoys who, by their standing apart, might prove—so the Englishman hoped—more amenable to reason; "my friends in many a jungle expedition, come! *I* have never broached religion to you; so you cannot throw the *jemadar's* accusation in my teeth. You, Niamuth Alli," apostrophising a fine-looking Moslem private, "ought above all others to listen to me. Who saved your life from the terai tiger only last hot weather? and who swore eternal gratitude for the service?"

"It was not of my own choice that I hunted the tiger that day," answered the man, sullenly, he also failing to pronounce the affix of respect; "you ordered me to ac-



"THEN RECEIVE YOUR FINAL COMMAND, 'GROUND ARMS.'"

company you, and it was merely Kismet that made you the instrument of delivering me from the tiger."

"And your gratitude?" rejoined the officer reproachfully.

"Go to! This is no time to talk of gratitude. Our religion is in jeopardy. Pig-eaters that you are, would you convert us by stratagem when all your preaching and persuasion have failed! Away with you!"

And so on.

Presently, the "dismiss" was sounded: the English officers, crestfallen and burdened with sore misgivings, left the parade ground; but the regiment, instead of joyfully streaming away to its lines as usual, hung about the place-of-arms, angry and sullen. The bazaar people, having heard that a crisis impended, and knowing intuitively that there would be little cooking among the sepoys that day, came to the barracks with parched grain, sweetmeats, and such-like light refreshments that all but the Brahmins could and would partake of. The day wore on; habit being second to nature, the men gradually fell back into the ordinary routine, but still kept aloof from their lines; they remained congregated under the trees in front of the barracks till a late hour, discussing their wrongs, and exhorting each other to stand firm and resist the Government in its infamous design.

Something, however, had to be done. The 19th had been guilty of a distinct act of insubordination: their grievances had been patiently listened to; as patiently had explanation, argument, and persuasion been brought to bear, but with no result. So said the military conclave that threshed out the matter; and it was further decided that no alternative remained but to disarm the regiment with the least possible delay, to serve as a warning to others equally suspected of disaffection.

In pursuance of this resolution a parade of the entire garrison was put in the orders for the 25th of February. According to instructions from the chief authority in the station, the corps were so disposed that the guns, unlimbered and loaded, with the Europeans placed on either flank, faced and completely commanded the 19th. The sepoys at once fathomed the reason, realised the trap they were in: but there were brave men among them who, while admitting the hopelessness of contending against overwhelming odds, were, nevertheless, resolved to meet their doom—whatever it might prove to be—with dignity.

The regiment was drawn up in line, two deep. Ordering them to stand at ease, the senior officer, accompanied by his staff, rode up to them, and thus spoke:—

"Battalion! The soldier's first duty is obedience. You have been guilty not only of disobedience and insubordination, but of rebellion. Impelled by childish credulity to believe in a rumour spread by evil and designing persons, you have refused to obey the lawful commands of your superiors; you have turned a deaf ear to explanation, argument, persuasion. You are, therefore, adjudged as no longer worthy to be servants of the Queen. Receive then your final command. Ground arms!"

A quiver ran along the regiment as it heard its sentence. A murmur of voices arose; the native officers, leaving their places, assembled in the rear of the lines and consulted together in low tones. A dead hush fell on the ill-fated corps. Then, presently, the native officers returned to their companies, and a deputation advanced towards the group of Englishmen. Without salute or other token of respect, but yet with a certain dignity, the white-haired *soubadar-major*, or chief native captain, addressed the officers thus:—

"As the Government wills, so let it be. Our fealty to our gods is stronger than our allegiance to you, especially since, with deception, you would make us outcasts—apostates. I will say nothing about the means you intend employing towards the accomplishment of your design beyond that we would rather die than become Christians. We are in your power: loaded rifles and guns are ready to deal out our destruction; we are without ammunition; we cannot resist you. We are ready to die for our religion; but if you possess any of that mercy whereof you are wont to boast, retire your cannon and your soldiers, and we will obey your command; we will lay down our arms."

Unwilling to shed blood, and believing that an acquiescence in the request would be the easiest way of achieving the disarmament, the senior officer ordered the battery and European Foot to move off the ground: this done, the 19th Regiment of Bengal Infantry laid down their arms, and from that moment virtually ceased to exist. They were shortly afterwards disbanded, paid off, and turned adrift to convert themselves from trained and honourable soldiers into the worst description of sedition-mongers, scattering over the country, telling their story to sympathising thousands, and thus giving an impetus to the volcano of rebellion that by their conduct had unmistakably shown its inci-

pient fires; for from the day that the men of the late 19th Infantry set out from Burhumpur in small knots and parties, there came frequent tidings of terrible, heart-rending import from all parts of Northern India!

III.—THE HANGING OF MUNGUL PANDY.

IN the vicinity of Calcutta is Barrackpur, a large cantonment lying on the left bank of the Hooghly, about fifteen miles above the metropolis. At the opening of 1857 the troops here, at Chinsura and Sirampur—all three close together—comprised no less than a battalion and a half of European foot, some squadrons of Irregular Native Cavalry, the Governor-General's Body Guard, a battalion of Field Artillery, and four regiments of Bengal Native Infantry, including a wing of the 34th, with whom we have to do.

It was the 29th of March. The parade was over, but one or two European officers of the 34th still lingered under the trees in front of the regimental quarter guard, which was composed of a *jemadar's* party. The Englishmen were fully aware that a storm was brewing; a faithful few had apprised them of the presence in the lines of emissaries from Dum-Dum, and from Burhumpur: they knew the story of the greased cartridges; they had heard that the mystic *chupphatie* had long since arrived and passed through every regiment in Barrackpur: they knew that they stood on a mine!

Most of the 34th had sulkily dispersed to their lines; only a few men loitered about the place-of-arms; while those of the quarter guard huddled together and conversed in whispers. All wore looks of disquietude; they seemed conscious that a crisis was at hand.

Suddenly—a commotion: all eyes turned on a man in full uniform, issuing from the barrack, girt with a native sword, and in the act of loading his regulation musket. The man was a private of the 34th, Mungul Pandy by name; a name destined to become almost historical, in that the second appellation grew into a sobriquet whereby the mutinous sepoys, no matter of what sect, were generally styled. His blood-shot eyes, the sombre fury exhibited on his countenance, and his unsteady gait proclaimed him to be under the influence of opium or other intoxicant wherewith he had primed himself for the performance of some desperate deed.

"Brethren!" he shouted, addressing his comrades of the quarter guard and those who stood by, "why hesitate any longer? Why, for another day, another hour, bend our necks to the yoke of the cow and pig-eater? Are you going to submit tamely? Are you going to embrace their faith, and become their boot-cleaners, their dish-washers, you and your children? Do you, Brahmins and Hindoos, intend to eat of the sacred cow like they do? Why stand idle when there are arms to hand and we are strong enough to throw off the thraldom of these hateful foreigners? Why should we submit to their dominion any longer? They have ruled us for a hundred years: do not our wise men say that God wills it they rule no longer, and that we are to destroy them to the last man, woman, and child, On, then, in the name of the gods we serve. To death with the cursed whites!"

Seeing that the men of the quarter guard and others of the corps listened with evident approval to this inflammatory speech and made no attempt to arrest the seditious utterer thereof, Lieutenant Baugh, the regimental adjutant, drew, and rushed at the fanatic. Mungul Pandy fired at the English officer, missed, and then, unsheathing his keen sword, engaged his antagonist in deadly strife, while the spectators, both on guard and not, moved neither hand nor foot towards interfering. But some were there who, actuated perhaps by a scintilla of loyalty, on witnessing the outrage, ran off to apprise their officers, and these, with the General, were soon in the saddle, galloping in hot haste for the 34th parade ground.

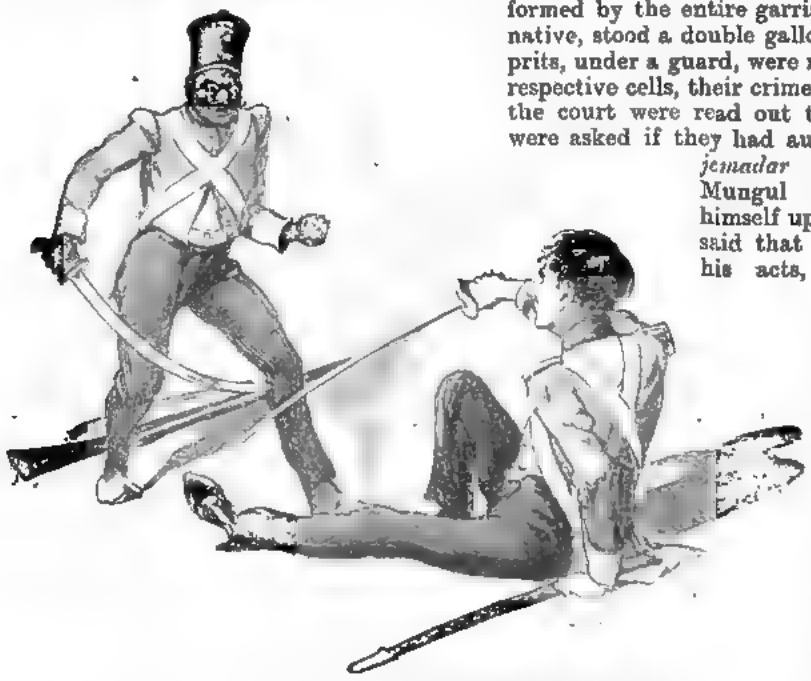
In the meantime, what happened? After the first few passes between the combatants the sepoy proved the better swordsman, for he succeeded in severely wounding Lieut. Baugh, without himself being touched. Breathless and faint, still battling for dear life, the Englishman in his despair cried on the quarter guard *jemadar* to rescue him. "*Jemadar* Devi Purrsad! Help me!" But no; Devi Purrsad and his men did not stir: they looked on passively and sullenly!

"Pig! Slayer and eater of cows!" hissed Mungul Pandy, lunging at Baugh, "I will kill thee! I will—ah, another of them!" he added, as Hewson, the regimental sergeant-major, doubled up with drawn sword to the aid of the lieutenant.

"In a second, sir!" shouted Hewson, encouragingly; "ah, you blackguard!"—to

Mungul Pandy—"stop that! Let him alone!"

With these words the sergeant-major threw himself on the rebel; but the sepoy, naturally a reckless character, and now stimulated with drugs, met the Englishman's attack fearlessly, and speedily cut down his assailant with one trenchant blow of his weapon. Both Baugh and Hewson, though grievously wounded, were not killed, and lay at the mercy of the miscreant; but instead of at once despatching them the latter commenced hectoring and staggering over the ground, waving his sword and calling loudly for more Englishmen to come and encounter him. Presently, he appeared to make up his mind to give his victims their *coup de grâce*, but before he could carry out his fell intent one of the 34th, a Moslem sepoy, named Sheikh Pultoo, who, with others, attracted by the tumult, had come running from the lines—he, the only real loyal heart there—sprang



THE SEPOY SUCCEEDED IN SEVERELY WOUNDING MR. BAUGH.

at Mungul Pandy and grappled with him. At this juncture, too, several English officers and General Hearsey arrived on the scene: the would-be assassin was seized, and the two injured men were carefully attended to. Baugh and Hewson were enabled to narrate the whole occurrence to the general, who, when he heard of the disgraceful conduct of the quarter guard, would have shot them down with his revolver but for the counsel of cooler heads. He reviled them for a set of rebellious scoundrels, and was so far able to assert his authority as to have the entire guard relieved, placed under arrest, and Mungul Pandy, with the *jemadar*, put in irons.

There was a sufficiency of European troops in Barrackpur and its vicinity to overawe the sepoys from committing any further overt act of treason, and immediate steps were taken for the punishment of the two principal offenders. A military court sat that day, and on the conclusively incriminating evidence forthcoming thereat, Mungul Pandy and *Jemadar* Devi Purrsad were condemned to be hanged, while it was further decreed that their corps, the 34th regiment, which they had rendered infamous, should be disbanded.

The dual sentence was carried out on the day but one following. In a hollow square, formed by the entire garrison, European and native, stood a double gallows. The two culprits, under a guard, were marched from their respective cells, their crime and the finding of the court were read out to them, and they were asked if they had aught to say. The *jemadar* was silent, but Mungul Pandy, drawing himself up to his full height, said that he did not regret his acts, that with him rested the proud distinction of having struck the first blow, drawn the first blood, in the cause of his country and his religion, and that with his dying breath he prayed his gods to imbue every Hindoo and Mahomedan with patriotism sufficient to unite them against the hated Nazarenes, and strength sufficient to drive every worshipper of the Cross from the land. In another few minutes the two rebels dangled lifeless from the gallows.

Then, for the second act. A fresh disposition was made; three faces of a square were represented by the battalion and a half of British Foot, the 2nd, 43rd, and 70th Bengal

Native Infantry, a battery of guns, and the Cavalry. Then the wing of the 34th—the other wing was in garrison at Chetgaum—was ordered to make the fourth side of the square, immediately facing which stood the guns, unlimbered, and loaded to the muzzles with grape. The disbandment order was read out, and after a short denunciatory harangue General Hearsey commanded the doomed wing to ground their arms and divest themselves of the uniform which they had disgraced. The 34th, overawed by that frowning array of cannon and sturdy British infantry, sullenly obeyed. The duty of settling up their pay, etc. was next taken in hand, and in a few hours the mutinous sepoys, with their teeth thus effectively drawn, were marched off under escort to beyond cantonment limits, there to take the route, ostensibly to their distant homes in Oudh and Rohilkund, but in reality bound for every military post and station, to do the incendiary's work by fostering and propagating the demon of sedition and murder that held possession of their own treacherous hearts.

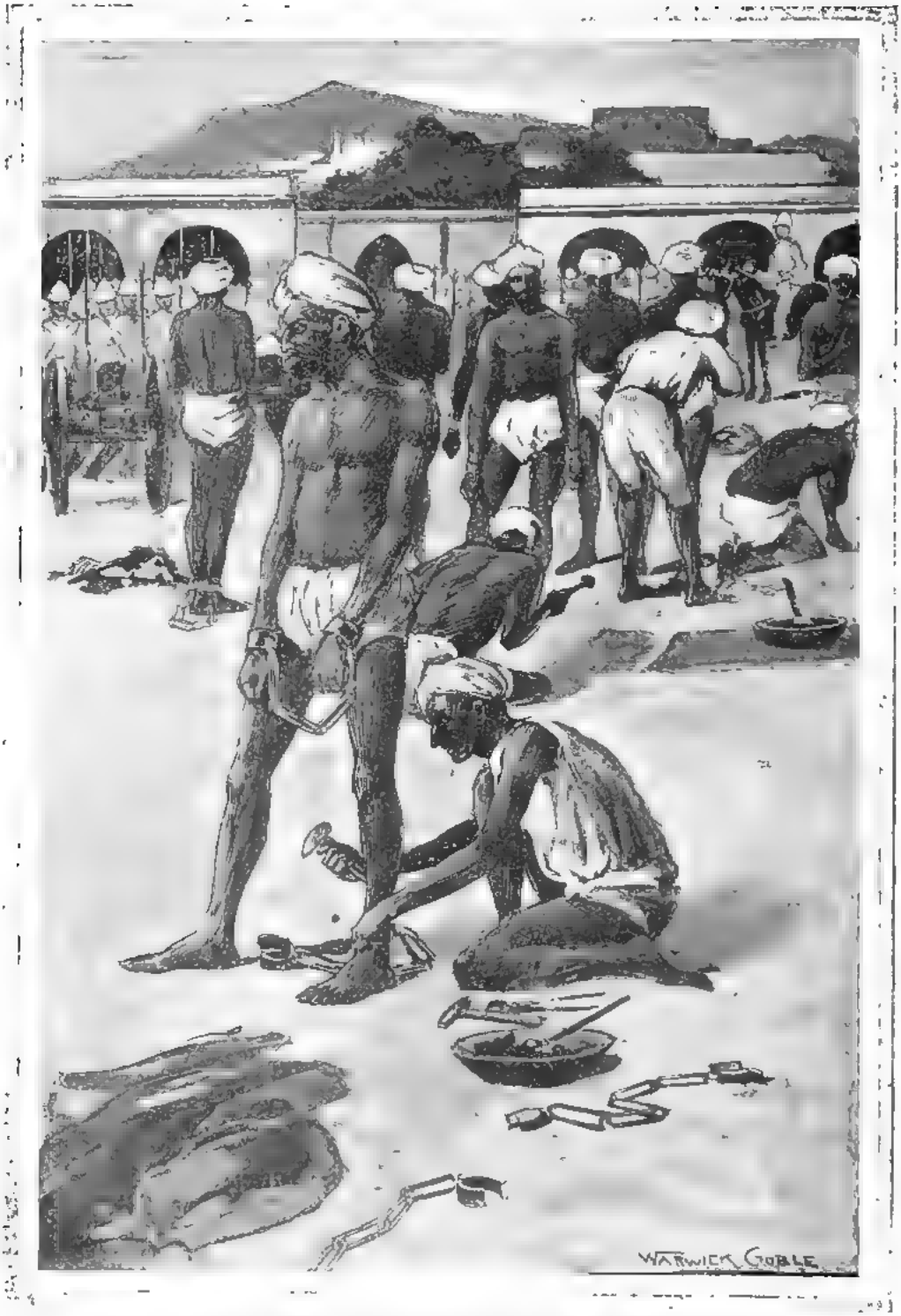
IV.—THE REVOLT AT MEERUT.

THE commencement of May, 1857, found the 11th and 20th regiments of Bengal Native Infantry, the 1st Battalion of H.M.'s 60th Rifles, two troops of English Horse Artillery, the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, and the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry in garrison at Meerut, a military cantonment about forty miles to the north of Delhi. That there was thunder in the air, a prescience of evil abroad, everyone was only too well aware; and a certain officer, Colonel Carmichael Smith, commanding the distinguished 3rd, noticing unequivocal symptoms of unrest in his men, determined—on his own initiative—to bring matters to a head, one way or the other, so far as his own corps was concerned. Accordingly, he ordered a parade of part of the regiment, for the trial of the new Enfield carbine, involving the use of the suspected ammunition. Riding down in the grey dawn to the regimental magazine, Colonel Smith came upon his men there, sitting their horses in orderly silence. But when the magazine was opened and the troopers were called upon to take each his quota of cartridges, all but five of the ninety present sternly refused to obey. Of the five exceptions, three were comparatively aliens to the corps, and two, the trumpeters of the party, being Eurasians, of course raised no objection.

"Ha!" exclaimed Carmichael Smith, as soon as he realised the significant fact, "so you also believe this nonsensical story! You, who possess the first record for bravery and loyalty in the army! You sheep, to be led astray like this! I can find no wiser name for you! But listen: you object to biting the cartridges, believing, children that you are! that we have greased them with the fat of pigs and cows. Well, will it satisfy you if I take the responsibility of ordering that the ends be torn off with your fingers instead of bitten off with your teeth? You, Mahomedans, sit on pig-skin saddles, ay! and have done so ever since you entered the Riding School: and you, Hindoos, the accoutrements you wear and have worn from the day you joined the service are made from the hide of the sacred cow: you all know that I speak the truth. Even assuming that the atrocious lie which has befooled you had a particle of truth in it, my proposed alteration of the order would remove the only possible objection to your handling the cartridges. I therefore give you leave to use your fingers, so be sensible, take your ammunition, and let us proceed to the firing-ground without further delay."

But not a man beyond the five already mentioned would budge. The Colonel exhorted them to obedience, and warned them in impressive language of the consequences of their mutinous conduct. But neither exhortation nor warning had any effect; they remained sullenly obdurate.

"Your blood be upon your own heads then!" cried Carmichael Smith, dismissing the parade and commanding the troop captains to take the squadrons back to the lines, while he himself rode on to the Brigadier's to report the occurrence. Brigadier Wilson, immediately grasping the gravity of the case, went with the cavalry colonel to General Hewitt, who, though old and infirm, had energy sufficient to order the summary arrest of the offending eighty-five. Accordingly, Smith and the other European officers again rode down to the 3rd lines, and, reassembling the regiment, on foot, the Colonel communicated the orders of the General commanding, and under the same authority consigned the malcontents to close arrest in the regimental guard-rooms, in charge of a native officer's party of their own corps, to remain in durance vile till the sentence of the court-martial, to be convened to sit on them, should be made known. Amid gloomy looks and portentous silence these instructions were carried out, and, after seeing the sentries posted, the Englishmen returned to their bungalows.



A SMALL ARMY OF ARMOURERS, GATHERED FROM EVERY REGIMENTAL WORKSHOP, RIVETED THE MALEFACTORS' IRONS ON THE LIMBS OF THE EIGHTY FIVE MEN.

In due course the court-martial sat: it was composed entirely of native officers of all three arms, some even being summoned from Delhi expressly for the function. As might be expected, there was but one finding—guilty; the court could not come to any other decision; rank rebels at heart, as all the members were, still, they had not yet openly thrown off their allegiance, and could give no other verdict than that of conviction. There was no rider, no recommendation to mercy or anything of that sort; the court unanimously condemned those eighty-five troopers to incarceration with hard labour!

How every member of that court must have laughed in his sleeve as he attached his signature to the proceedings to be submitted for confirmation of the general officer commanding! How the hangers-on, the friends of the condemned, must have hied off to the lines to communicate the finding to the relatives of the prisoners, pointing out that the court, its session, and its sentence, all formed but a part of the play.

A few days afterwards, *i.e.*, on the 9th of May, before the entire Meerut garrison, the eighty-five were marched up, and they, together with the other native corps, were so disposed that the cannon, rifles, and sabres in the hands of our Europeans threatened them with instant decimation at the first sign of resistance. The uniforms of the prisoners were torn from their backs, after which a small army of armourers, gathered from every regimental workshop in the station, riveted the malefactors' irons on the limbs of the eighty-five men. The work commenced and went on amid a speechless silence, but when the last bolt was driven and the operation pronounced complete a murmur resembling a multiplicity of sobs arose from the serried lines of native soldiery!

"Brothers!" cried one of the eighty-five, wringing his manacled hands in agonising appeal towards his comrades of the dismounted 3rd. "Brothers! Will you stand by and see this disgrace perpetrated on your own kith and kin? Are you going to permit us to be treated like common felons by these tyrants whom we have faithfully served and whom we would have continued faithfully to serve but for their design on our religion? Is this slur to be cast on us who have fought, bled, and died for them? Are you men to allow the insult of these irons on us?"

What the effect of this passionate appeal might have been on their fellow-countrymen under arms, had the circumstances been different, it is easy to imagine. Practically every sepoy there was more or less a rebel, and every sepoy's blood boiled as he stood an unwilling witness of the scene. But that battery of loaded guns, the port-fires in the hands of determined English artillerists, the dark line of our riflemen, and the glittering appointments of our mounted British cavalry, were potentialities against which the three thousand or so of native soldiers admitted the futility of contending; they could do no more than look on in impotent fury, while in the depths of their treacherous hearts grew the thirst for a terrible vengeance on the hated Christian. The eighty-five were duly lodged in the civil jail, the blood-red sun went down, and under cover of night secret councils were held, and a general upheaval for the following day decided on.

The morrow was Sunday. While our people attended evening service at the station church, the signal for revolt was given by a rocket discharged in the sepoy lines, and the work of slaughter was speedily inaugurated. With shouts of "Strike! strike! for our religion!" the 3rd Cavalry armed, mounted, and set the example by murdering several of their officers who chanced to be at the lines. A cloud of frantic horsemen rode at a mad gallop for the jail where, meeting with no resistance from the native police guard, they released not only the eighty-five, but also many hundred convicts at the same time. By now the infantry had risen; Colonel Finnis, of the 11th, who had hastened down to his lines at the first alarm, was shot from his horse while in the act of endeavouring to pacify his men. Raging through cantonments, troopers, sepoys, and rabble gave vent to their passions, murdering every Christian they could find with the most inhuman barbarity and setting fire to every Christian dwelling. . . . And thus the Mutiny began.

Such were the incidents characterising the outbreak of that terrible insurrection, the heroic records of which will remain for ever in the memories of all sons of Britain. In that Mutiny some of the most gallant deeds the world has ever known were performed; in the annals of that awful conflict we read of unsurpassed valour and self-sacrifice. Now, thanks to wise government, India lives in peace. The Mutiny taught us to respect the traditions and superstitions of Orientals. The lesson we had to learn was a truly stupendous one, but it has borne good fruit, and it is not probable that a mutiny on anything like such a gigantic scale—if on any scale at all—will ever occur again.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 9.—THE PLUCK OF A BRITISHER.

I.

PECULIAR though it may seem, Hickson's occasionally quarrelled among themselves. Sometimes the trouble arose in Carr's, sometimes in Bowen's; and not infrequently the disputes were "mixed." In this last case, the follower of Carr was at a distinct disadvantage. He couldn't hit the girl; neither was he generally able to say so many things as she was. Therefore, if the matter were not amicably settled by the parties concerned (as it generally was), plain justice demanded that it be brought before a selected tribunal, and disposed of by arbitration. That was all right. The rule, though seldom used, answered its purpose, and was also in force in Carr's House. The nature of Carr's leaned somewhat towards "scrapping," but Intellect (and Bowen's) voted for arbitration; and Intellect (with the help of Bowen's) won—on the whole. Thus were fellows inclined to pugilism led into the way of peace, and all was harmony and concord.

But occasionally in Carr's House there arose troubles that could be wiped out only with blood. In certain cases of deep injury and deadly insult, arbitration was found to be quite inadequate. Then would the girls shut their eyes, while the fight was fought in dead secret, until honour was satisfied or vindicated. Preliminaries being over, we can now go ahead.

Wallace E. Carter was large, fit, pugilistic by nature, and what Britishers term "intensely American, don't you know." He was excitable, obstinate, and prone to impulse and prejudice. He had an inborn objection to the "tight little island" and all pertaining to it—which, when you come to think of it, includes a good deal. He didn't really know why he objected, but he had been reared that way. He arrived at the College towards the middle of the summer term, and was taken up to the field (which was engrossed for the moment in cricket practice) by an obliging junior with red hair, who pointed out to him Hickson's shining lights of the period.

"There is Stan Lawson. Wait till winter and see him skate. The girl next him is Margaret Collins—she's frightfully clever."

"Ah," remarked Carter, "but who's that fellow?" indicating a tall youth who had an indescribable something about him that warned Carter of danger.

"That," said the obliging junior, with an added note of respect in her voice, "is the Britisher. He's cricket captain."

Carter's back stiffened, and he moved nearer the Englishman.

"I guess I'll pack my traps and go home if you've got many of *that* breed about."

The obliging junior looked surprised.

"There's only one," she said, "and he's—oh! what a lovely cut! did you see it?—he's Stanborough, you know."

"Huh! Stanborough, *bai Jove!* I can't stick these Britishers — always so high and—" A ball caught him full in the wind, and Carter doubled up—much to the delight of his obliging guide.

"Sorry!" laughed Stanborough. "But you shouldn't come so close. Toss it up, Jane Hobbs, will you?"

The red-headed junior obeyed with alacrity, and Carter walked off the field muttering.

"Grinning brute," he said, "I'll make him laugh the other side of his face."

That was the beginning of it. From that hour Carter set to work to make himself unpleasant to the Britisher, and (as is usual) in the general harmony the one discordant note made itself more prominent than the many tuneful ones.

"That chap," remarked Joseph White to the Britisher, "will have to be taken down. He's got his knife into you, and I opine that it will take a lickin' to get it out."

Stanborough laughed, and his behaviour in general suggested entire ignorance of the existence of Wallace E. Carter—who resented this with true American energy, his imaginary grievance assuming mighty proportions.

Hickson's watched with interest, speculating on the possibility of a crisis. Then the bloodthirsty, realising that it was not likely to be settled by arbitration, smiled at one another with an unholy joy, and pitied Carter from the bottom of their hearts. In the course of a few weeks things came to a head.

It happened in the field, when Stanborough's pet pitch was bagged by Carter. The Englishman politely ordered off the usurper, and received in return the burden of Carter's overcharged mind. He did everything but swear; attacking Stanborough personally, and as a nation, in no slight terms. Stanborough listened to the insulting flow with attention; then, without so much as a quiver of an eyelid, he turned his back on Carter and took up his stand at the wicket.

"Consider yourself ignored—not half!" muttered some one in the ear of Carter. And Carter fumed.

The rest of the afternoon passed as usual, but a mental vow was registered in the heart of Carr's to be present at the fight that must inevitably ensue between Carter and the Britisher.

At six o'clock on the same day Ronald Algernon Stanborough stood before a small oil-stove in his study, with a teapot in one hand—the other being ready to grasp the kettle the instant it reached boiling-point. In an armchair reclined Jonathan Flower, and a red-headed junior was setting out cups and saucers and a motley collection of eatables. The Englishman, after a term or so at the College, had intimated that he had not been in the habit of getting his own tea,

"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT CARTER."

and such was his popularity with the juniors that it was seldom he was called upon to perform that office for himself.

Jane, after surveying the table with satisfaction, refreshed herself with a lump of sugar and withdrew. At that moment, with a preliminary knock, Joseph White entered. His face depicted pleasurable anticipation.

"Say, Stanborough," he commenced, "I-s'pose you'll settle with Carter while Bowen's are at their next working-party?"

Once a week, for an hour, Bowen's plied their needles in unison; this useful arrangement being termed by Carr's the "working-party." Consequently, anything in which the girls were unable to participate was brought forward during this weekly hour.

"Settle what?" inquired Ronald, leaning over the stove with some anxiety.

"Why, fight him, of course!"

The kettle showed signs of rebellion, and was immediately captured by the Englishman, who now turned and faced White.

"You're under a false impression, my dear chap. *I'm* not going to fight Carter—or any one."

White breathed hard, with horrified astonishment, and a particularly happy expression flitted over the face of Jonathan. He was enjoying himself.

"But, Stanborough," said Joseph, "you're kidding. The things he said can't be fixed up by arbitration. Hickson's will think——"

"Let them," interrupted Ronald, who knew exactly what Hickson's would think; "it's good exercise. I'm not disposed to make a fool of myself to please Hickson's." And he poured the contents of the kettle into the teapot with deliberation.

Joseph's astonishment gave place to serious doubt.

"This isn't very usual, Stanborough. The chap insulted you no end, and he expects you to fight him. We all expect it."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you'll all be disappointed. Now then, White, draw up and be cheered but not inebriated—or else clear out. I want my tea; so does Jonathan."

The tone was final, and Joseph, disappointed, much puzzled, and not a little inclined to wrathfulness, "cleared out," to convey to Carr's that the Britisher did not intend to avenge the insults that had been heaped upon him. Which meant, in plainer language, that he had no stomach for the fight.

II.

DURING the week that followed, Ronald Stanborough noted with some bitterness the apparent instability of Hickson's friendship towards himself, and the ease and rapidity with which popular feeling turned against him. The report that he, on account of faint-heartedness, had refused to meet Carter, spread like chickweed. His knot of admirers at the nets dwindled down to a third of its usual size. Carr's seniors, though polite, intimated that they were in no particular need of his company; while Bowen's (with the exception of Mary Baker and Jane Hobbs) forgot arbitration, and talked in a veiled manner about British pluck.

Ronald showed no feeling in the matter to Hickson's in general, but he sometimes spoke of it to Jonathan Flower. Jonathan was unchanged. He sauntered through his life at the College in his own eccentric way. He professed to care for no one, but there existed in his composition at least two very real sentiments. One was a strong feeling of friendship for a young person who, in the days gone by, had just missed winning the Little National Scholarship, but who does not come into this story; and the other was an honest admiration for the Britisher.

"I reckon you'll have to fight," hazarded Jonathan, one afternoon, purely by way of experiment.

"Do you?" answered Stanborough, with an expression of pity for the other's intellect. "Well, we won't discuss it if that's how you feel about it."

"I don't. But, man, if you knew the joys and diversions of one who is a student of human——"

"Shut up!" said Ronald promptly. "And pass me the pump. I'm going to cycle into San Fran."

The day was fine, and as Stanborough had become accustomed to the eternal dust of California in general, and of San Francisco in particular, he managed to enjoy his spin to the city, in spite of his College troubles. He understood the general feeling of disappointment in himself, but could not attempt to explain things, on account of Hickson's having been so ready to lay cowardice to his charge. He knew that, without much exertion, he could administer to Carter what would doubtless improve him—a sound thrashing; but the Englishman had no intention of sacrificing one iota of his own self-respect in order to reinstate himself in the eyes of Hickson's.

Thinking of these things, he reached San Francisco; and, still thinking of them, he started on the ride back. He had met Joseph White and two more of Carr's seniors in Kearney Street, and they had passed him by with the merest glances of recognition. The Britisher pedalled a little faster as he thought of it. Before him in the distance walked two Hickson girls, arm-in-arm, their plaits hanging in straight easy confidence. Ronald meditated idly on the question of their identity.

Just as he had made up his mind that one was Isabel Uridge, something happened that caused him to lean forward and urge his machine to its utmost.

Two men—they had the appearance of tramps—stepped into the road, with their backs towards him, and, walking either side of the girls, accosted them with apparent roughness. Isabel Uridge increased her pace, but the other girl shrank back. In a few seconds the Englishman was upon them—and off his machine.

"Now then, you fellows—clear off!" His voice rang loud and bold, startling alike both tramps and girls.

One of the men turned, and with profane mutterings laid a hand on the arm of the other girl, whose name was Florence Tillotson.

"Stop it!" The Britisher emphasised his words with a swinging blow that sent the tramp reeling across the road, where he collapsed, in order to gain time to think things over. His companion, seeing that attempt of the same sort he managed to parry, and was lucky enough to get his left home on the tramp's chest—which made the ruffian gasp a trifle. "Bad condition!" thought Ronald, taking fresh heart.

But the rough had a little trick or two with which he was wont to supplement his fighting proper. As Ronald came on again the tramp feinted at his face, and at the same time hacked him savagely on the shin. Stanborough could not restrain a cry of pain.

SHE MADE A JUMP AT THE MAN AND DRAGGED HIM FORCIBLY BACKWARDS.

Ronald meant business, squared up to him with an ugly look on his face.

The struggle that ensued was, of course, an unequal one. The man was big and muscular, and had at some earlier period of his life picked up the elements of sparring—possibly when boxing for dollar rewards in low saloons. Stanborough had little science—only good arms and a good eye. He hit his hardest at the tramp, hoping to knock him down and be done with him. To his surprise, his fist met the empty air, and at the same time he received a crack on the jaw that made his teeth rattle. A second The rough showed his blackened teeth in a grin of triumph. But Stanborough's blood had been sent up to boiling-point by this blackguard kick, and he flung himself madly at his opponent, beating down his hands and coming to clinches with him. They swayed in each other's grasp, Stanborough's good athletic back and tip-top condition standing him in good stead now.

The tramp was weakening, and Ronald was mustering up his strength for a throw that should finish the combat, when from the corner of his eye he saw the fellow he had thrown into the ditch rise slowly to his feet.

Then his heart sank. There would be two of them now.

The girls, more breathless than the combatants, saw with terror the approach of the second tramp. He advanced with a cunning look upon his face, meaning to attack the plucky Britisher from behind. But Isabel Uridge was before him. Calling on Florence Tillotson to help her, she made a jump at the man and dragged him forcibly backwards. He turned fiercely, only to be neatly tripped up by Isabel just as Stanborough, with a mighty effort, threw his man off and with a hard drive in the

STANBOROUGH HELD OUT HIS HAND TO CARTER.

neck caused him to measure his length in the dust.

Then the three Collegians, without another glance at their discomfited foes, climbed the fence into a field, whence it was a short cut to Hickson's.

Meanwhile three fellows on bicycles, who in the distance had been excited witnesses of the fight, and who had pedalled their hardest along the straight road to reach the scene of action, slowed down with relief.

"Cleopatra!" exclaimed Joseph White. "What a—what a *corker!* Who was the chap?"

They passed one tramp sitting in the road, rubbing a lump on the back of his head, while the other leant against the fence, nursing a damaged knee. The Hicksonians refrained from passing remarks, but their chuckles were unrepressed.

"I've got a presentiment," said Stan Lawson, "that it was the Britisher."

"My land!" from Joseph, with much emphasis, but without surprise.

"I know," said the other fellow—Curtis—with conviction; "it was difficult to see during the scrap, but I recognised him when he lifted his bike over the fence."

"We'll soon see," answered Joseph; "we shall reach the Coll. before they do, and we can meet them as they come in. If it was Stanborough—well—we shall taste of humble pie, I reckon. Anyway, we'll see."

They did.

III.

Of course, Hickson's received Stanborough into their midst again, apologised handsomely and forgot Carter. The crowd at the Englishman's pitch doubled its normal proportions, and every one was happy—excepting Carter, that is.

After reviewing the situation with care, and acknowledging that he had misjudged the Britisher, and made a fool rather of himself, he decided that the relations between him and Stanborough were unchanged. The insults uttered in the field still remained unnoticed and unavenged, and he felt that nothing but a fight with Stanborough could restore to him (Carter) his self-respect. He knew now that the Britisher would thrash him, but he would rather be thrashed than ignored.

He was standing moodily in Carr's Court, when he heard the hum of voices and tramp of feet that signified the return of Hickson's

from the fields. The Britisher was in front, walking with Joseph White, and a mighty determination to assert himself came over Carter.

"Stanborough!" The drifting crowd paused. "Have you forgotten the things I said to you in the field last week?"

"No-o," replied Ronald doubtfully, as if he were uncertain as to the truth of his own statement. His expression was inquiring. Hickson's smiled, and Carter immediately became incensed.

"Because, whatever else has happened, and whether I was right or wrong, I don't take them back."

The crowd drew closer, to listen, but Ronald did not speak. Carter, who was really tired of hostilities, but anxious to maintain his honour, continued quickly and with some nervousness:

"I can't give you best, you know, till we've had it out. And—well—don't you think a round or two would clear the air?"

Hickson's speculated wildly as to the result, the great majority being in favour of a fight ensuing at last.

"Carter's doing the thing straight. The Britisher can't refuse now," muttered Joseph White to Mary Baker.

"He won't fight—not he!" whispered Jonathan, who had overheard the remark.

Stanborough shifted his bat into his left hand, and held out his right to Carter.

"I should say," he remarked coolly, with a grin of good-fellowship, "that the air would be cleared quite as effectually if we 'shook.'"

After a moment, Carter, a little sheepishly, but not without manliness, responded with some heartiness; and Hickson's trooped within doors in search of tea, laughing aloud at the Britisher's "way," secretly acknowledging the depth and breadth of a Britisher's pluck, and realising to some extent the power of moral courage over physical.

Bird Queries.—T. Wright (Boston, Lincs) sends me a bird for identification, which he describes as "somewhat resembling a sparrow, but about half the size. The colouring is the same as a sparrow except that the head is red-brown instead of slate-grey, and has black spots each side of head." It is really the Tree Sparrow (*Passer montanus*), a local species in this country, and found chiefly on the eastern side of the island. It is a bird more of the open country than of the town. I wonder how many of my readers interested in birds can distinguish between the Tree Sparrow and the House Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*)?—Chas. Haywood (Radclive, Bucks) also sends me a bird which he says he found "lying dead in some rushes by the river. . . . You will notice that its beak is broken, and as it seemed in very poor condition I supposed it to have died from starvation, as it might have been unable to feed properly." The specimen is a Sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter nisus*), and the hooked tip of its upper bill has been broken off short. This has probably resulted from the bird's descent from a great height to pounce upon a bird or mouse on the ground, but missing its aim it may have come with great force against a stone Starvation was inevitable, as with such a maimed beak it would find it impossible to pull its food to pieces even if it had managed to catch some with its claws.—Douglas Granger (Wimbledon) asks what a pair of Silver Pheasants ought to cost. I find it difficult to answer these commercial questions, because I have never taken up Natural History (so-called) from the commercial point of view. I know that there is no fixed price and that

it varies with the age and condition of the specimens. Any of the dealers in live poultry and fancy birds would give you a price, or if you consulted such a paper as *The Bazaar* you would see such birds advertised by amateurs.—"Nest" (Islay) sends me an egg for identification. It is, as he supposes, that of the Missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*).

Silkworms.—D. Granger (Wimbledon) also wishes to know "the best way of hatching Silkworms' eggs." The great advantage of Silkworm keeping over poultry keeping, for example, is the absolute simplicity of the process of rearing them from the eggs. No incubator or broody-hen is required. In a word, you leave the eggs severely alone and they hatch out at the proper time without any coddling or fuss.—Harold E. Swart (Salisbury) also wants to know about Silkworms—"how to keep them, their proper treatment, food, &c." I think we have dealt with this matter before. A good plan is to keep them in shallow wooden boxes, about a couple of inches deep—empty and lidless chocolate-boxes from the confectioner's do admirably. Lay out fresh mulberry leaves singly on the bottom and place the silkworms on the leaves. See that fresh leaves are added as soon as the previous supply is eaten, as the silkworm is a continuous feeder, and must have no compulsory fast imposed upon it. If the eggs hatch before the mulberry-tree is in leaf, you must give lettuce leaves as a substitute until mulberry leaves are obtainable. The box must be cleaned out every day, and all stale leaves removed. When the silkworms are about three inches in length they will cease to feed, and begin to spin a few threads across the corners of the box. They must then be removed singly to conical "sugar papers," which may be pinned to the wall or window curtains. In these receptacles they will spin their cocoons of silk, and change to chrysalids, from which in due time the moths will emerge. If you wish to preserve the silk, it must be unwound from the cocoon before the emergence of the moth, or the silk will be ruined.

Run for Fowls.—"Zoë" (Dublin) wishes to know "how many Faverelles he might keep in an uncovered run 22 ft. by 12 ft. The house is a large coach-house." He does not say whether the run is a movable one on grass, or fixed on bare soil. It must be remembered that the floor of a fowl-run soon becomes offensive, and the run must be frequently shifted or the top surface of soil removed and renewed. In laying down portable runs breeders for profit usually allow about sixty square yards of run to fifteen birds. On this basis of calculation your run should accommodate about seven birds. Many people would crowd a larger number into it, but the birds would probably suffer in health.

Conchological.—"Q. P-ite" (Glasgow) sends me a sketch and some particulars of a shell, and asks its name. His "rough sketch" is sufficiently good to enable me to say it is a species of Olive-shell (*Oliva*), but as the Olives are a very numerous family, and are much alike, neither the sketch nor the brief description is sufficient to indicate the particular species. They are found in tropical and sub-tropical seas and are all very beautiful.

Lark's Flight.—"Interested Reader" (Leamington) writes: "Reading the observations made by a 'Girl' of a Lark's flight, I take the liberty of stating my own of this year. On March 1, 1905, I timed three larks soaring in the air. The longest times I obtained were:

9 minutes 50 seconds.
12 „ 10 „
15 „

But in the beginning of April I discovered the length of time of two larks was still longer: the first 20 minutes, and the second 21 minutes 5 seconds. Of course, this part where I live is right in the country."

Toothwort.—"Botanist" (Gloucester) has found what he thinks must be the Toothwort (*Lathræa squamaria*), and asks if it is not a very rare plant. It is certainly not a common plant, but I do not think it can be considered exactly a rare one—"local" would perhaps be a better term. It is certainly not one of the plants that are well known to the general public. You should have sent me along a spike, and then I could have identified it for you. If you look up the first part of my "Wild Flowers Month by Month" (F. Warne and Co., 8*d.*) you will find a photograph of it which may enable you to be certain of it.

Hedgehog.—A. Hiller (Manchester) has a Hedgehog, and wishes to know if it should be "left in the garden free; if so, will it do any harm; and what shall he feed it on." Your hedgehog should certainly be allowed the free run of the garden, where it will do no harm, but good, by the destruction of insects and other pests. You would do well, with a view to taming it, to put down a saucer of bread and milk in one special spot every evening. Occasionally an egg, or a fowl's head, might be added. If kept in a run, it should be a roomy one, and it will require to have all its food provided for it in the shape of insects,

dead birds, mice, apples and so forth, in addition to milk and eggs.

Plant Queries.—S. Sing (Robertsbridge) sends flower and leaf of a plant found growing on April 11 in a wood beside a Sussex stream. Can I tell him its name? Yes: it is the Bear's-foot or Green Hellebore (*Helleborus viridis*), a plant of local occurrence in the south

BEAR'S-FOOT OR GREEN HELLEBORE.

and east of England, chiefly on chalk soils. It is not very well known to the public, even in the localities where it grows, probably owing to the greenness of its flowers and the difficulty of penetrating the undergrowths among which it comes up.—Arthur Fowler (Evesham) is a reader of my "Wayside and Woodland Trees," but is puzzled by a couple of trees he does not find illustrated there. The reason is that they are not trees of our woodlands or waysides, but foreign species only planted in pleasure grounds. Species A is the Cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*), whose home is in the Levant. Species B is the Chinese Arbor-vitæ (*Thuya orientalis*), from Northern China and Japan. Although the latter is not included in the genus *Cupressus*, it would be quite correct to speak of it in a broad general sense as one of the Cypresses, just as the Bramble and the Apple are spoken of botanically as Roses—being included in the same family.—S. Upton (Herne Hill) asks for the name of a plant he gathered near Westerham. The specimen sent is the Winter Cress (*Barbarea vulgaris*).

Gold-Fish.—I have two letters on this familiar subject this month. R. Smith (North Kensington) writes: "I have had a Gold-Fish for four years at least, and it is still alive. I give it about half a teaspoonful of 'ants'-eggs' in three days. I have the food chopped fine before giving it to my solitary fish. The water is changed about every three days with no weeds or stones at the bottom of the globe. But if the fish are kept for breeding, weeds may be wanted. Before I had this one I have now, I had one for three years. It would have lived longer had it not been killed by the one I have now."—E. G. Jones (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) has "kept a Gold-Fish in a fairly large oblong aquarium for nearly twelve months. For the past few months he has been living quite alone. Some weeks ago I introduced another gold-fish into the aquarium. The other fish, although he showed no disposition to quarrel, soon began to look ill, going about partly on his side. His fins and tail have since gone almost black. I have removed him to another vessel, where he has lived quite well for some weeks, his fins still being black. Could you tell me the reason for his behaviour, and the nature of the disease, if any?" I think there is little doubt that the newcomer had been attacked by the old inhabitant, unknown to E. G. J. These fights, with destruction of fins and tails, are probably due to the want of natural food, caused by the frequent changes of water and absence of weeds, which prevent the breeding of the minute creatures upon which they feed in a state of nature. The black fins are probably quite natural. Young gold-fish are black, the golden scales appearing as they get older, but many individuals continue to have black patches on their sides, fins, and tails.

Lizards.—E. G. Jones, as above, also tells me that he kept a pair of Lizards last year, and the male used to eat the eggs as soon as they were deposited by the female. He thinks this conduct was due to the fact that the lizards were frequently handled and examined. Probably so.

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

Last day for sending in, June 10.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, July 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN

Address envelopes and postcards as follows. Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 10.

The Results will be published in August.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"A June Event."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of June. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., A "Guv'nor" Cricket Bat, value £1 1s., manufactured by R. Abel and Sons. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" Cricket Bat, value 9s. 6d.

Class I. . . Age limit. Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve

No. 2.—***"Photographic Competition."*** -Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—***"'Captain' Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of *August* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season August falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Three "Selected" Benetfink and Co.'s Cricket Bats, value 9s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"Geographical Conundrums."***—You are requested to solve the following. Send a postcard with the name of the place opposite the number. The places referred to will be found in any good atlas.

(1) A good place in Leicester for housing sheep?
(2) In what Yorkshire town should pensioners live?
(3) A melodious village in New York, U.S.A.?
(4) On what river in Saxony do you go for a jaunt?
(5) A coast town of Massachusetts, U.S.A., unpromising for Scotchmen?
(6) A good place in Bulgaria for "new leaves"?
(7) The name of a gulf and river in North-east Siberia that addresses a certain girl affectionately?
(8) A narrow sort of place in Staffordshire?
(9) The name of a town in Asiatic Turkey that bids you kidnap your own father?
(10) Name of a U.S.A. city that expresses emphatic abhorrence of wrongdoing?
(11) A place in Panama named after a punctuation sign?
(12) Name of a place in Eastern Roumelia similar to that of a famous patent medicine?

Prizes: Class I., a Houghtons, Ltd., "Guinea Khito" Hand Camera. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, value 10s.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

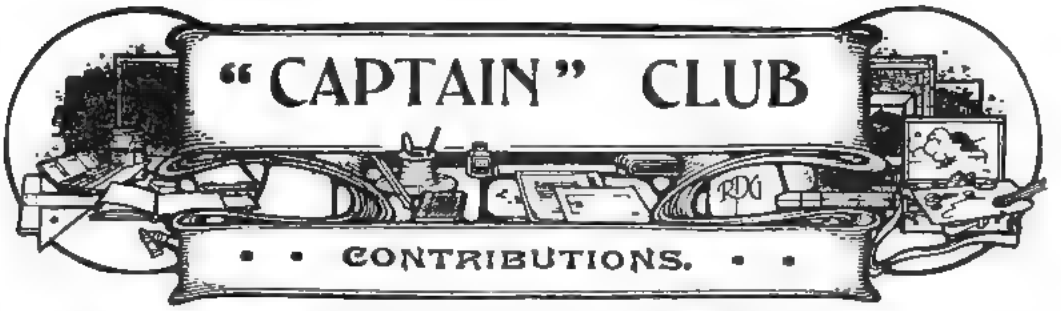
No. 5.—***"The 'Old Fag's Correspondence' Competition."***—Particulars of this will be found on an advertisement page. Prizes: Class I., a Hamley Model Yacht, value £1 1s. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a Post-card or Photographic Album.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen–Twenty.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—***"'Captain' Newdigate."***—To encourage readers with a taste for serious poetry, we offer a prize of Books to the Value of Ten Shillings for the best poem in blank verse not exceeding twenty lines. There will be two consolation prizes consisting of books to the value of 5s.—to be chosen by winners from Messrs. Newnes' catalogue.

No age limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***July 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial June Competitions."



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to R. O. M., C. O'Leary, A. H. E. J., John T. Morris, Sybil O'Neill, Margaret Altintop, and G. R. Pennant. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

The Scottish Rugby Championship, 1904—05.

THE Glasgow Academicals head the championship table, and what would have been an unbeaten record was snatched out of their hands in the last days of the season. The West of Scotland XV. are to be congratulated on doing what no other team has done; and further, they are to be commended for the fact that, although they only won by a dropped goal to a try (4–3), they kept the champions' score down.

After being champions for three years in succession, the once famous Edinburgh University XV. have had to give up their place to a better team.

Up to December 17 their record was seven played, seven won, and 112 points to 11.

On Christmas Eve, however, last season's joint-champions met, and the result was 9–0 for the victorious Glasgow Academicals. The 'Varsity's record from that memorable day to the end of the season was seven played, three won, two lost, two drawn, and 25–20 points. It may be mentioned that the Edinburgh 'Varsity beat Cambridge by 8–5, and Oxford by 16–8.

The Watsonians come third with three defeats —a 6–0 and 3–0 by the Glasgow Academicals, and 6–3 by the 'Varsity. The 'Sonians' points record is as good as the Glasgow Academicals', and better than any other team's.

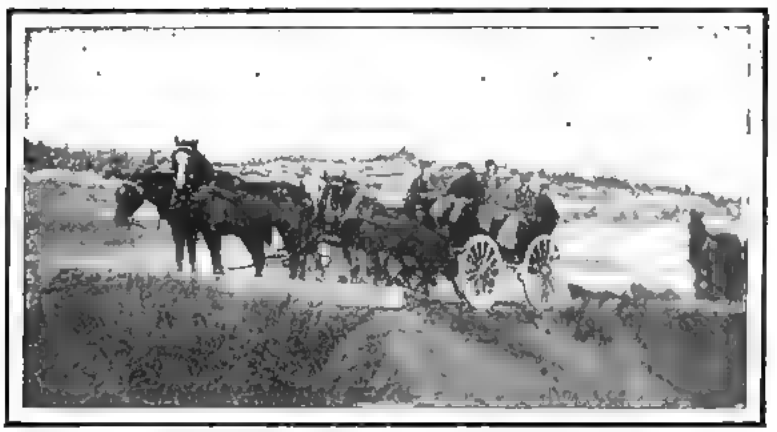
In their annual Welsh tour they got beaten by Swansea to the tune of 25–0, but two days later they accomplished a feat which no other Scotch team has as yet achieved—they beat Newport by 11–3.

Jedforest and Kelvinside Academicals tie for fourth place, each with four defeats.

Jedforest's best match was with the Edinburgh Academicals, whom they defeated by a goal to a try, while the Kelvinsides drew with the Watsonians.

Edinburgh Academicals have five defeats—two from the Watsonians, and one each from Glasgow Academicals, Edinburgh 'Varsity, and Jedforest.

They drew with their rival Academicals and also



RETURNING FROM THE LAKE DISTRICT: THE ENGLISH ELEVEN IN NEW ZEALAND.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

with the 'Varsity, and Oxford and Cambridge were beaten—the former by 14–0 and the latter by 6–0.

Appended is the position of teams for 1904–1905:

Team.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points. For.	Points. Against.	Points.
1. Glasgow Academicals	20	18	1	1	269	20	1
2. Edinburgh University	14	10	2	2	137	31	2
3. Watsonians	21	17	1	3	285	37	3
4. Jedforest	16	8	4	4	94	50	4
4. Kelvinside Academ'ls	18	11	3	4	95	85	4
5. Edinburgh Academicals	16	9	2	5	134	51	5
6. Gala	19	9	3	7	81	74	7
7. Glasgow University	16	6	2	8	77	115	8
8. Edin. High Sch'l F. Pts.	20	10	1	9	107	129	9
8. Hawick	21	7	5	9	71	72	9
8. Edinburgh Wanderers	14	5	0	9	69	149	9
8. Glas. High Sch'l. F. Pts.	18	6	3	9	51	134	9
9. Stewartonians	20	8	3	10	31	38	10
10. Melrose	16	3	1	12	27	116	12
10. Edin. Institution F.Pts.	19	3	4	12	27	152	12
11. West of Scotland	17	3	1	13	37	210	13

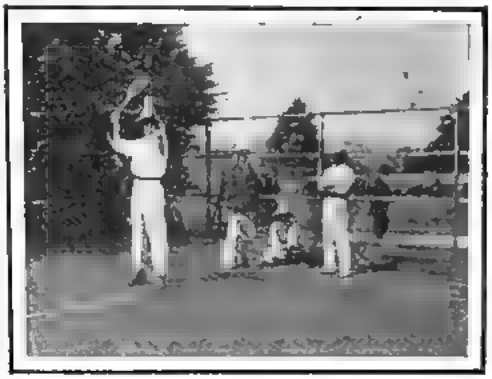
One point deducted for each defeat.

R. O. M.

THE ORIGINAL OF DICKENS' "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP," SITUATED IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS LONDON.
Photo. by George Bush.

Cricket in Ireland.

CRICKET is not played in Ireland on the county championship system, neither does professionalism exist. When a club travels, the members pay their own expenses, and, except in matches of an international character, there is no "gate," an arrangement which seems satisfactory to all. The principal club, the "Gentlemen of Ireland," is of a representative character, the eleven being chosen by the Committee controlling Irish cricket. Three seasons ago Earl Cadogan, the then Viceroy, arranged an English tour for the club, which was captained by that *doyen* of Irish cricketers, Sir Timothy O'Brien, of Middlesex fame. The club was very successful during the tour, and since then the club has met on Irish soil London County (captained by W. G.), Cambridge University (twice), and South Africans. In the game against our friends from the Dark Continent the visitors were all dismissed for sixty-four, the feature of the match being the bowling of Ireland's great bowler, T. C. Ross, who in the first innings took nine wickets for twenty-eight runs. Sinclair, Mitchell and Co. came to the wicket, took guard, surveyed the fielders, faced T. C. and promptly returned to the pavilion Ross's performance was, you will acknowledge, a great one. This great bowler has played in England for the Gentlemen *v.* Players.



ARNOLD, THE WORCESTERSHIRE CRICKETER, PLAYING TENNIS IN TASMANIA.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

Amongst Ireland's foremost players are R. H. Lambert, whose average last year was seventy-one; F. H. Browning, our best wicket-keeper, an old Marlborough College boy; A. D. Comyn, a steady bat and marvellous field; and H. H. Corley, the erstwhile captain of the Irish international Rugby XV.

Ireland's cricket outlook this summer is particularly rosy. The Gentlemen of Ireland will play the Gentlemen of England under the captaincy of H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, while Sir T. C. O'Brien brings a team representing the M.C.C.

C. O'LEARY.

Back to the Land.

IT is not much use planning out an open-air life with the short days of autumn gathering round us; we must try to live the next four months to the fullest extent; and how can that be done better than

by camping out under the great open sky and on the richly scented land, teeming with life and happiness?

Now I wish to write more to Old Boys rather than to those who are still at school—to fellows who, like myself, have regretfully left schooldays behind, and are perhaps working out our destiny in sedentary and indoor occupations.

To start with, there is nothing like sleeping in a tent. I intend doing so all the summer. (A second-hand Army Bell tent can be bought for 25s.)

Let me briefly outline a specimen of my week-ends.

Imagine a tent situated on a hillside in a quiet corner in Essex, a belt of firs and larches near, a running brook handy; while all round are open fields.

I mostly rise with the sun (the birds see to this, for they come chattering round shortly afterwards, joyous, healthy, and happy, to greet me). Then comes the delicious plunge in the stream, generally preceded by a little physical exercise (the apparatus being fixed on to a tree). After that a stroll, the small dog, my companion, nearly off his head with delight after rabbits, or his own tail for want of a better substitute. Breakfast next, leisurely cooked over an oil-stove, followed by that glorious first pipe which tastes so sweet after the hours of fresh air. Then follows a lazy time spent in reading and thinking.

Later on as evening draws near I seem to hear a special message coming to me over the hills. It is the tinkling of a church-bell. About two hours later I linger in the calm old-world churchyard, watching the rooks returning homewards, while the simple words of the preacher and the old, old, yet ever fresh, story he has just told me sink into my mind.

Then home to my tent along the cool, peaceful lanes. Nature, like a tired child, is sinking to rest, and bids me do likewise, and I am left alone with the quiet changeless stars.

A deep sleep steals over me . . . then bright warm sunshine, and my little friends calling me forth to another day of work.

A. H. E. J.

A TAME FOX AT THE MELBOURNE HUNT CLUB.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

Alphabetical Matches.

IF the M.C.C. authorities are ever at a loss to arrange an interesting and novel cricket match, they might do worse than choose two teams of, say, A's *versus* B's or L's *versus* M's.

For instance, we find that the B's would make a very formidable side indeed, as witness: C. J. Burnup, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. W.

A VISIT TO THE KENNELS OF THE MELBOURNE HUNT CLUB.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

A LESSON IN FIRST AID.

A Fractured Jaw: Raise the jaw to its natural position, place a narrow bandage over the head and under the chin, cross the ends over one ear, carry them round the head, and tie.

To Bandage a Fractured Upper-arm, use two splints—one inside and one outside the arm, tie them with two triangular bandages—one above and one below the fracture, and place the arm in a sling

Photos. by Sybil O'Neill.

Beldam, E. A. Beldam, G. Brann, W. Brearley, Blythe, Buckenham, Braund, Barnes, Butt.

Good enough to beat the Australians almost, isn't it?

Perhaps the only alphabetical team strong enough to play the "Busy Bees" a tight game would be the H eleven: Lord Hawke, Hirst, Haigh, Hunter, Hallows, A. H. Hornby, Hayward, Hayes, A. J. Hill, J. T. Hearne, and Hargreave.

Quite a Lancashire and Yorkshire flavour about that team, by the way.

While our late Athletic Editor, Mr. Fry, would have a hard job to pick a first-class lot of F's (barring the Fosters), his successor at the CAPTAIN office, Mr. Warner, could lead the following splendid team into the field:

P. F. Warner, C. M. Wells, L. G. Wright, Captain Wynyard, S. M. J. Woods, C. J. B. Wood, A. P. Wickham, Wrathall, Warren, Wilson, and Wass.

If Mr. J. R. Mason was asked by the M.C.C. to choose a team of M's, he could hardly get together a representative eleven without calling in the "Macs," but with their assistance his team need fear no foe in flannels:

J. R. Mason, A. C. Maclaren, C. M'Gahey, G. MacGregor, H. M'Donnell, L. J. Moon, F. Mitchell, H. Martyn, Mead, Myers, and Moorhouse.

The M.C.C. are at liberty to avail themselves of this suggestion free, gratis, and for nothing.

JOHN T. MORRIS.

Smyrna.

THERE are a good many things about Smyrna that must strike the stranger as peculiar. For instance, I suppose it must look rather funny to a tourist or visitor to see a long string of camels, led by a meek-looking little donkey, walking the streets with slow step and dignified mien; but to us it is perfectly natural, for it is such a common occurrence. The last camel of the string has a huge bell, with two smaller bells inside it, fastened to his saddle. Every step the camel gives, the bell rings; so, if the chain breaks, the bell stops, and the man (who generally rides on the donkey) gets warning that an accident has happened. The bay is rather pretty, being enclosed by mountains on all sides but one. The sea is very blue, and, being the Mediterranean, tideless. Bands of brigands live on the mountains, making it impossible to explore them all over, which is a great pity. Behind Smyrna is Mount Pagus, where Polycarp was murdered; his tomb is there too. Smyrna was built at first on the Mount, but an earthquake destroyed it some years ago, and now the finest part of the town is by the sea. In the streets you meet a most extraordinary mixture of people—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and Europeans of every country. It is very hot in summer from May to September;

the heat is damp, and makes you feel awfully fagged if you try to do anything exerting. A great deal of fruit grows to perfection, and most delicious jams are made by the native women. Delicious melons are bought at four *metalliques* (*2d.*) each; and luscious grapes for about *3d.* for three pounds! In summer the poor people live chiefly upon "*pilaf*" (rice), fruit, and coffee. Smyrna is divided into several "quarters"—the Turkish quarter, the Jewish quarter, &c. The fashionable promenade is the quay, which is very badly paved, considering what a progressive town Smyrna is. The only attraction to me is the lovely view of the bay—hills all round, and the little village of Cordelio opposite. In summer the sky is a most lovely blue, without a cloud anywhere. It never, or very rarely, rains from May to October. In winter the hills are generally covered with snow; men go in companies and bury huge lumps of it. This they sell in summer for two *mats* (*1d.*) the "oke" (about three pounds). Very few wild flowers are found, the prettiest being the anemones, which grow in patches on the low hills, and are of different colours, white, mauve, purple, pink, and bright red.

MARGARET ALTINTOP
(British Consulate, Smyrna).

Brecon College Internationals.

AN event has lately occurred in the Rugby football of Wales and of old Breconians which constitutes a record for this ancient foundation. In the match against Ireland this year, which won for the principality the highest honour that it is possible to gain in international Rugby football, namely, the "Triple Crown," four old Breconians took a very prominent part; for who can say there were four more brilliant men on the field than W. M. Llewellyn, E. T. Morgan, A. F. Harding, and J. F. Williams? The first of these has taken part in no fewer than nineteen international matches and scored in nearly every one. In his first match he scored four tries, and against Scotland this year he scored the two tries which gained Wales the victory. E. T. Morgan has played in ten matches, and has scored in nearly every one of these, his most noticeable performance being his two tries against England at Cardiff this season. He is generally considered as being the best three-quarter at present playing football. A. F. Harding has taken part in twelve matches, and is considered to be the best forward playing in the four countries, his dribbling being his chief characteristic. J. F. Williams gained his "cap" for the first time in the last match of the season, against Ireland, and fully justified his selection by playing a capital game, being commended by most of the critics for his capital performance in this match. Three of these four have captained the college football team, *i.e.*, Llewellyn, Harding, and Williams; Morgan captained the school cricket team. In addition to these, several more "old boys" have been very near gaining international honours, H. T. Maddocks, Jack Jones, of Pontypool, and J. C. M. Dyke, of Penarth, having played in the Welsh trial match, and the first and last of these have been reserves this year, Maddocks having had very "hard lines" in being injured before the Irish match, in which he would most probably have taken part. Another "old boy" who has taken part in a trial match this season is J. P. Jones, of Guy's Hospital, an elder brother of Jack Jones. The latter was selected for the trial match the term after he left school. I think this is a record which Brecon is fully justified in being proud of, as I can assure you we are, and we shall be prouder still next year if we see more "O. B.'s" taking part in this noble game and representing their country.

G. R. PENNANT.

A BISON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A daring snapshot taken by Mr Alfred Pearse during the Prince and Princess of Wales' Colonial Tour in 1901–3.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Summer is now with us, and our tables and mantelpieces are garnished with sweet flowers. You will not, I hope, mind my saying a thing or two about these flowers. Don't you think, for instance, that flowers convey their own lesson? They are so fragrant and pure; they give such pleasure and colour to our lives. They smile in the sunshine, they droop in the showers; when they are plucked and put in water they hold up their heads bravely for a day or two, and then they languish and die, having fulfilled the purpose for which they were brought into the world. They are emblems of purity and unselfishness, and should have a cleansing, uplifting influence upon us. Let us try, then, when we cast our eyes upon these flowers of summer, to think nobler thoughts and do nobler deeds.

DAISIES.
J. B. Welford, Finsbury Park.

GATHERING FLOWERS.
H. Leakey, Sydenham.

Thoughts come crowding on this simple mention of flowers. To begin with, their presence on a study mantelpiece should have a due effect on the occupants of that study. A few vases of flowers—so much better than picture-postcards of actresses who don't know you and don't care twopence about you if they do. Fling those picture-postcards away, and instal in their places some vases of summer flowers. Your study and you will be ever so much the better

for the change. The flowers are your gentle servants—they have bloomed for you, for you they give up their fragrant life-breath. As for the actresses—faugh! Such photographs as you have should be of your sisters and your friends—faces that you know and like to live with. Surely you should be more exclusive than to decorate your rooms with faces that smirk to order at the photographer's and smirk subsequently on fifty thousand mantelpieces besides your own! It is, indeed, high time that this postcard-portrait folly came to an end.

With a little trouble you may have flowers on your mantelpiece all the year round. Each month has its blooms; when they are scarce you will prize them all the more. Best of all, of course, are the flowers you grow yourself, water yourself, tend yourself, and pluck yourself. But if you are at school and cannot grow flowers, you surely possess *some*body who can send you enough for your vases? Failing that, as a last resource, you can buy them from village folk—a big bunch for *2d.*—and so possess something more lasting and beautiful than hardbake or Turkish Delight. Please think over this little idea of mine about flowers in your study. You must not imagine it is effeminate

HYACINTHS.
W. F. Laing, Sunderland.

LILIES.
W. F. Laing, Sunderland.

or lady-like to love flowers. Some of the greatest men that have ever lived—real men—have been ardent flower-lovers; their world-toil over for the day, they have retreated with delight to their gardens and green-houses, and, in this healthy relaxation, have grown better and stronger men. Have flowers in your studies, then, and take a pride in them. They are Nature's garden children, whose smiles are true and whose pure fragrance should sweeten our thoughts. Flowers are good and gracious, and should set us thinking of nought but what is fair and wholesome, for their message is that true happiness is not to be found in gross pandering to our senses, but in trying to get the best out of ourselves, in looking at the world with honest eyes, and in striving to be "true and just" in all our dealings. That is the simple little sermon preached by flowers—Nature's garden children.

Subjects for Debating Societies.—Not long ago a reader wrote asking for "new subjects" for School Debates. I therefore offered prizes for the best suggestions, with the result that a goodly crop has come to hand. I print a selection hereunder, and may print some more in a future number. Surely it is time that the changes were rung on such old tunes as "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" I commend the

following topics to the consideration of Debating Society secretaries:

That it is wrong to argue against one's convictions.
That the progress of the world is due to the man of one idea.
That co-education of boys and girls is a sign of the highest civilisation.
That "all the pure and noble arts of Peace are founded upon War" (Ruskin).
That courage, moral or physical, is not so much a matter of temperament as of circumstance.
That innate good or evil is not unchangeable.
That platonic friendships are quite possible.
That women have more influence on the world than men.
That a man's character is his fate.
"Multum legere potius quam multa."
That "Manners Makyth Man."
That there is no room in the universe for an idle man.
That well-begun is half-done.
That a little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing
That the fulfilment of debts of honour is imperative *providing* that it causes no trouble or misery to others
That Great Britain's naval policy must be *offensive*, not defensive.
That modern novels sacrifice reality for realism.
That the school-boy has not deteriorated during the last fifty years.
That tactful people must necessarily become artificial.
That a boy's sense of honour is keener than a girl's.
That ghosts really exist.
That the formation of character is the true end of all study.
That the barbarian is happier than the civilised man.
That the present system of competitive examination is prejudicial to intellectual development.
That ill-health improves the character.
That the invention of gunpowder has proved a curse to humanity.
That the British masses are over-educated.
That competitive examinations are not the fairest means of obtaining the best material
That no useful purpose is served by the Channel Swim.
That military training be made compulsory.
That the frequent reading of newspaper articles tends to destroy individual thought.

Here, then, is the pick of the crop. Some of the subjects suggested are hardly suitable for school debates—*e.g.*, "That platonic friendships are quite possible"—but, as THE CAPTAIN is read by many adults, no doubt all the suggestions I have printed will appeal to some kind of community or other. I sincerely trust that this list will prove of service to such debating societies as are short of new subjects.

"Dr. Silex," by Harris Burland (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.), is a book I particularly wish to recommend to CAPTAIN readers. Mr. Burland has provided us here with one of the brightest romances that has been produced for some time. The plot is ingenious and original. After the victory of Henry I. at Tenchebrai, a company of Normans escape in their ships and make for the North. Driven by a vast upheaval of nature to the very Pole itself, they find there a land rendered fit for human habitation by the volcanic nature of the soil. Here they settle, and the Kingdom of Asturnia is founded. While the rest of the world advances, Asturnia practically stands still, preserving in the nineteenth century all the characteristics of the twelfth. How Dr. Silex, the hero of the story, is induced to fit out a mighty expedition, ostensibly to discover the North Pole, but really to replace on the throne of Asturnia the rightful queen, and how the expedition fares, may be read in the pages of this attractive book. The story presents a lively and graphic description of life in the days of chivalry, and we feel that the author has caught the true spirit of the times. The characters are skilfully drawn, and the whole book is written with much spirit. The events move rapidly forward, and the reader passes on from adventure to adventure in a state of rapt expectancy. Mr. Harris Burland may be congratulated on having provided his readers with an entertaining and successful book, and we shall follow his career with interest. At Oxford Mr. Burland won the Newdigate Prize with a poem of exceptional merit. Many Newdigate prize-winners have made a big mark in the world in after days, and it looks as if the author of "Dr. Silex" were destined to achieve distinction in no small degree as a writer of powerful fiction.

"The Amateur Littérateur."—The latest amateur periodical to reach me is *The Amateur Littérateur*, official organ of the British Amateur Literary Association, which has been running for some time. As a criticism is asked for, I must say that it seems to me, on the whole, a well-produced paper. The poem printed on page 1, "When a Feller's Engaged to a Gal," does not strike one as being either a refined or desirable contribution, though a certain amount of talent is displayed in its composition. It would have been more modest of its author, Mr. Alfred H. Pearce, to have awarded it a less prominent position in the paper which he edits. The other poetry in the magazine is distinctly praiseworthy. Mr. Roosmale-Cocq contributes a strenuous

word-picture of "A Naval Battle"; the reviews of other amateur magazines are well done; and the essays on "old boy" members of the association are written by the editor in a genial spirit for which we have nothing but commendation. The gem of the number to hand, however, is the poem quoted below:

REGENT STREET POLYTECHNIC DAY SCHOOL FIRST FOOTBALL XI.

The gentleman in the middle of the back row is Mr. J. E. K. Studd, a member of the famous cricketing family of that name. Mr. Studd is now President of the Polytechnic Institution, in succession to the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, the Founder.

CROCUSES.

Crocuses! fragile, dainty, fresh, and fair,
  Ye come in gayest garments blossoming,
  Obedient to the early call of spring,
Your bright eyes laughing from the brown earth bare.
Gay little butterflies from Flora's bowers,
  How quickly do ye waken from your sleep,
  As if impatient at the world to peep,
Ere yet the sun has chased the wintry hours!
  Who dyed your robes of yellow, purple, blue?
Did some kind fairy from the rainbow bright
  Fashion them with her dainty hands for you?
And who designed your little robes of white?
  Perhaps an elfin from the land of snow:
  Perhaps an angel: how can mortals know?

EDITH YOUNG PEARCE.

The Amateur Littérateur is published on the 15th of every alternate month—address of editor: 14 Cardiff Road, Longford Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Subscription, 1s. per annum post free. I am also in receipt of *The Literary Aspirant* for April. I have already reviewed this magazine, which is both modest and tasteful, being edited with skill and care. Composers who want words for songs might do worse than consult the pages of these two little magazines.

School Sports.—In reading over the results of School Sports which Mr. Warner has printed on the last page of his "Corner," one cannot help being struck by the poor high jumping. The best of the lot—and that not one to crow over-much about—is R. M. Peat's (Sedbergh) 5 ft. 3¼ in. Next comes Repton, then St. Paul's, then Clifton. This jumping isn't good enough. No wonder Yale and Harvard lick us in the jumps when they come over here. There *have* been schoolboys who have jumped 5 ft. 10 in. Why has the present generation degenerated in

this fashion? In the 'Varsity Sports this year I believe the best high jump was 5 ft. 7½ in. That won't beat the American cracks, one of whom is sure to do 6 ft., or over. I saw an American jump over 6 ft. at the Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Yale and Harvard sports, in July 1899. It was wonderful. He jumped straight—not sideways. On that afternoon I also saw Workman win the Three Miles for perfidious Albion—a thing to remember all one's life! . . . But to return to these School Sports. I implore public school high-jumpers to specialise more. That is what the Americans do—they specialise. I don't believe in too much of it, but I think we really ought to make a strenuous endeavour to turn out a great 'Varsity high-jumper. 5 ft. 7½ in. as a best 'Varsity jump is simply ignoble. It won't do. Scanning the results, I notice that in several cases the "hundred" was won in 11 sec. That is a good enough time for a school-boy. At the 'Varsity it descends to 10⅘ sec., but to beat America it must be 10 sec. dead. A good mile should be well under 5 min., and Clifton appears to have an excellent miler in the shape of Pears, whose time was 4 min. 37⅕ sec. The South Eastern College, Ramsgate, boasts a 4 min. 49 sec. man, and the only other schools, in the results we publish, who can do the mile under 5 min. are Sedbergh and St. Paul's. With regard to these two schools, one's attention is attracted to the particular pot-winner of each—Gwatkin, of Sedbergh, and Just, of St. Paul's. In each case, these won the mile, half, and quarter. In addition, Gwatkin won the 100 yards—not a bad afternoon's work! Dulwich possesses a fellow who can throw a cricket-ball a mighty long way in the person of P. W. Bain (108 yd. 2 in.), and the South Eastern College, Ramsgate, is to be congratulated on another useful man for deep field work—Shaw, whose throw was 100 yd. 8 in. Of the schools under notice, South Eastern College and Oakham appear to have the best long jumpers, while in putting the weight St. Paul's is easily first with its crack athlete's 32 ft. 9½ in. Mr. Just is also the best quarter-miler of the lot. We shall follow his future with interest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Exchange of Magazines.—Gerald F. Marson, editor *Hoe Preparatory School Magazine*, Plymouth, wishes to exchange copies with the editors of other preparatory school magazines. He remarks that far too little is done in the way of exchanging preparatory school magazines. I agree with him, and hope this notice will result in a great increase of such exchanges.

H. G. Atkinson.—I am sure I can't tell you what the measurements of a correctly proportioned man or woman should be. I think there is a lot of faddism in this physical culture business. A healthy boy should not be bothering about his measurements. If he is strong and fit, enjoys his games and his meals, sleeps well, and tackles his work with a sound, clear brain, he has no need to trouble about physical development. As to your question about dumb-bell exercise—certainly it is good for expanding the chest, but swimming is a lot better. Indian clubs and the usual gymnastic exercises are excellent for development, but games in the open air are better and healthier developers than any amount of indoor exercises. It is a grand thing to begin the day with a cold tub, if you can stand it, and I expect you can. Most boys can. Don't, however, be always thinking about your muscles and your measurements. Develop yourself unconsciously and naturally by playing games.

"Erin" sends a conundrum: *Question:* What animal has two eyes, and can't see; two ears, and can't hear; four legs, and can't walk; and yet can jump as high as the Eiffel Tower? *Answer:* A dead donkey

Anti-Hicksonite takes exception to the statement of "A Fellow at School" to the effect that the Dollar XV. is one of the best in Scotland, seeing that it was defeated by Fettes' *Second* XV. by 8 points to 6 on October 8, 1904. Other correspondents have written in a similar vein.

D. Braik.—You should write to Mr. Nankivell and suggest that he publish his articles in book form. He has written several handbooks on stamps, a list of which he would send you if you enclosed a stamped envelope. Very glad to hear that by following our advice and joining evening-classes, instead of working by yourself at home, you have progressed so well with your languages, which are bound to be of use to you, whatever you take up.

Compo sends a good motto for athletes who are given to over-much self-esteem. It is from *Troilus and Cressida*, where Agamemnon says to Ajax: "He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise."

E. C. S.—The following are the seven best volunteer infantry corps in London:

20th Mdlx. (Artists), Duke's Road, Euston Road, W.C.
7th Mdlx. (London Scottish), Buckingham Gate, S.W.
1st London (London Rifle Brigade), Bunhill Row, E.C.
12th Mdlx. (Civil Service), Somerset House, W.C.
14th Mdlx. (Inns of Court), Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
19th Mdlx. (Bloomsbury Rifles), Chenies Street, Bedford Square, W.C.
13th Mdlx. (Queen's Westminsters), Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Of these, the London Scottish would hardly be advisable, unless you are a Scot; the Civil Service is restricted to *employés* of Government offices; and the Inns of Court is exclusively for old public school boys and lawyers. Of the remaining four, the

Artists' and the London Rifle Brigade are socially a grade or so higher than the Bloomsbury Rifles and Queen's Westminsters. Both are excellent corps, with the advantage in favour of the former, which has a particularly good school-of-arms. The Queen's Westminsters have a number of companies recruited from the *employés* of big West End houses (Shoolbred's, Maple's, &c.), which indicates their social standing, and the Bloomsbury Rifles are about the same. The *Volunteer Annual* for 1904 can be purchased direct from A. & C. Black, Soho Square, W., price 1s. 3d., and will give all information. Application for particulars as to any individual battalion should be made to the Adjutant of the corps at headquarters.

"Interested," writing from Johannesburg, suggests that all CAPTAIN serials be continued through two volumes instead of being limited to one. I should like to hear further opinions on that point. I think six months is long enough myself.

"Sultan on Cats."—Several correspondents have written to say that the typewriter portrayed in the heading of this story (March number) is a Remington, whereas Miss Jaquetta C. Lemm stated that she was composing on a "Blick." I trust the artist did not draw the wrong kind of cat as well!

L. B. R.—I don't think anybody imagines that Canada is a finer country than England. I am also sure English boys know that they must rough it when they go out there, and are not deluded by the highly coloured accounts which they read of Canadian life. England is the country of countries—taking her all round, and, in spite of her funny climate, she can't be beat. People who have lived in all parts of the world agree to that, and come home here to end their days. In most foreign countries you get too much of one kind of weather; in England you get specimens of every kind. On a really fine summer day in England you could not desire more perfect climatic conditions. Kind regards to you and brother colonists. Always glad to autograph picture postcards.

Trefoil—Your sonnets show promise, but are hardly up to publishing form. I, too, have heard that Disraeli had no favourite flower. The reason why primroses are associated with his name is to be found in the fact that Queen Victoria, when sending a beautiful wreath of primroses to be put on his coffin, remarked that the primrose was "his favourite flower."

Would-be Sailor.—A nomination from some one having influence with a shipping company is required to obtain a post as an assistant purser. The minimum age is twenty, and the applicant must have had an ordinary English education, and possess good business ability. A knowledge of foreign languages is useful. The pay varies from £4 to £5 per month.

School Sports.—H. R. Bennett (Clifton), "An Alleynian," "A Felstedian," "A Reptonian," R. Aikenhead (Ramsgate), "Pauline," "A Sedberghian," "An Albanian," "A Fauconbergian," and E. L. Joseph (Cambridge) are thanked for sending us the results of their respective school sports.

C. S. L.—The age for entering is eighteen. The cost of examination (in history, geography, arithmetic, &c.) is the only expense, no premium being required. Salary from £85 to £90 to commence. For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Eastern Telegraph Company, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

F. E. Pailthorpe.—If you look through your back numbers you will find letters from readers describing their clubs. The idea is that you meet in a room or rooms—lent or hired—so many evenings a week, you go for walks and cycling excursions together, you subscribe for certain periodicals, and, in short, build up a pleasant little community which will help you to pass your leisure hours in a much more interesting manner, and perhaps lay the foundations of life-long friendships. That is what we call a "Captain Club."

S. McClosky.—After announcing certain new features in our issue for September 1902, I found it necessary to alter the advertised programme. That is all the explanation I can give you, and with that you will have to be content.

R. W. G. Read.—I thank you for your most pleasant letter. I agree with your remark to the effect that a boy forms his own character. Still, other people can help to develop his natural vices or cultivate his natural virtues. No one pretends to form a boy's character without the aid of the boy himself. As for those who bring a bad influence to bear on a boy, well—you know the old text—"It were better that a rope were put round his neck," &c.

"The Silver Cañon."—In our last issue this story was erroneously attributed to the late Jules Verne. Mr. W. Sidford is good enough to point out that the author of the story in question was Mr G. Manville Fenn.

"Hickson" Schools.—I shall refer next month to the letters which have reached me on this subject.

"A Present Wrykynian."—Particulars about covers are given at foot of contents. Greyhouse is a mixture of schools. **Piscator.**—Absolutely no room at present for any more corners. **A. Z.**—Your writing won't set the Thames on fire. You can hardly expect me to criticise the "poetry," as it is simply a copy of "The Name on His Collar." Try always to be original. **F S.**—The best way to enter the Merchant Service is *via* the *Worcester*, or the *Conway*. Full particulars can be obtained from the Commander in either case. **F. W W.**—Send your coins to W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69 New Oxford Street, London, W., enclosing necessary stamps for return. **A. Fraser.**—It is possible that Mr. J. O. Jones may reappear in our pages. I can't say for certain yet. **Scootch.**—Your lovely narcissi and cowslips were very welcome. I thank you, my dear. **E. A. Elliot.**—In his delirium he mixed up cricket and football. That is quite plain.

Captain Club.—All applications for membership have been duly attended to. In future we shall not acknowledge applications for membership, but applicants may take it for granted that they have been "clubbed."

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: F. S. Bowker, H. W. Browne (Melbourne), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), W. H. Wilson, "W. G. H.," "D. F." (you have an idea of drawing, but not much), J. A. Grimshaw (you may be a very fine chap, but you can't write poetry, sonny!), Pat Stewart, "P.S.," C. B. V. Wheeler (Auckland, N.Z.—very pleased to hear from you), Starler Brot (or something to that effect), F. Newens, F. C. Warburton, M Kebhelf, "Geoedw," W. H. C. Fraustadt.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—"An April Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Percy H. Gibbins, 171 Ditchling Road, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: P. E. Petter, "Abertawe," Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric M. Ritchie, Andrew McFadyean, Winifred S. Kerr, John Beverland, G. Austen Taylor, Henry J. Ross, J. G. Pearson, Winifred K. Gould, Alex. L. Ogilvy, Bernard Weaver, Ethel M. Taylor, B. A. Poole.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Jas. MacGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arnold Heathcote, "Heathfield," Worsley, nr Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. E. Field, Nora Johnson, H. J. James, Thomas A. Evans, R. H. Burden, J. M. Silver, E. O. Rutter, E. Barrow, Daisy Brooks, Arthur W. Fox, A. L. Cranfield, George E. Hughes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Percy Powles, 15 Huron Road, Balham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Gerald Child, 79 St. Mark's Road, Notting Hill, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Seymour-Ure, A. J. Goldring, Donald Wheatley, B. J. Michael, Wilfrid Adams, C. Hunter, William Barnham, David McFarlane.

No. II.—"Subjects for School Debates."

(No age limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Eleanor Silsby, 23 Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jacob Alexander, 82 Antill Road, Bow, London, E.; C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. W. Wigmore, S. W. Spikin, D. M. Pennycuick, Peter Hair, May MacCowen Hall, Mabel Jones, R. L. Pawlby, M. Mackenzie, Percy Smith, Fred C. Rogers, Katie Owain-Williams, F. Baron.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. W. Copeman, Town View, Wincanton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, E. W. Reeve, John Richmond, G. J. Sparkes-Madge, Harry Bortoft, C. L. Dames, Eva Brooks.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: K. W. Dowie, 223 Commissioners Street, Montreal, Canada.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: N. P. Hawkins, 30 Corporation Road, Newport, Mon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. F. M. Evans, W. S. Gales, J. S. Dale, E. J. Barrett, A. Mattinson, F. J. Ahrens, F. H. Chapman, Colin Mackenzie, Frank W. Pruden.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Cedric Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Eric A. Robertson, Sunnyside, West Kilbride.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Burrell, Herbert Felton, E. P. Rydings, R. H. Hill, J. P. Watson, Morley Copeman, P. H. Midgley, A. R. Rubin, Alice M. Hamling, Cyril Cole, Andrew Donaldson, Eric Seward.

No. IV.—"Hidden Advertisements."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: C. Crossley, Moorcliffe, Halifax.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Hunter, Hunningham, Leamington Spa; Hugh H. McEwan, 26 Lovaine Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. R. Shires, Bernard Jull, J. G. Matthew, R. L. Pawlby, Leonard J. Smith, J. H. Weeks, Henry Morton, Dorothy C. Garrard, G. A. Smythe, A. C. Blackmore, R. S. Solomon.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Mabel Adair, Cambridge Park, Guernsey.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: G. Hunter, Warwick School, Warwick.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May Dixon, F. K. Makins, T. F. Marriott, Percy H. Murrell, George M. Johnston, A. L. Hosie, Charles Bartley, Alice M. Cox, Malcolm Smith, J. J. Currie, Stuart E. Machin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Nesta Evers-Swindell, Bownham Grange, Rodborough, nr. Stroud, Glos.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. D. Lovering, Hilda R. Barker, F. W. R. Greenhill, A. Reynolds, H. A. Monerieff, Ethel Lyon, Enid M. Gibbon, Sidney Howkins, A. Defries, H. Martin, P. G. Simmonds.

No. V.—"Curve Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: F. Baron, 33 New Camp Road, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. D. Butler, Robert E. Butt, William G. Johnson, Constance Messervy, William Chapple, Madeleine Master, Henry Payne.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: John Brown, 13 Argyle Street, Paisley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Geo. A. Whitelaw, Middlecroft, Kirkintilloch.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. McK. Johnston, J. C. Matthew, Randolph L. Pawlby, Frieda E. Myers, P. H. Godsell, Winifred S. Andrew, G. W. Bailey, Marjorie Deering, Ernest Kleinjung, Edmond Ceci, Leonard J. Smith, Stephen H. Critten, L. C. Warmington, W. J. Juleff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: Norman Wilks, Statham Lymm, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alec. Kennedy, C. F. Hodgson, Mollie Gartside, John Cook, E. Owen Rutter, J. C. Hallinan, Henry Page, M. Rose Sandes, E. Stephenson.

No. VI.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Hedley V. Fielding, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Cates, Arthur H. Redman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: W. R. Powell, 3 York Buildings, Hastings.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. A. Gaitskell, James Bland, G. Whitehead, Charlotte Tucker.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Harold Fox Walton, 15 Union Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie Price, P. W. Sadler, C. Elgood.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(March.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Margery C. Hutson, "Wakefield," White Park, Barbadoes, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. T. Waddington (Bermuda), Ethel Davis (British Guiana), R. L. Greene (Canada), F. N. Brierly (Trinidad), Florence Gilbert (Cape Colony).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: May Constance Edwards, Branksea, Wetton Road, Wynberg, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. E. Hastings (India), B. Smelie (India), Edmund Philip (Trinidad), A. G. D'Agnan (British Guiana).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Frank Brierly, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Harold W. B. Ryan, c/o W. P. Ryan, Esq., Victoria Terminus, Bori Bunder, Bombay, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. W. Kane (New Zealand), H. Goodbrand (Natal), Philippa Macmaster (Canada), Hilda Macmaster, W. A. Alldritt (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: E. S. E. Parker, Dept. Lands and Mines, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Troye (Transvaal), F. Brierly.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. C. Groves, South African Constabulary, Ermelo, Eastern Transvaal, South Africa.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the April Competitions.

No. I.—This competition grows in popularity every month. The favourite subjects chosen as "April Events" were: The Battles of Culloden, Copenhagen, Barnet, the deaths of Byron, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Abraham Lincoln, the Dissolution of the Rump Parliament, the Earthquake in India, and the Boat Race.

No. II.—We received a very large number of excellent subjects for school debating societies, a selection of which will be printed in due course.

No. III.—Rather below the average in quality generally in all classes.

No. IV.—Some very ingenious drawings were submitted.

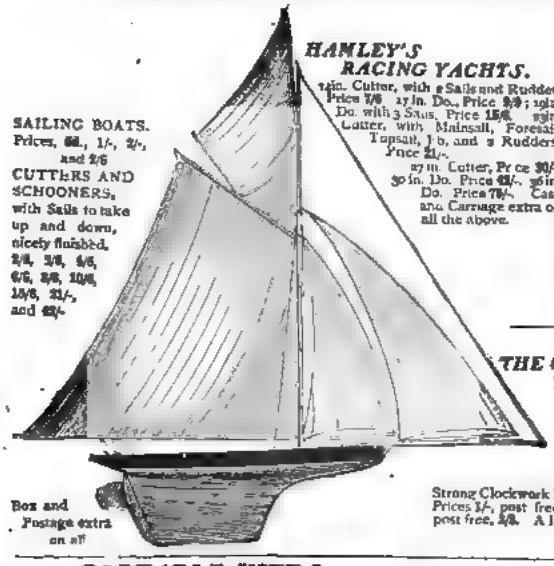
No. V.—As this was a Comp. which required much patience and research, the number of correct solutions was highly creditable. Neatness counted considerably, as usual, and some of the postcards were very cleverly arranged.

No. VI.—Many competitors failed to notice that the list required was of stamps used in *foreign countries* only. The list, according to votes was as follows:

Portugal 5 r., 1898.
Congo Free State 5 c., 1894.
Congo Free State 25 c., 1894.
Nyassa 2½ r., 1901.
Nyassa 20 r., 1901.
North Borneo 2 c., 1891.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

HAMLEY'S SPORTS AND NOVELTIES.



SAILING BOATS. Prices, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6

CUTTERS AND SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished. 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/-, and 42/-

Box and Postage extra on all

HAMLEY'S RACING YACHTS.

14in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 1/6 17in. Do., Price 2/9; 19in. Do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6. 23in. Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.

27 in. Cutter, Price 30/-. 30 in. Do. Price 42/-. 36in. Do. Price 70/-. Case and Carriage extra on all the above.

HAMLEY'S Speciality Boxes of Surprises.

Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fife, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/2.

Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises. Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.

Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours. Price 6d., Post Free 7d.

BOYS' FISHING RODS.

Strong Bamboo and Cane Fishing Rods, 6d. and 1/- each, Post free, 10d. and 1/4. A large assortment, 2/6, 2/9, 4/6, 5/9, 8/6 each. Postage extra on all.

Floats, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d. each.

Furnishing Lines, 9d., 1/-, 1/3 and 2/9. Postage 3d. extra.

Wynches, 9d., 1/-, 2/9 and 3/6 each; Postage 3d. extra.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3; 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas upwards.

SCIENTIFIC KITES.

The Celebrated American Box Kite.

They can be folded up in a small roll, and when opened form the shape of a box; it affords endless amusement to adults.

Made in Paper, 1/-; post free, 1/4.

Made in Linen, 20 in. by 20 in., 2/6; post free, 3/-; 36 in. by 24 in. 4/-; post free, 4/8; 48 in. by 36 in., 8/6; packing 6d. extra; 68 in. by 48 in., 15/-; packing 6d. extra.

PORTABLE KITES.

These Kites are splendid flyers, and have the advantage of being very portable, being so made that they all fold up and go into a case that can be carried in the hand like a stick; they are made of calico, and can be put together in less than a minute.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each. Postage and packing extra.

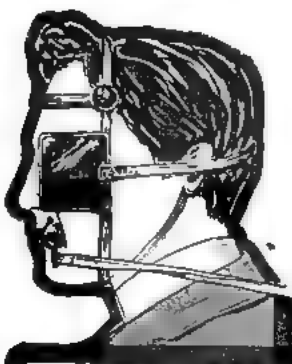
BIRDS OR HAWK KITES.

These are also made portable, and when opened are in the shape of a bird; they fly well and are much used for sporting purposes.

Price 2/6, 3/6 and 5/- each.

Postage 6d. and 8d. extra.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES { 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; 512 OXFORD ST., W. (near Marble Arch); 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (near Albert Gate); 202 REGENT ST., W. (near Oxford Circus); 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C. } LONDON.



Why Work like a Horse?

Many men do, because of lost opportunities in their youth. **You** need not, if you are still young, have had a fair education, and are possessed of **perseverance.**

Think of the advantages of Government Posts: good progressive salary, short hours, long holidays, sick pay, and a pension at the end of your service!

Every year there are **hundreds of vacancies** in the Public Offices. Can we get one for you? That we can do what we say is proved by our accredited successes, which number over 15,000, including 560 who took first place in the United Kingdom!

Can any other College point to such a record?

What we have done, we can do again. May we help you?

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119, High Holborn (Corner of Southampton Row), **LONDON, W.C.**

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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which is "moreish." The more you eat The more you want. Every Tuck Shop sells it.

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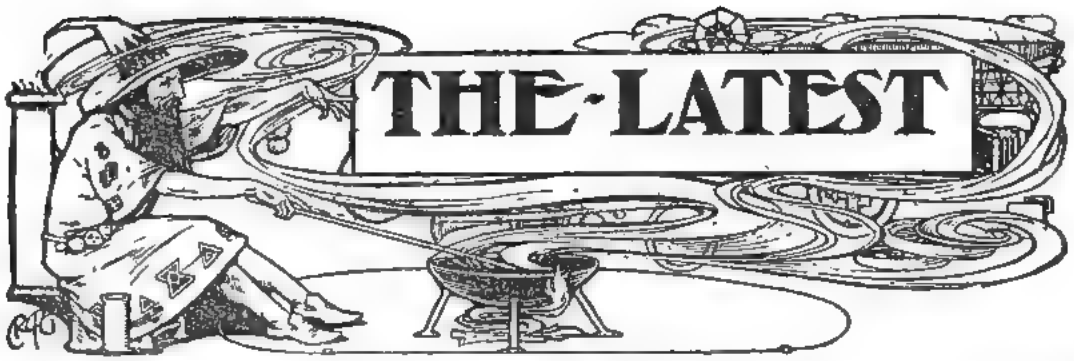


Motor-Cabs for London.

THERE have been previous attempts to place motor-cabs on the streets of London to ply for public hire. The failure of earlier attempts is probably accounted for by the fact that the motor-car designer and builder had not attained the degree of proficiency they have at the present time. A large number of motor-cabs similar to that illustrated on this page are now being built by the leading manufacturers. Seven hundred London cabbies have taken time by the forelock and learned how to drive a motor-cab, so that they are quite prepared to bid the horse a long farewell.

Seeing through a Tree.

THE accompanying illustration shows a Jap soldier at work with a one-man range-finder. The gauging of the correct range for the guns is very important where any fighting has to be done. As shown in our picture, one man can work in safety behind a tree. The instrument can be used either in a horizontal or vertical position. At the end of the tube is an object-glass which reflects the view to the middle of the tube, where there is an eye-piece.

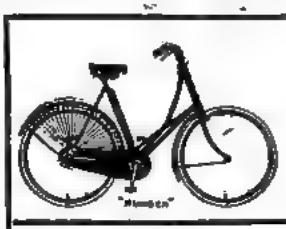
ONE-MAN RANGE FINDER IN USE.

LONDON'S LATEST HANSOM-CAB.

The Latest in Targets.

WHAT is probably the most elaborate and costly target in the world was recently launched from the New York Navy Yard. The target is almost an exact duplicate of a section from the hull of a battleship, and is estimated to have cost £10,000. It weighs sixty tons, is 12 ft. square and 32 ft. deep. There are watertight compartments, and arrangements for pumping out water in case of flooding On the face of the target are twelve pressure-gauges to show the force of any concussion.

A PERFECT PAIR



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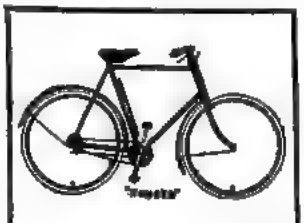

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Is undoubtedly the very best value made in cheap keyless watches, and unlike other cheap watches it has a thin case and does not bulge the pocket. Has first-class movement, enamelled dial, second hand, and oxydised dust-proof case, and is fully guaranteed. Good honest value right through. ***PRICE ONLY 7/6 POST FREE.***

THE COMFORT SAFETY RAZOR

is far in front of ordinary razors for home use or for travelling. Packs into a very small space and can be fitted together in a moment. Just the thing for beginners, no knowledge of shaving necessary, and it is impossible to cut the face. The COMFORT shaves quick, easy, and clean, and is unrivalled for quality and finish. ***PRICE ONLY 3/6 EACH; Postage, 2d. extra; Extra Blades, 1/6 each.***

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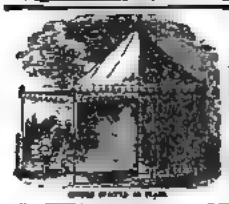
BRANCH DEPOT: 52a HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (Established 1876.



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ALBERT WARD'S "CAPTAIN" CRICKET BATS

are unrivalled for general excellence. They are being adopted by many prominent Cricketers, and are giving unqualified satisfaction.

A.W.'s 'Captain' Ex. Special **21/-**
" " Selected **18/6**
Harrow, or Public School Size **14/6**
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Every Requisite kept in Stock for *CRICKET, TENNIS, GOLF, CYCLING, RUNNING, FISHING, &c., &c.*

Write for List.

ALBERT WARD, County Sports Warehouse **BOLTON.**

Jujitsu.

Just now every one is talking of *jujitsu*, the wonderful Japanese system of self-defence. The British Government has not hesitated to take another hint from Japan, and *jujitsu*

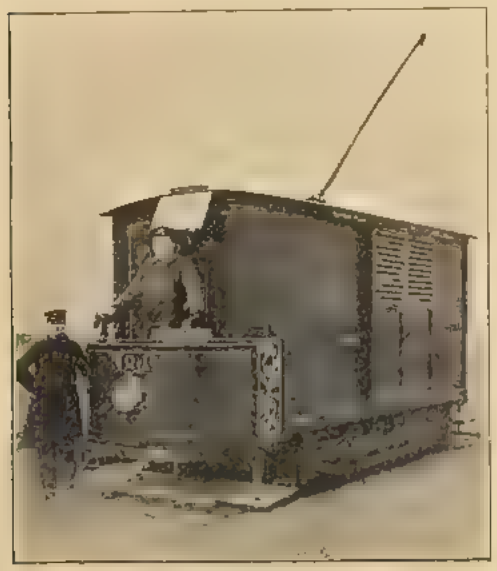
JUJITSU. BUTTOCK THROW.

is now being taught to both policemen and soldiers. Literally, the Japanese words "*ju ji tsu*" mean "the art of the weak." In Japan this system of self defence has been practised and improved upon for five hundred years. It teaches one by several hundred different locks and throws how to overcome any opponent who relies merely on brute force. In fact, strength is of little value in *jujitsu*, which is not a muscle-making science. Indeed, any one whose muscles are abnormally developed would be at a disadvantage owing to loss of flexibility.

No engineer in his senses would attempt to stop the wheels of some great machine by brute force. He would turn to the regulator or a clutch to throw the wheels out of gear. Similarly, *jujitsu* is the outcome of centuries of study of the innumerable regulators, so to speak, of the human machine. A knowledge of their

JUJITSU.—KNEE THROW.

functions and where they are situated places the greatest bully at the mercy of a weak but active man. Mr. S. K. Uyemishi—who teaches *jujitsu* at his school in Golden Square, Piccadilly Circus—not long since challenged the champion wrestler Hackenschmidt, undertaking to throw him ten times in sixty minutes. The offer was not accepted.



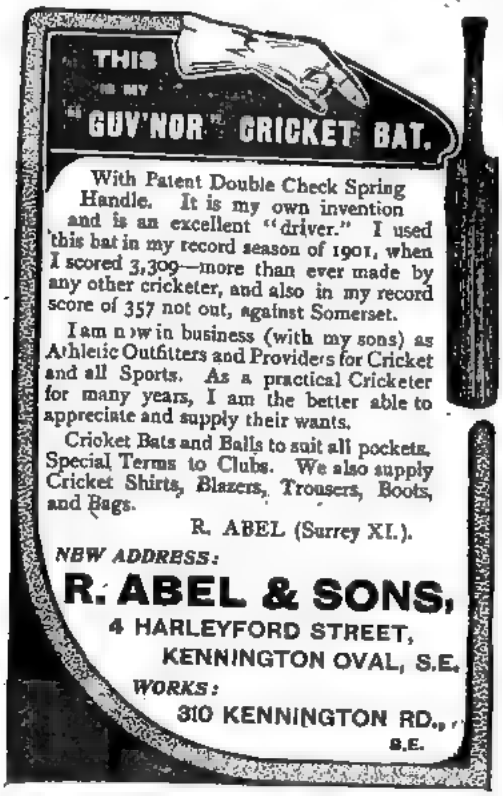
TRAMCAR FOR PARCELS.

Tramcars for Luggage Only.

The Manchester Corporation's latest enterprise is the inauguration of a service of electric tramcars through the streets of Cottonopolis to carry parcels instead of passengers. Quick collection, rapid transit, prompt delivery, and inclusive rates are amongst the advantages claimed by the organisers of the scheme.

To test the purity of turpentine, drop a small quantity on a piece of white paper and expose it to the air. No trace will be left if the turpentine is pure, but if it contains oil or other foreign matter the paper will be greasy.

Google



With Patent Double Check Spring Handle. It is my own invention and is an excellent "driver." I used this bat in my record season of 1901, when I scored 3,309—more than ever made by any other cricketer, and also in my record score of 357 not out, against Somerset.

I am now in business (with my sons) as Athletic Outfitters and Providers for Cricket and all Sports. As a practical Cricketer for many years, I am the better able to appreciate and supply their wants.

Cricket Bats and Balls to suit all pockets. Special Terms to Clubs. We also supply Cricket Shirts, Blazers, Trousers, Boots, and Bags.

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In Sixpenny and Gross Boxes. Of Stationers and from W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls. Testing Sample Card of six pens for penny stamp and address. Sample box of 30 assorted pens, seven stamps.—JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, 37 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

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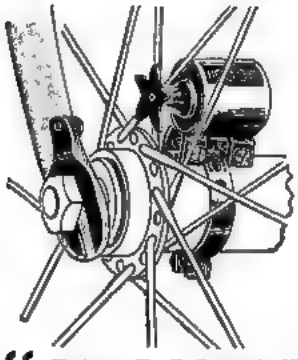

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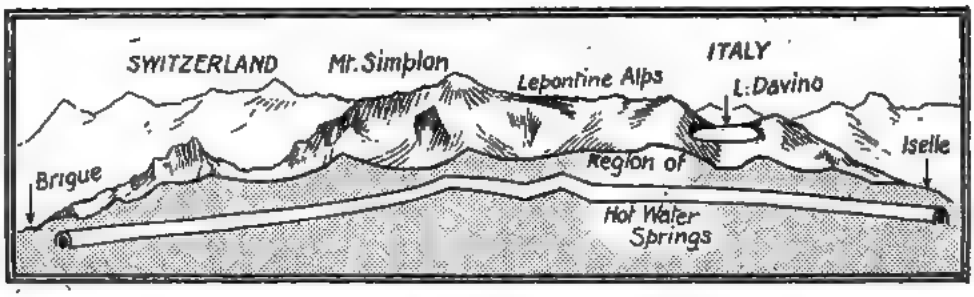

SECTIONAL SKETCH OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TUNNEL—THE SIMPLON.

The Simplon Tunnel.

A GREAT engineering feat has recently been successfully completed in the Alps. This is the great Simplon Tunnel, connecting Italy with Switzerland. It is 12¼ miles in length, being the longest of all the Alpine railway tunnels. The next longest are the St. Gothard, 9.3 miles, and the Mont Cenis, 7.98 miles. The Severn, the longest tunnel in England, is 4.35 miles in length. After four years' preparation and consultation, work was started in 1898. The greatest difficulties to be encountered were occasioned by the great heat and the hot springs from subterranean lakes and rivers which came pouring into the tunnel. Three thousand men were constantly employed, and those in the tunnel had to work in oil-skins and top-boots, so wet was the place. There was, however, no flying dust from the blastings, as the water turned it all to mud. Often a foot a day was all the progress made, whilst eighteen feet was a very good day's work. In this country it is recognised that coal-mines cannot be cut deeper than 4000 ft., on account of the heat, but the middle half of the Simplon Tunnel is 7000 ft. below the summit of the mountain. At times the temperature rose to 123 degrees, and great expense was incurred in keeping the place cool enough to work in.

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Motor Torpedo Boat.

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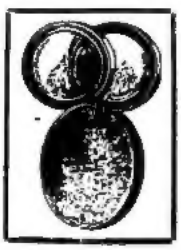

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JUNE 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

ELMINA.—Gold Coast Colony.—I have great pleasure in announcing the formation of a new branch in this part of the Empire. Mr. Manoel da Costa, the Hon. Sec., is to be congratulated on its initial success. He has begun with fourteen members, and quite grasps the importance of enrolling only those boys to whom their position and responsibility as citizens of the Empire is something real and not mere sentiment.

In his report he says: "I have thought it advisable to make a start with only a few reliable boys who will have the working of the Club at heart."

Mr. Manoel da Costa is organising a patriotic demonstration under the auspices of his Branch of the B.E.L., which has created a great deal of interest on the West Coast of Africa. We are sure that, under his direction, it will be a great success, and await his next report with much interest.

MALTA.—I have also a long letter from Mr. Robert Borg, of the Sliema Branch, enclosing a programme of their *fête* for Empire Day. It is too long to insert here, but I gather from it that the success of the occasion promises to surpass even that of last year. The whole island is giving itself up to Empire Day. In Malta they do things properly. For full particulars, see the *B.E.L. Gazette*.

NORTH WALSHAM.—This Club has had a remarkably successful season, and recently enjoyed an excellent lecture on New Zealand We think the choice of subject a very appropriate one, and the members of this branch very fortunate in listening to a lecturer who has been resident for upwards of twenty years in the "Fortunate Isles." Some excellent lantern views were given, and the habits of the Maoris, the productions and capabilities of the colony and its people, agreeably described. After the lecture, the games and other amusements of New Zealand Boys were freely discussed.

NEWFOUNDLAND. — G. H. Maidment, of Trinity, writes giving a very good account of this branch. His letter will be more fully dealt with in the *Gazette*.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION. — I have quite a number of new members, particularly in S. Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, who would be pleased to hear from their comrades in the Homeland.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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